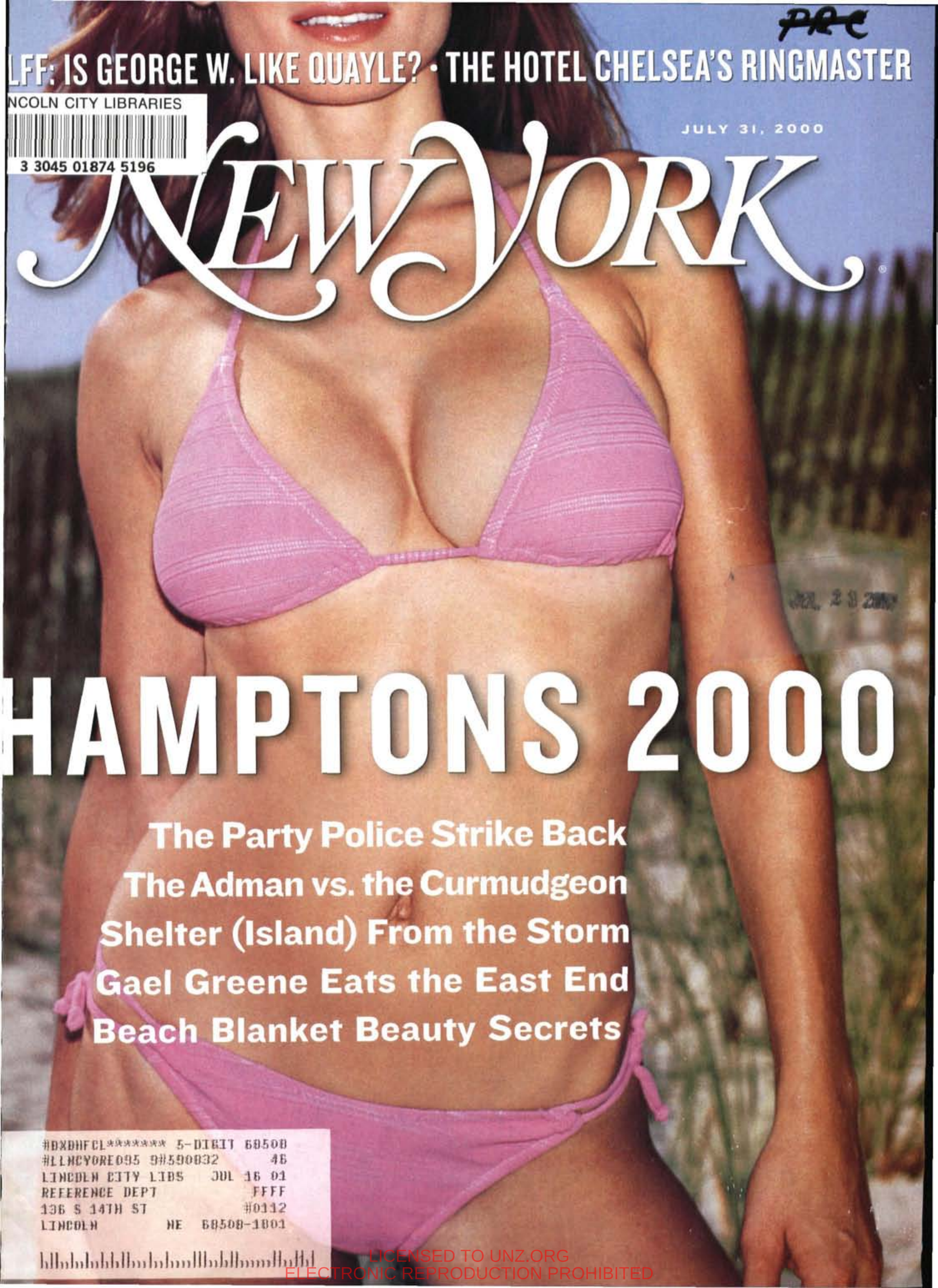
PRC

LFF: IS GEORGE W. LIKE QUAYLE? · THE HOTEL CHELSEA'S RINGMASTER

NCOLN CITY LIBRARIES
3 3045 01874 5196

JULY 31, 2000

NEW YORK®



JUL 2 3 2000

HAMPTONS 2000

The Party Police Strike Back

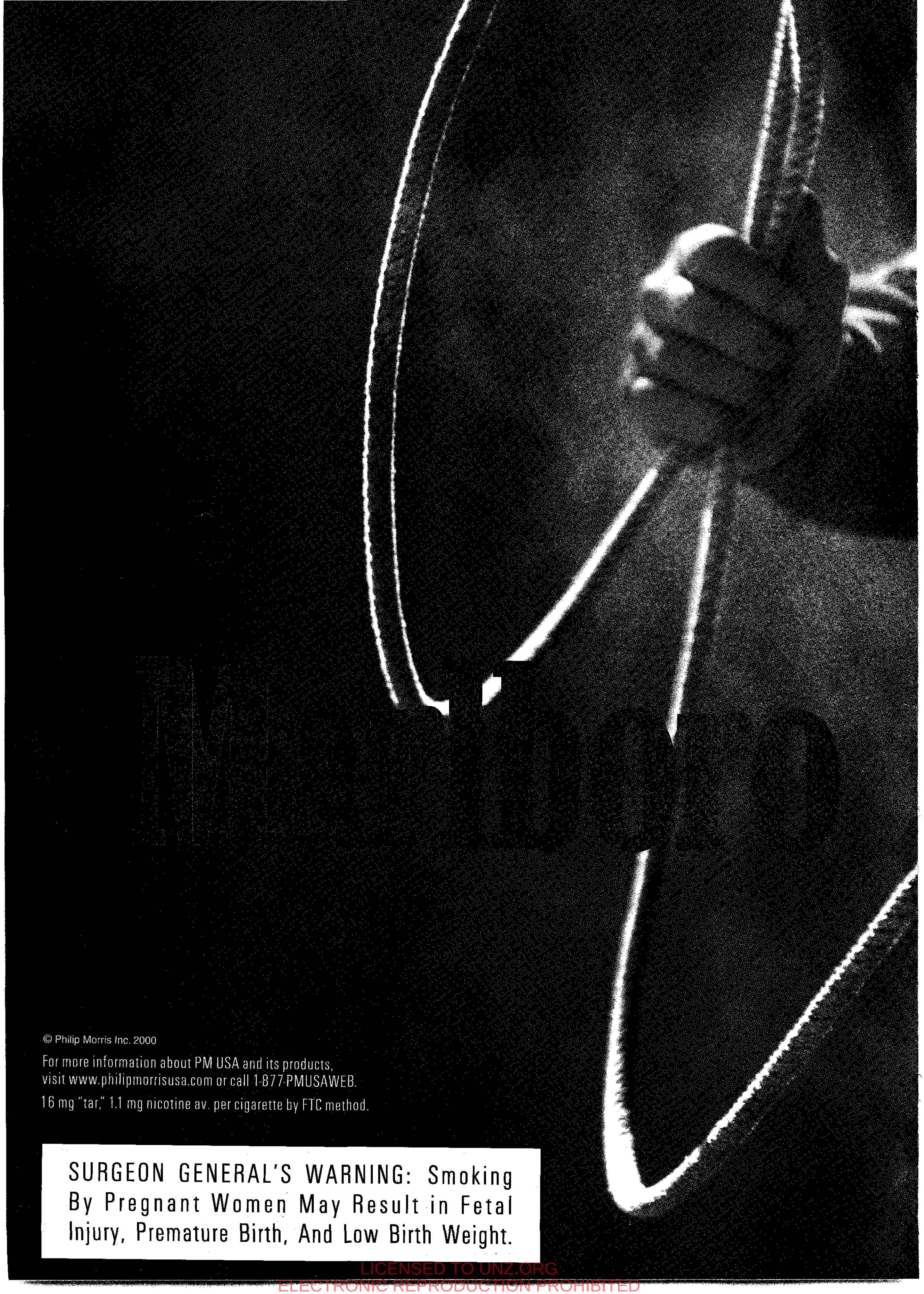
The Adman vs. the Curmudgeon

Shelter (Island) From the Storm

Gael Greene Eats the East End

Beach Blanket Beauty Secrets

#BXBHFCL******* 5-DIGIT 68508
#LLNCYORE095 9#590832 46
LINCOLN CITY LIBS JUL 16 01
REFERENCE DEPT FFFF
136 S 14TH ST #0112
LINCOLN NE 68508-1801

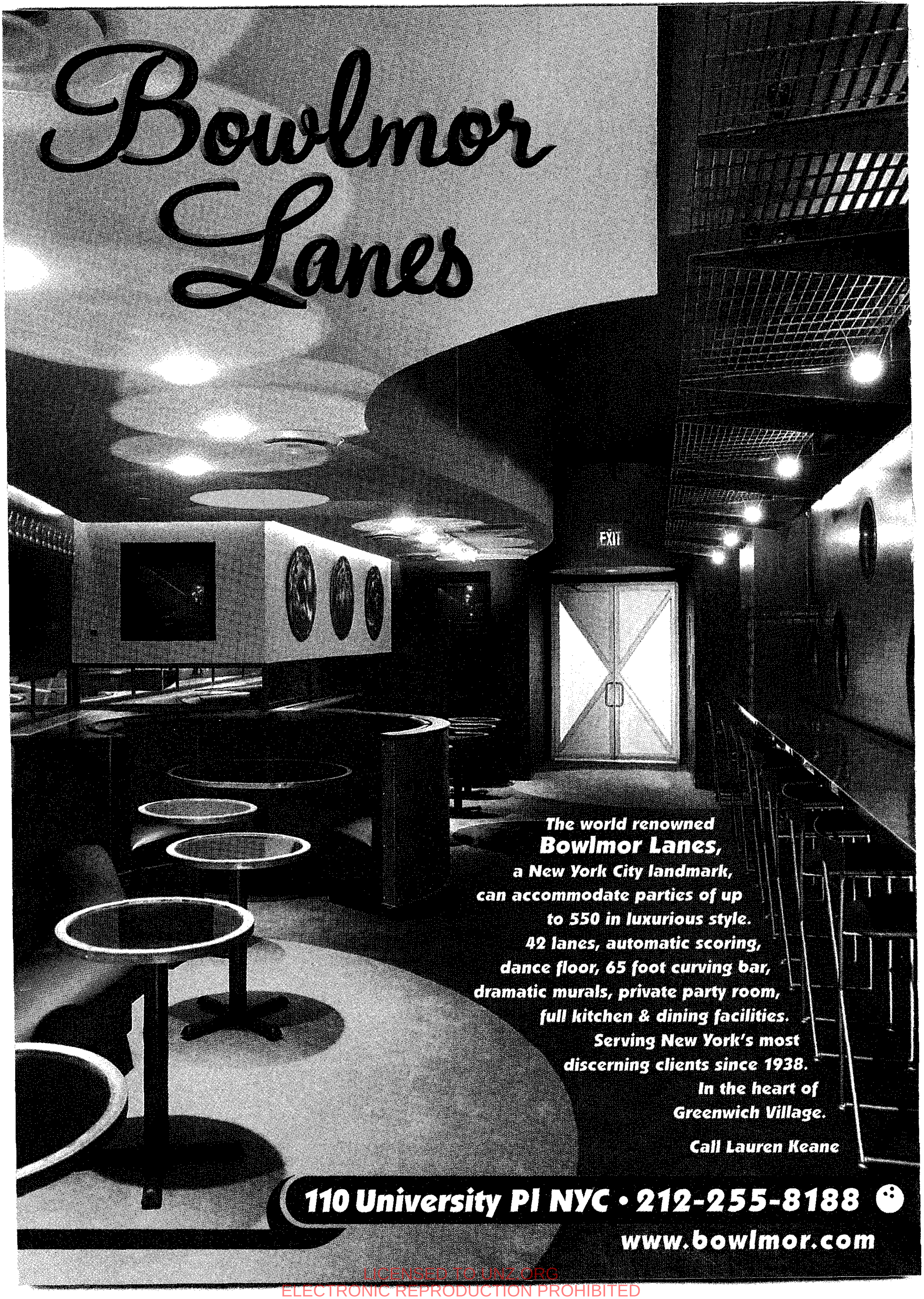


© Philip Morris Inc. 2000

For more information about PM USA and its products,
visit www.philipmorrisusa.com or call 1-877-PMUSAWEB.

16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.



Bowlmor Lanes

The world renowned
Bowlmor Lanes,
a New York City landmark,
can accommodate parties of up
to 550 in luxurious style.
42 lanes, automatic scoring,
dance floor, 65 foot curving bar,
dramatic murals, private party room,
full kitchen & dining facilities.
Serving New York's most
discerning clients since 1938.
In the heart of
Greenwich Village.

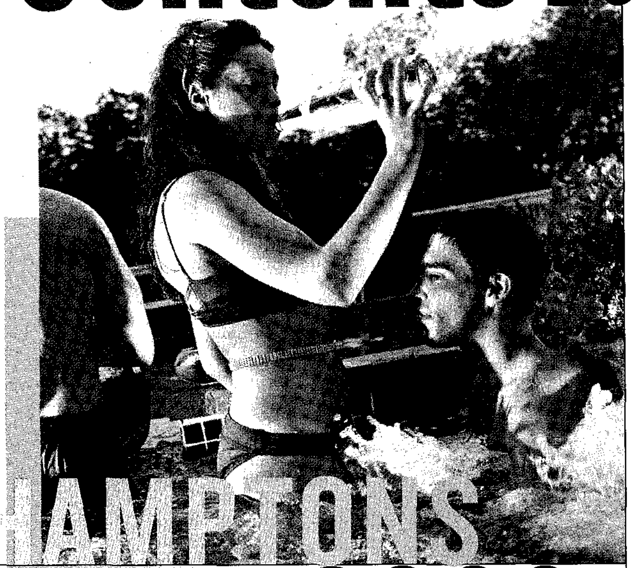
Call Lauren Keane

110 University Pl NYC • 212-255-8188

www.bowlmor.com

Contents July 31, 2000

> *"Nobody wants to live in a zoo. People walking around as if it were Cannes, waiting for the fireworks—it's wearing thin."*
>
> JERRY DELLA FEMINA, PAGE 22



HAMPTONS 2000

Ted Field says he's thrown his last East End bash, Jay-Z's latest blowout concluded promptly at 11 P.M., and even the James Beard Foundation got a visit from the Board of Health. Have we come to the end of an era? **Robert Kolker** describes what the townies have done to rein in the South Fork's rowdy millionaires, 22. **Sarah Bernard** reports on the beau monde's latest eatery of choice—offshore, on Shelter Island, 26. Synergy Spa, where A-listers "bond" with brand-name products, takes commercialism to a new apex. But as **Vanessa Grigoriadis** observes, the odds of Steven Spielberg's turning up to swill free Taittinger are slim to none, 28. If Michael Thomas leaves Sag Harbor for Brooklyn, **Alex Williams** asks, does this mean Jerry Della Femina has won? 30. Real-estate queen—or is it carpetbagger?—Dottie Herman takes **Sarah Bernard** for a ride, 32. Plus, **Gael Greene** unearths everything worth eating on the East End, 34, and **Beth Landman Keil** discovers the best places for building a beach-worthy body, 39.

42 Chelsea Mourning By Jesse Bronner

For more than four decades, Stanley Bard has ruled the Hotel Chelsea, where a motley assortment of artists and visionaries from Arthur Miller and Bob Dylan to Patti Smith and David Salle sought refuge (and, in hard times, low rents) in its 252 units. But now the bohemian enclave is threatened by that most lethal creativity-killer of all: a monster real-estate market that has turned the legendary landmark of 23rd Street into a potential gold mine.

Gotham

11 Rudy stars in a sexed-up Abercrombie & Fitch promo

16 Gotham Real Estate

Residential pools fail to make a splash; Alan Alda, $5 million man

17 Gotham Style

The bottom line on butt cleavage

Departments

9 Intelligencer
Beth Landman Keil And Ian Spiegelman

18 The National Interest
Lawrence O'Donnell

Dems in L.A. may see more WTO protesters than delegates

20 Media
Michael Wolff

Who would you rather invite to a party, Al Gore or George W. Bush?

Marketplace

48 Best Bets
Corky Pollan

Secret journals, mini-Polaroids, and other care-package inspirations for happy campers

50 Sales & Bargains
Shyama Patel

Altered states: Where to find bargain tailoring in NoLIta

The Critics

51 Movies
Peter Rainer

Michelle Pfeiffer adds class to a standard-issue thriller in *What Lies Beneath*

53 Books
Daniel Mendelsohn

Hannah Green's *Little Saint* finds faith in a French mountain village

55 Theater
John Simon

Brothers and Sisters: one long, hard Russian winter of a play

56 Art
Michael Brenson

At the Whitney, Barbara Kruger's singular brand of subversion

58 Classical Music
Peter G. Davis

Peter Greenaway soaks up Dutch history in *Writing to Vermeer*

60 Television
John Leonard

A House Divided and the lunacy of the Reconstruction South

61 Restaurants
Hal Rubenstein

Australian for weird: spiced kangaroo on Mulberry Street

Cue

63 Santana and Macy Gray; Susan Sontag; Indo-Carib rhythms

Misc.

Letters..........6
***Guardian* Crossword**..........108
'Cue' Crossword
by Maura B. Jacobson..........108
Classified..........96
Strictly Personals..........103

Visit newyorkmag.com

Attention, shoppers: Check out "Best Bets Online" at our Website. Site exclusives include an extensive archive of critics and columnists, and "Smart City," where you can search for savvy answers to the city's most perplexing problems.

JULY 31, 2000—VOL. 33, NO. 29. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42.* **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

Finke; Steve Wisbauer; Nigel Parry/CPI.

Cover: Photograph by Jon Ragel. Hair by Steven Ward/Garren; makeup by Teresa Pemberton/Garren; styling by Kristina Ferrante; bikini by Bachata for Odabash.

join
Mary J.

join
thirteen
WNET NEW YORK

pledge any amount
1.800.272.1313

Clothes make the man.*

*Except when it's a bad fit. Then the man looks a little funky.

THE CUSTOM SHOP
From Business Casual to Black Tie

In Manhattan: 618 Fifth Avenue • 115 Broadway • 60 Wall Street • 599 Lexington Avenue • 338 Madison Avenue
Call 888.888.7310 for the one of 52 nationwide locations nearest you or visit www.thecustomshop.com.

'happiness'
designed by Catherine Angiel
exclusively for gallery eclectic

gallery
eclectic

43 greenwich avenue • new york city • (212) 924-4314 & 27 main street • southampton • ny • (631) 287-0463

NEW YORK

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Caroline Miller

MANAGING EDITOR
Sarah Jewler

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
John Homans

DEPUTY EDITOR
Maer Roshan

DESIGN DIRECTOR
Michael Picón

PHOTOGRAPHY DIRECTOR
Chris Dougherty

FASHION DIRECTOR
Mark Holgate

FEATURES EDITORS
Jeremy Gerard, Mark Horowitz, Marion Maneker

SENIOR EDITORS
Meredith Kahn, Robert Levine
Jessica Lustig, Matthew Weingarden

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Nina Burleigh, Douglas Anthony Cooper
James J. Cramer, Peter G. Davis, Simon Dumenco
Nikki Finke (West Coast Editor), Steve Fishman, Steven Gaines
Ralph Gardner Jr., Joseph Giovannini, Meryl Gordon
Gael Greene, Vanessa Grigoriadis, Tony Hendra
Craig Horowitz, Mark Jacobson, Maura B. Jacobson
Peggy Edersheim Kalb, George Kalogerakis, Peter Kaminsky
Beth Landman Keil, Alexandra Lange, John Leonard
Daniel Mendelsohn, Lawrence O'Donnell Jr., Adam Platt
Peter Rainer, Hal Rubenstein, Jennifer Senior
John Simon, Christopher Smith, Mark Stevens
Tobi Tobias, Michael Tomasky, Sheila Weller
Alex Williams, Michael Wolff

BEST BETS EDITOR: Corky Pollan
CULINARY EDITOR: Gillian Duffy
INTERIOR DESIGN EDITOR: Wendy Goodman
PRODUCER, SPECIAL PROJECTS: Jordan Schaps
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR: John Kline
STAFF WRITERS: Sarah Bernard, Ethan Brown
Derek de Koff, Robert Kolker, Ariel Levy
Edith Newhall, Robert Patronite, Robin Raisfeld
Ian Spiegelman, Carl Swanson
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Christopher Bonanos
Kristina Richards, Michael Steele
ASSISTANT EDITORS: Susan Avery, Logan Hill
Boris Kachka, Claire Perrault, Nicolas Sywak
REPORTERS: Emily Gitter, Tim Hodler
Amanda May, Tara Pepper
EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS MANAGER: Amy Boshnack
EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS: Sarah Cardace, Nan de Gironde
Suzanne D'Amato, Laura Georgio, Tara Mandy

FASHION MARKET EDITOR: Shyama Patel
FASHION CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:
Kate Sebbah, Eugenie Hanmer
ASSISTANT FASHION EDITOR: Danica Wilcox

ART DIRECTOR: Michele Parrella
ASSISTANT ART DIRECTORS: Petros Petrou, Jessica Power
DESIGNER: Amy Helin
ART DEPARTMENT MANAGER: Catherine Crosby

SENIOR ASSOCIATE PHOTO EDITOR: Florencia Russ
ASSISTANT PHOTO EDITORS:
Sally McKissick, Lauren Reichbach

ART PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Eugene R. Tooman
ART STAFF: Noah Dreier, John Markic, Sandra Trambow

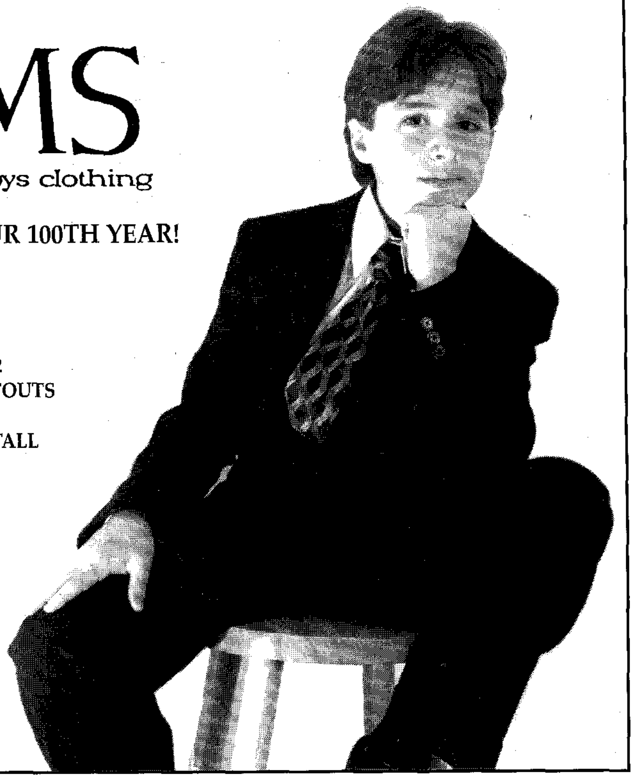
INFORMATION SYSTEMS DIRECTOR: Daniel J. Smith
SYSTEMS PROJECT LEADER: Jerry Sabatino
SENIOR DESKTOP SYSTEMS ANALYST: Jonathan Becker

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: James B. Reffler
ASSOCIATE PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Jennifer Diedrickson
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Jason M. Duffy
PRODUCTION COORDINATOR: Raymond Yang

newyorkmag.com
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: Marion Maneker
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER: Luisa Colón

The following are registered trademarks, and the use of these trademarks is strictly prohibited: Best Bets, Best Bids, Between the Lines, The Bottom Line, Brief Lives, The City Politic, Cityscape, Cityside, Cue, Cue New York, In and Around Town, Intelligencer, Legal Aid, The National Interest, New York, New York Intelligencer, New York Journal, The Passionate Shopper, Smart City, The Sporting Life, The Underground Gourmet, and The Urban Strategist. **Copyright © 2000 by PRIMEDIA Inc. All rights reserved.** All requests for permissions and reprints must be made in writing to Reprint Management Services, 147 West Airport Road, P.O. Box 5363, Lancaster, PA 17606-5363; reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited. *New York* Magazine is not responsible for the return or loss of unsolicited manuscripts. Any submission of a manuscript must be accompanied by an SASE. Officers of PRIMEDIA Inc.: Charles G. McCurdy, President; Beverly C. Chell, Vice-Chairman and General Counsel.

PUBLISHER
Alan Katz
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR Ginger Sutton
BUSINESS DIRECTOR Betsy Cronen
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Ron Stern
ACCOUNT MANAGERS
Rula Al Amad, Chad Carr, Gayle Faust
Jennifer Fishman, Kristin Grossnickle, Michelle Imbrogno
Howard Mittman, Caryn Ormsten, Cara Rubin
Leslie Rubisch, Stacia Thiel, Leslie Weiss
SALES ASSISTANTS: Kimberly Bloomer, Alisa DeJoseph
Elizabeth Kilcline, Kristen Mell, Alina Metlitsky
Jodi Patrich, Marnie Roth, Jack Tippett
ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER: Maritere Machado
MIDWEST MANAGER: Jill Dryer, 312-832-6840
DETROIT MANAGER: Traci Lorio, 248-353-2537
WESTERN STATES AND TEXAS: SD Media, 310-264-7575
SOUTHEAST: Robert H. Stites, 770-491-1419
CANADA: Media Services International, 905-238-9228
ITALY: Studio Villa, 011-39-02-31-16-62
ENGLAND AND FRANCE: 1492 Media, 011-44-20-7409-2616
ADVERTISING SYSTEMS MANAGER: Sharon Y. Quinn
COORDINATORS: Kathy Ferguson, Maribel Mejia
CREATIVE SERVICES DIRECTOR
Beverly Hood Allen
PROMOTION DIRECTOR: Michelle Lord Rago
SPECIAL EVENTS DIRECTOR: Gerry Napoli
SPECIAL SECTIONS DIRECTOR: Christy Casamassima
MERCHANDISING: Kara Davis, Alissa R. Smith
ART DIRECTOR: Ilene Segal
DESIGNERS: Naomi Kushman, Stephen Sandlin
COORDINATOR: Stefanie Shore
ASSISTANT: Angel M. Fischer, Jules Horowitz
RESEARCH AND MARKET DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR
Eileen P. Ronan
SENIOR RESEARCH ANALYST: Christine McKaba
RESEARCH ANALYST: Lisa Quartin
INFORMATION SERVICES DIRECTOR: Valerie Taylor
VICE-PRESIDENT, GROUP CLASSIFIED DIRECTOR
Nancy J. Fedder
CLASSIFIED DIRECTOR: Teresa Taylor
SALES AND MARKETING MANAGER: John Miceli
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Manuel Gomes
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT: Sarah Seroussi
SALES REPRESENTATIVES: Mark Bristow
Theresa Bunce, Kendra Callahan, Kristen Cappadona
Tim Hyde, Wendy Pusey, Alexandra Singerman
STAFF: Denise Fowler, Heather Schultz, Greta Turken
CIRCULATION
CONSUMER MARKETING DIRECTOR: Irene Berkowitz
ASSOCIATE CONSUMER MARKETING DIRECTOR:
Natasha Kautsky
CONSUMER MARKETING MANAGER: Ray Dryden
CONSUMER MARKETING COORDINATOR: Adam Coppelman
PLANNING DIRECTOR: Elizabeth Moss
PLANNING MANAGER: Dino Minelli
SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY DIRECTOR: Nona Gilmartin
ASSISTANT SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY MANAGER: Jamie Beskow
FULFILLMENT DIRECTOR: Mike Zyskowski
FULFILLMENT MANAGER: Cindy Smario
CONTROLLER: Michele Mausser Venero
MANAGER OF SPECIAL PROJECTS: Carmine Tiero
ASSISTANT CONTROLLER: Steven Bonfiglio
STAFF ACCOUNTANTS: Vivian Fan, Pranita Sarabjit
ACCOUNTS PAYABLE: Sally Rampersaud
COLLECTIONS MANAGER: Evelyn Rivera
STAFF: Maribel Lopez
OFFICE SERVICES MANAGER: Mary Ann McCarthy
STAFF: Gary Dickler, Esther Gillyard, Priscilla Hood
Robert Lisbon, Joseph Markfelder, Sarah Wigfall
PRIMEDIA INC.
CHAIRMAN AND CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER: Tom Rogers
PRESIDENT: Charles G. McCurdy
VICE-CHAIRMAN: Beverly C. Chell
PRIMEDIA MAGAZINE AND INTERNET GROUP
PRESIDENT AND CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER: John Loughlin
CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER: Daniel E. Aks
EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT, CONSUMER MARKET: Steve Aster
SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT, HUMAN RESOURCES: David L. Kaput
SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT, FINANCE: Linda C. Jenkins
VICE-PRESIDENT, SINGLE COPY SALES: David G. Algire
VICE-PRESIDENT INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY: Armando Madeo
PRIMEDIA BROAD REACH CONSUMER GROUP
VICE-PRESIDENT, MANUFACTURING: Craig Dunado
VICE-PRESIDENT MANUFACTURING BUDGETS AND OPERATIONS: Lilia Golia
VICE-PRESIDENT, CONSUMER MARKETING: Mary Pizzarelli
VICE-PRESIDENT, FINANCIAL OPERATIONS: David Rockefeller
VICE-PRESIDENT, BUSINESS MANAGER: Judy A. Safir



CONTEMPORARY ITALIAN & CLASSIC AMERICAN CLOTHING & SPORTSWEAR
SAMS
fine mens & boys clothing
CELEBRATING OUR 100TH YEAR!
BOYS SIZES 4-22
REG. SLIM HUSKY STOUTS
MENS REG. BIG & TALL
DAILY TO 6
MON. & THURS. TO 9
FREE CUSTOM
ALTERATIONS
www.samsclothing.com
(973) 422-1000 555 S. LIVINGSTON AVE., LIVINGSTON, NJ
3 Miles North Of
The Mall At Short Hills

You know the
Shelly that
owns Trattoria
Dell'Arte.

Same Shelly.

ENJOY MANHATTAN CUISINE AT
Shelly's New York
104 W. 57th. 212.245.2422

LETTERS JULY 31, 2000

Drinking and Thriving?

Alcoholism and moderation don't mix, say those who've been there, but at least one substance-abuse counselor disagrees; a chef defends her reputation.

I WAS DISAPPOINTED TO HEAR THAT Smithers Addiction Treatment and Research Center is hosting meetings of Moderation Management ["Gotham: Drink Your Medicine," by Maia Szalavitz, July 10]. In the spirit of fairness, you should inform your readers that Moderation Management's founder, Audrey Kishline, recently pleaded guilty to vehicular homicide after killing a father and child while driving with a blood-alcohol level more than three times the legal limit. (It has been my experience, as a psychiatrist specializing in alcoholism treatment for 38 years, that people who are alert enough to drive with such high alcohol levels have been drinking large amounts for long periods of time, and are not in any sense moderate drinkers.) Your article states that the Hazelden Foundation has elected to maintain its abstinence-based treatment "despite the research." What the research shows is that among alcohol-dependent patients about 5 percent are able to control drinking. When patients seek my advice, I ask them to imagine 100 swimmers lined up on the North Shore of Long Island preparing to dive into a shark-filled Long Island Sound, and that I can safely predict that 5 will make it to Connecticut.

Sheila B. Blume, M.D.
SAYVILLE, N.Y.

I JOINED MODERATION MANAGEMENT IN 1996; I was a member until 1999 and a group leader in New York City for two years. I rarely saw anyone recover through the program. Members tended to be in a "holding pattern" with occasional binges, repeatedly saying every week, "I'm doing much better," even when all available evidence pointed in the other direction. I left MM after my drinking inevitably worsened and have been sober through another program for more than a year. In that program, I have met many former MM members.

Elisa DeCarlo
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@primediamags.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

ALL I COULD DO WAS SHAKE MY HEAD IN disgust. St. Luke's–Roosevelt Hospital has taken the final step in destroying what was once one of the most respected alcohol-and-drug-treatment programs in America. Alex DeLuca's comment about abstinence—"We do find that people who go to twelve-step meetings do better"—is the ultimate in audacity. If they do better, why is St. Luke's–Roosevelt changing the program? The answer is financial gain. Every drinking alcoholic would love to go to a treatment center where he can still drink! Alcoholism is the only disease where the patient is the last to accept that he has a disease. Alcoholics steeped in denial will spend untold amounts of time and money trying to cut down on their drinking. St. Luke's–Roosevelt will now gladly take their money and smile all the way to the bank.

Neil Scott
Alliance for Recovery
SEATTLE, WASH.

BRAVO FOR THE ARTICLE ON THE CUTTING-edge treatment Smithers is now offering. As a social worker and substance-abuse counselor working from a "harm reduction" perspective, I can attest to the strong hold of the twelve-step philosophy within our field. The high dropout rate continues to speak for itself: We have, for too long, treated every consumer with the same one-note approach, and then passed the blame when it failed. The twelve-step program works miracles for some people, not for all, and we deliver better care when we offer more than just the most radical of treatment options. After all, not every breast lump is stage-4 cancer.

Laurie A. Storm
MANHATTAN

Whining and Dining

JUST A NOTE IN RESPONSE TO JOHN ANDERson's article on George Sape and New York's finest sommeliers ["What's My Wine?," July 10]. In defense of my reputation as a chef, I had planned a menu to complement estate Rieslings, as the dinner was in May. I received a letter from George Sape at the end of April explaining that he had invited New York's finest sommeliers to the dinner to coincide with a blind tasting and that he had also matched his own wines with my menu. I was very excited that he chose my dinner for his event. However, I would never have matched old Bordeaux with a spicy tuna dish or a chocolate dessert. The dinner in the boardroom was not a food-and-wine pairing, and I did not appreciate John's comparing my food with the wines that George had selected. We know what we're doing in Kansas City!

Jennifer Maloney
KANSAS CITY, KANS.

Fit to Print

MANY THANKS FOR YOUR ARTICLE COVERing the Robin Hood Foundation and the programs it funds ["The Green Team," by Meryl Gordon, June 12]. Binding Together operates a commercial printing business that generates 35 percent of its operating budget while training formerly homeless men and women for jobs in the printing, copying, and binding industries. Thanks to your article, Binding Together has received many calls for business services.

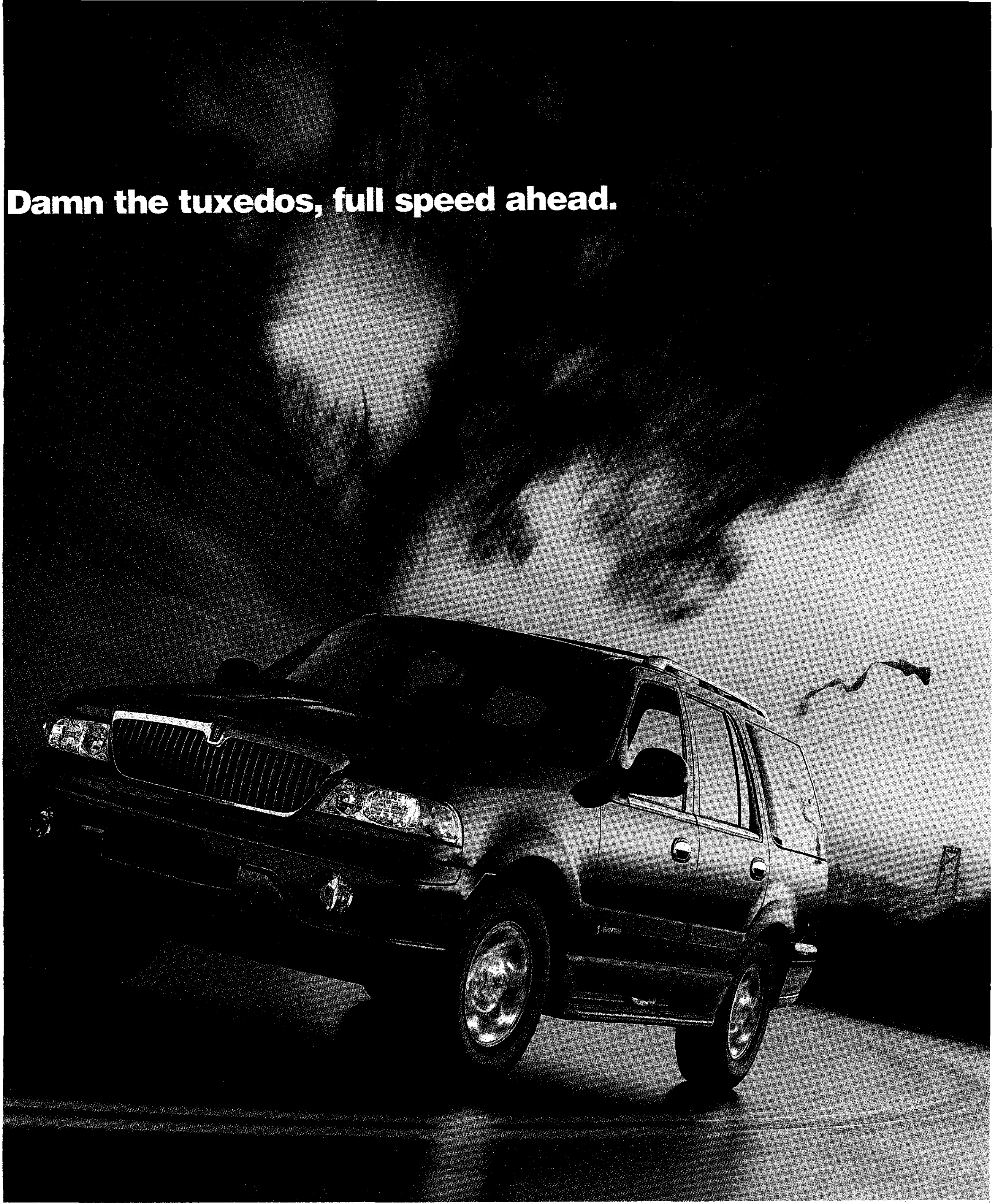
Philip J. Caldarella
MANHATTAN

Blame Canada

MICHAEL WOLFF WRITES THAT THE CREation of the French-based Vivendi-Universal conglomerate is the latest foreign takeover of an established American media giant ["Media: Collaborators," July 10]. In an effort to set up his larger argument about the complex cultural issues that are an outgrowth of such unions, Wolff conveniently ignores a critical point: Universal's parent company, Seagram, is not headquartered in the U.S., nor is it an American company. In fact, the company has been based in Montreal for its entire 76-year history.

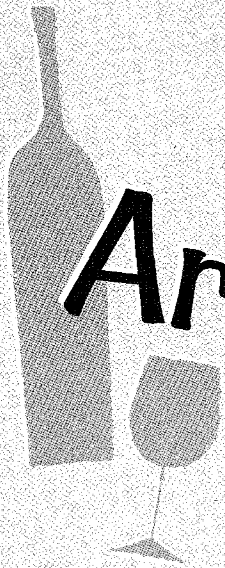
Jason Fox
MANHATTAN

Correction In a caption in our July 10 issue, Jean-Luc Le Du was incorrectly identified as the sommelier at Le Cirque. He is the sommelier at Daniel. ▬



Black tie is optional but a 300-horsepower V-8 is standard in the world's most powerful full-size luxury SUV. There's room for seven in three rows of leather-trimmed seats. And up to 8,900 pounds towing capacity. Call 800-688-8898, visit www.lincolnvehicles.com or see an authorized Lincoln Navigator dealer.

Lincoln Navigator. American Luxury.



FREE
SHIPPING
NOW
On any order. For a limited time

Art. History. Drama.
All in bottles.

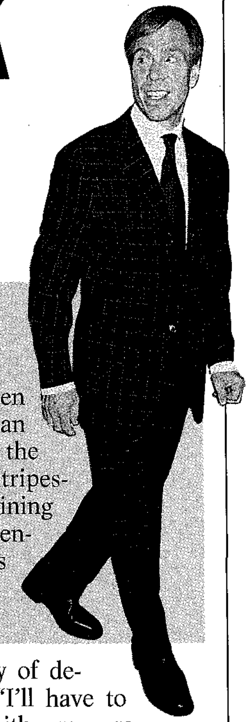
It's centuries of legend and lore. It's wine. And now it's all yours on WineShopper.com, the most complete, most unique online wine experience. Order from an unprecedented selection of fine wines and everyday favorites. All while exploring the many pleasures of this–the world's favorite beverage. WineShopper.com. The wine you love and what you love about wine...online!

WineShopper.com
enjoy

Amazon.com's Trusted Partner
© 2000 WineShopper.com. Powered by the Naxon Network.

Y BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND IAN SPIEGELMAN

INTELLIGENCER



SHE WON'T WEAR HIS NAME ANYMORE

Tommy Hilfiger's company stock isn't the only thing in his life that has seen healthier days. According to a fashion-world source, the all-American designer is separating from his wife, **Susie**. While Hilfiger has spent the better part of the nineties making his name-emblazoned stars-and-stripes-wear a billion-dollar business, his wife has led a quieter existence, joining her husband at the occasional fund-raiser and paying homage to the venerable Best & Co. department store by producing a line of children's garments in the same name. Whether this difference in lifestyles caused the rift we can only guess—neither Hilfiger would comment.

SPA SPAT TURNS LITIGIOUS

Nightlife impresario **Steve Lewis**—currently appealing a one-year sentence on charges of conspiracy to distribute narcotics at the Limelight—might soon be spending even more time in court. In 2 It Media event planner **Amy Balsam** says she's filing a breach-of-contract suit against the Spa nightclub (where Lewis is creative director) for the last-minute cancellation of a charity event in May. The event was to be a fashion show in conjunction with *Tear Sheet* magazine, with a portion of the evening's proceeds going to Road Recovery, a nonprofit anti-drug group. Lewis doesn't deny putting Balsam and a slew of designers and models out of the club just hours before the show was to begin, but he lays the blame squarely on Balsam. According to Lewis, Balsam demanded that Spa provide sound equipment not specified in their contract and became abusive toward club staff when Lewis wouldn't pony up. Balsam contends that her requirements were explicitly laid out in the contract and that it was Lewis who lost his head. Both sides agree that many of Balsam's guests were eventually admitted to the club, but Balsam and the founder of Road Recovery, **Gene Bowen**, claim they haven't seen a penny from the door. Responds Lewis: "If they say I took any money, that's slander, and I'll sue." After all, what's one more lawsuit?

MAXIMUM THREAT TO 2000 PREZ RACE

With the possibility of this presidential election's being the most mind-numbing in recent history, the gang at *Maxim* magazine intend to liven things up. Acting managing editor **Andrij Witiuk** will officially announce his independent bid to be the most powerful man in the free world this Wednesday. Witiuk—a former Marine who once worked as a coordinator for the Walt Disney Catalog—plans to crash both the Democratic and the Republican National Conventions to promote his write-in campaign. "I'm going to stay in it to the very end," Mr. Witiuk tells us. The candidate's entire platform is laid out in the upcoming issue of *Maxim*, but we were lucky enough to snag the first interview: Does Mr. Witiuk have any family history of dementia? "I'll have to check with my researchers." What does he consider to be the most pressing international threat? "The French-Canadians. Let's just say I have plans for a winter palace." Drugs? "Not now, I'm driving." **Ralph Nader**, watch your back.

PENN SLAYS DICK IN *ASSASSINATION* FLICK

Sean Penn may be getting older, but his penchant for playing basket cases shows no sign of waning. The actor's next role will be that of an unemployed furniture salesman with a hankering to kill the commander-in-chief in writer-director **Niels Mueller**'s *The Assassination of Richard Nixon*. Producer **Cary Woods** tells us that Penn's character is based on the real-life story of Samuel Byck, who lost his job in 1974 and coped by planning to hijack an airplane and crash it into the White House. "Niels has edited all these snippets of Nixon from actual newscasts where he is looking right at you," says Woods. "We'll put them together so it seems that Penn feels Nixon is taunting him as he goes mad." And if that tale isn't strange enough, Woods's next project will be a Liberace biopic directed by **Phil Kaufman**, who helmed *The Right Stuff*. "We want to make sure we get a star that can do justice to the size of Liberace," says Woods. "We're considering everyone from **Nic Cage** to **Robin Williams** to **Tom Cruise**." Isn't Cruise a bit too butch for the part?

REAL-ESTATE MOGUL GOES HOG-WILD

Laurence Gluck, head of real-estate powerhouse Stellar Management, has added another lucrative grab to his 4 million-square-foot portfolio. Gluck and his head of acquisitions and partner, **Robert Rosania**, signed a contract and put down a hefty deposit last week on 1370 Sixth Avenue, the skyscraper at 56th Street known by most as the home of the Harley-Davidson Cafe. The deal was orchestrated by **Doug Harmon**, the prolific broker who helped Gluck snatch up **Leona Helmsley**'s Park West Village for a reported $120 million in January. Though Gluck wouldn't give us an exact figure, he would say the edifice fetched over $100 million.

Additional reporting by David Amsden and Brooke Gosin.

Photographs: top, Tricia Meadows/Globe Photos; bottom, Roger Harvey/Globe Photos.

The Finest Sports and Fitness Complex in the World.

THE SPORTS CLUB/LA

NEW YORK

ROCKEFELLER CENTER
212.218.8600
NOW OPEN!

UPPER EAST SIDE
212.355.5100
OPENING THIS SUMMER!
CHARTER MEMBERSHIPS STILL AVAILABLE

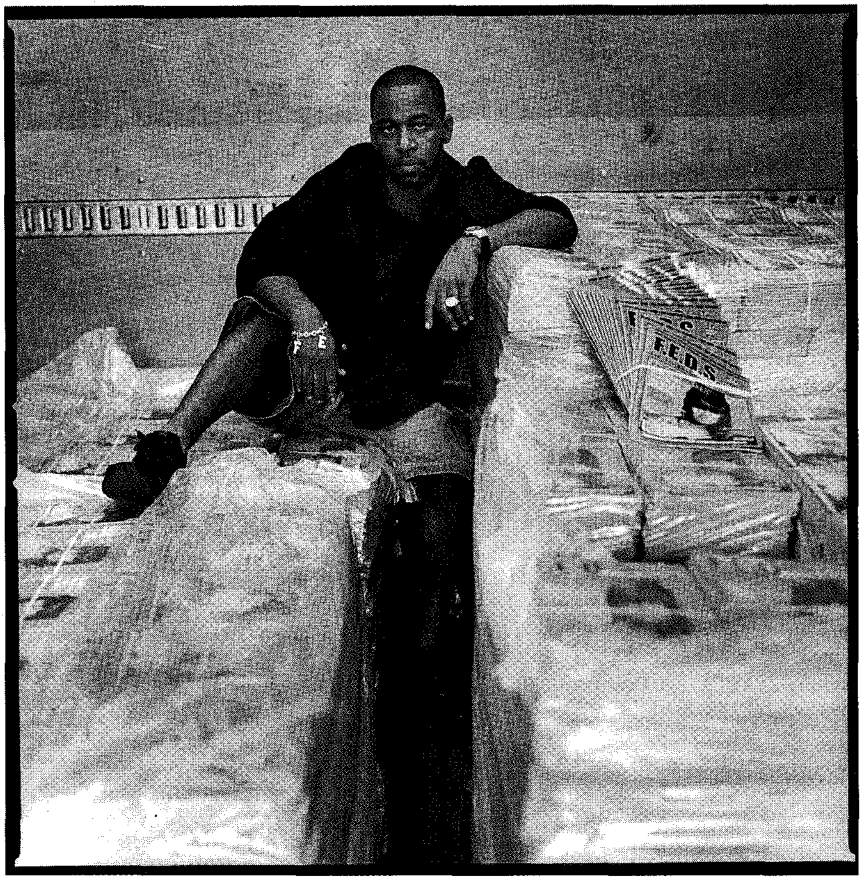
100,000 square foot Limited Membership Private Club
Charter Membership initiation fees begin at $450 with monthly dues of $125
Premiere Health Memberships sold out

EVERYONE HAS TO HAVE AN ANGLE OR THEY'RE NOT ALLOWED OVER THE BRIDGES—*CYNTHIA HEIMEL*

GOTHAM

Rap Sheet

For *F.E.D.S.* publisher Antoine Clark, true crime pays.



MOMENTS AFTER ANTOINE CLARK pulls open the back of the delivery truck holding more than 25,000 copies of his hip-hoppers-and-hustlers magazine, *F.E.D.S. (Finally Every Dimension of the Streets)*, a man clad in a basketball jersey jumps into the back, yelling, "Where are my copies?" Clark is accustomed to strong reactions to his graphic profiles of drug kingpins and unguarded interviews with hip-hop icons like Funkmaster Flex—Mary J. Blige requested that he personally deliver the new "all-women issue" to her midtown hotel room—but this particular *F.E.D.S.* fanatic surprises even him. Sean "Puffy" Combs is the guy gleefully hopping up and down inside the truck parked outside Clark's office on lower Fifth Avenue. After proclaiming that "*F.E.D.S.* is the hottest shit in the streets!" Combs rushes off to a nearby business meeting, carefully cradling a stack of issues.

While Clark enjoys the patronage of the hip-hop gentry, he also has been reaping the rewards of a wider readership: *Harper's* has excerpted two of Clark's interviews; the magazine recently landed on *Vanity Fair*'s and *Rolling Stone*'s hot lists; and after selling nearly 100,000 copies of issue No. 4, Clark signed a six-figure book deal with HarperCollins. Dave Mays, publisher of *The Source,* wanted to buy into *F.E.D.S.*, but Clark, 31, insists that he "won't give up the magazine. I want to try my struggles alone."

Clark knows a lot about struggles: After dropping out of high school, he was shot during an altercation at the Skate Key roller rink in the Bronx. During his convalescence, he came up with the idea for *F.E.D.S.* His inspiration? Not a gory true-crime 'zine or the gangster novels of Iceberg Slim but the reporting in *Time.*

"I wanted a magazine with every element of the streets," Clark says. "I wanted rappers in there, too, but I didn't want them on the cover, because that's entertainment." When potential investors balked at his insistence that underworld figures appear on the cover of every issue of *F.E.D.S.*, Clark used $7,000 he earned securing a record deal for a hip-hop act he

>

POLITICS Campaign-Trail Traffic Report

It's not that he doesn't believe her; it's just that he doesn't "know *who* to believe." Laz's *faux*-soul-searching reaction to Hill's slur-that-might-have-been is mercenary—but political gold. ●

The housing and mortgage-insurance lobbies are Ricky's *sugar daddies, bankrolling his campaigns* while he deregulates them. Creaky foundation, Rick—but nice work if you can get it. ○

Some of her best friends are Jewish? Aide Karen Adler asks Hill's "Jewish advisory group" to call Jewish journos but "not say you are calling because the campaign asked you to." Oy! ●

Hey, big spender! Hill Health Plan II arrives, costing *$10 billion over ten years.* And when the Rick Man asks who's paying for it, Mrs. C. cites the surplus. *Now, this won't hurt a bit . . .* ○

Photographs: top, Pak Fung Wong; bottom, Richard B. Levine (2). Illustration by Ingo Fast.

F.E.D.S. *continued from page 11*

managed and printed 5,000 copies of the first issue himself in late 1999. It ran to sixteen pages, contained no advertising—and quickly sold out at $3.50 per copy.

Subsequent issues featuring crack dealer Alberto "Alpo" Martinez and heroin kingpin Nicky Barnes also sold out, causing some readers—often the magazine's many fans in prison—to interpret *F.E.D.S.* as the consummate catalogue of criminal mischief. But Clark maintains that he's only interested in telling the stories of hustlers who've faced consequences for their actions. His advice for criminals interested in being featured in *F.E.D.S.*? "Let readers know what you did, that you got caught and it's killing you. If you don't give it to me like that, I'm not gonna print it."

Clark is just as impatient with music-industry executives who try to use *F.E.D.S.* to build street cred for their artists. "[Bad Boy president] Andre Harrell just asked me to put Shyne on the cover," Clark says testily, referring to the rapper who, along with Combs, is charged with a shooting at Club New York last December. "Shyne's out on the street—he's out there doing a video. What is that gonna show kids if I put him on the cover?"

F.E.D.S.'s fast ascension as a hard-core hip-hop showcase hasn't been lost on the competition. After failing to buy a piece of the magazine, Dave Mays has scored a deal to produce Fedsmagazine.com, which will also provide *F.E.D.S.* content to *The Source*'s Website. Just outside a Park Avenue South newsstand, a few minutes after the Puffy encounter, Mays runs into Clark and is eager to compliment *F.E.D.S.* "It's raw, real, and honest," he says, eyeballing the stacks of magazines before adding hesitantly, "Maybe I can have a copy?" ETHAN BROWN

MEDIA

Strange Bedfellows

A&F shows off half-naked hunks and—hey, wait a minute, who's that?

I LOVE NEW YORK
A RUDY AWAKENING

NEVER MIND HIS RECENT MORPH TO SELF-proclaimed nice guy. Does Rudy Giuliani also now think of himself as a free spirit, a swinger, a . . . preppy? What else are we to conclude from the mayor's appearance in *A&F Quarterly*, the sex-saturated Abercrombie & Fitch magalogue that in the past has been pulled from shelves thanks to Bruce Weber's shots of half-naked models frolicking in mock foreplay? In *A&FQ*'s "New York" issue, now on sale at A&F and Barnes & Noble ($6), the mayor not only submits to a probing Q&A but poses in a sporty Abercrombie logo cap for a (thankfully clothed) photograph taken by John Scott at City Hall.

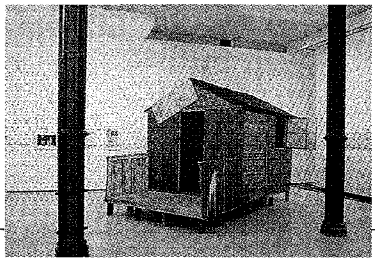
Weber, apparently, was otherwise occupied, busily charming the "Slater Hall" chinos and "Brooke Shetland" sweaters off the pretty young things who appear in various states of undress around the city. There's a strapping stud cavorting butt-naked in Bethesda Fountain! Four ripped male models stripped to their boxers outside Tiffany's! A coed getting a lap dance from a muscular young buck clad only in polka-dotted briefs and a thong! (Both sadly unavailable for purchase.) Only *AF&Q* sobers up when it comes to Rudy's spread, in which the mayor plays straight man to writer Patrick Carone's cheeky questions. Q: "What can you do around Times Square now that all the peep shows are closed?" A: "You can walk over to the New York Public Library or go to Bryant Park, which is one of the most beautiful parks in the city. . . ."

We know what Giuliani is getting out of this: further softening of his clenched-jawed, relentlessly prosecutorial image. And a free cap. But what's in it for A&F? From the interviewer tag line—"Patrick Carone has no idea why the mayor agreed to do this interview"—it's clear nobody expected Hizzoner to grant the request, let alone slap on a logo. And A&F's stock, already near its 52-week low, can't afford any further drubbing if kids balk at an Establishment father figure endorsing their formerly favorite brand. Not to mention the cold-shower effect of a full-page, toothy-grinned Rudy, which will surely depress this issue's eBay aftermarket value among collectors of Bruce Weber homoerotica. And what's keeping the mayor from diluting the power of his implied endorsement by offering interviews and photo ops to other clothiers? Moe Ginsburg? Men's Wearhouse? Rudy awaits your call. SIMON DUMENCO

ARTBYNUMBERS

Cottage Industry

WHEN SAN FRANCISCO MEGACOLLECTOR KENT LOGAN TOOK delivery on young British artist Tracey Emin's *The Hut*, which he purchased last year for $40,000 from New York gallery Lehmann Maupin, he had an unpleasant surprise: His installation crew couldn't figure out how to put the work, which had been dismantled for shipping, back together. The gallery refunded Logan his payment in late May, then resold *The Hut* last week—this time for $112,500, to London's Charles Saatchi, who apparently has an easier time with instruction booklets. It's the second major Emin work Saatchi has purchased from Lehmann Maupin: In April, he bought *My Bed* for $197,500. Emin, notorious for works like *Psycho Slut* that draw on her own intimate life stories (*My Bed* comes complete with soiled sheets and used condoms; *The Hut* is a decrepit beachside cottage she vacationed in with friends), has sold almost 100 works over the past year in the U.S. for an estimated $750,000. She's used the proceeds to buy herself a real home in the East End of London. JOSH BAER



More art-world news can be found online at **baerfaxt.com**.

Photograph: bottom, courtesy of Lehmann Maupin.

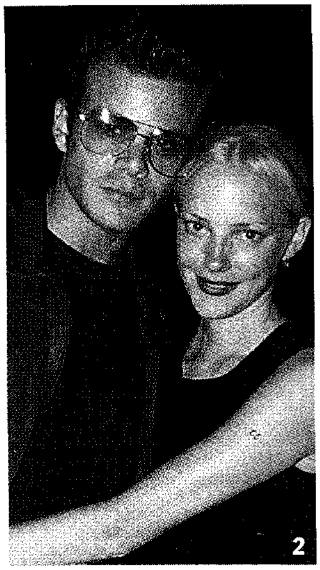
1

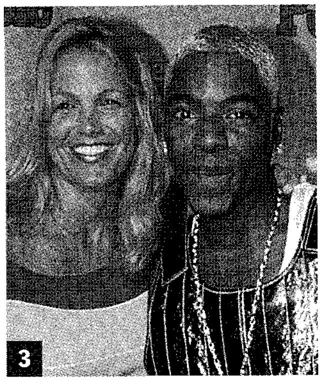
THE SCENE

Jungle Fever

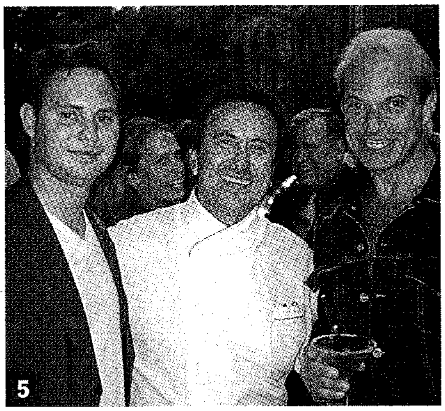
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

'CLARE BOOTHE LUCE HAD INCREDIBLE FORESIGHT," SAID TOvah Feldshuh, preparing to star in a July 17 reading of Luce's 1936 play *The Women* with Bebe Neuwirth, Eartha Kitt, Sandy Duncan, Rita Moreno, and Elaine Stritch. Theater patrons including Jerry and Jessica Seinfeld, Rex Reed, and Jean Kennedy Smith filled the Lucille Lortel Theater for the performance, a celebration of catty one-liners and revenge that benefited the Actors' Fund of America's Phyllis Newman Women's Health Initiative. "All of those characters are still around today," said one audience member as she stood smoking cigarettes with a gaggle of girlfriends after the play. "I even know some of them," she added, looking pointedly at a companion. "Jungle Red indeed," joked another spectator, observing Katherine Bryan and Carolyne Roehm pausing for the paparazzi, and referring to the pivotal scene in the play when one character finds out about a wayward husband from a manicurist pushing a new shade of nail polish. Some attendees, at least, were more progressively preoccupied: As stagehands passed out bottles of Lancôme nail color, one bespectacled, bookish ticketholder whispered to her friend, "I think the next play should focus on a car." KRISTINA RICHARDS


2


3

4


5

6

7

8

9

1. Phyllis Newman, Polly Bergen, Karen Ziemba, and Tovah Feldshuh at the reading of *The Women*. 2. Santiago Douglas and Jaime Rishar at Lotus celebrating Rishar's Australian *Vogue* cover. 3. Anne Zehren and Sisqó at a *Teen People* party at Zehren's Southampton home. 4. Amy Lemons and Nicole Miller at *Allure* editor-in-chief Linda Wells's party in Water Mill. 5. Jason Binn, Daniel Boulud, and David Lee Roth at Daniel for a *Hamptons* cocktail party. 6. Michael Bloomberg, Ed Koch, and Andrew Stein at the debut party for the "Bloomberg Politically Speaking" radio show at Elaine's. 7. Kitty Carlisle Hart, Aretha Franklin, and Carroll Petrie at the Parrish Art Museum Midsummer Gala. 8. Anna Paquin at the *X-Men* premiere. 9. Sebastian Junger at Brasserie 8½ for the *Butterfly* after-party.

YOU'RE SITTING AT HOME

WHEN YOU GET THIS URGE TO READ EVERYTHING ON, OH, LET'S SAY,

ALLIGATOR FARMING.

(THIS IS A LONG STORY, BEAR WITH US.)

So you go to your computer, log on to this new Web site, type in "alligator farming," and hope for the best. In seconds, a slew of information comes up. Except this is not just any slew of information. This is an extremely relevant, well-organized slew. It all pops up from something called a Cross-Content Search℠ which draws from hundreds of thousands of **books, magazines, doctoral dissertations, magazine article archives, speeches, *New York Times* archives, even transcripts of TV shows.** All in one place—stuff you can get shipped that day and other stuff you can download right now.

"HMM, THIS IS DIFFERENT," YOU THINK, "WHAT KIND OF A PLACE IS THIS?"

It's Contentville, part magazine stand, part corner bookstore and part research library. **It's a place where you can buy and instantly download the Checkers speech;** magazine articles on getting rid of deer in the suburbs; transcripts of *60 Minutes*; scripts from *The West Wing*; depositions from trailblazing court cases; an e-book on fishing – even your shrink's dissertation. (Remember, sometimes a dissertation is just a dissertation.)

But maybe you don't want to download stuff. Maybe you'd like a subscription to the *Public Justice Report*, and you'd like it at the lowest price available and shipped that day. (Who wouldn't?) Well, in that case, you're still in the right place. **You can get thousands of magazines in Contentville – *Good Housekeeping, Consumer Reports, Newsweek,* the *Journal of Secondary Gifted Education,* you name it.**

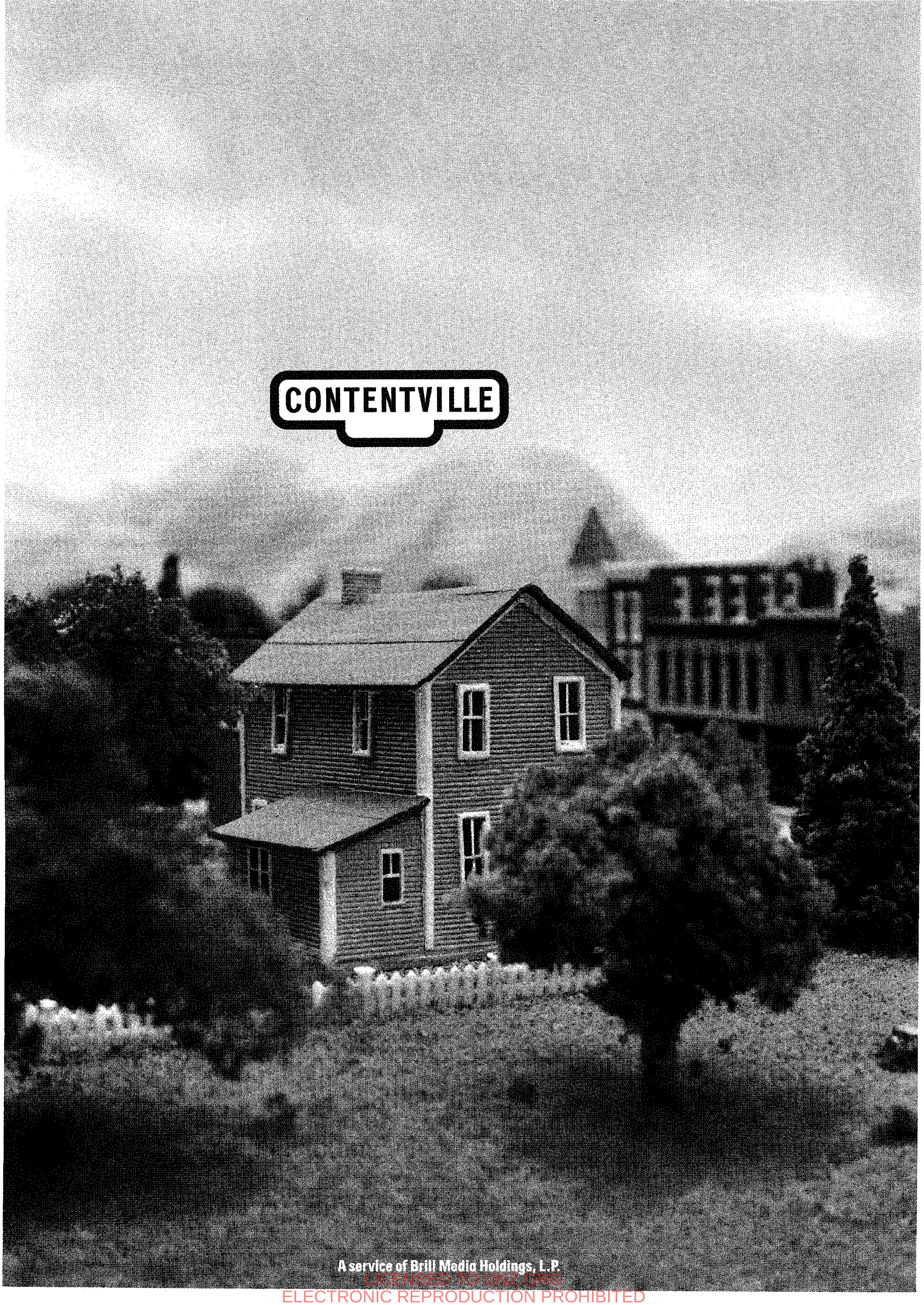
But maybe magazines aren't for you either. Maybe you want the goriest true crime novel ever. Well, we just happen to have a gory true crime novel expert. In fact, **we've got experts in every field to help you find the best of everything:** the best weight lifting books, the greatest titles for any religion library, or the books Wendy Wasserstein reads to her baby.

And what if you long for the personal touch of an old independent bookstore? No problem. **Contentville has the nation's best independent booksellers on board** as Contentville's resident experts in areas like psychology, food, business, modern fiction and politics.

Of course, you can always just buy a book really fast. Bestsellers. Worstsellers—whatever. If it's published we have it, and you can buy it usually at a lower price than anywhere online. It's simple: whether it's alligator farming or something closer to home, we've got what you want.

Magazines, Books, Article Archives, Screenplays, Legal Documents, E-Books, Speeches,
Dissertations, Rare Books, Great Prices, Expert, Honest Advice.

CONTENTVILLE.COM Readers Rejoice.


CONTENTVILLE
A service of Brill Media Holdings, L.P.

REALTY BITES

Pool's Out

New apartment towers dry up.

When Neil Binder, head of Bellmarc Realty, looks at the list of 30-odd residential buildings now under construction in Manhattan, he wonders where the pools are. The Chatham? The Impala? The Century Tower? All dry. "It used to be everything," he says. "Any site that had over 150 apartments had a pool." But that was back in the eighties, when yuppies were a newly discovered species and Reebok was still a sneaker instead of a sports club. At the time, pools were marketing magic; residential-tower architect Costas Kondylis says the Milstein development family was there first, installing rooftop pools in the seventies. By the condo boom of the eighties, they had become bait for what Kondylis calls "pioneering locations" like 72nd and York, site of the Oxford. "They had to give the buyers *something*," remembers Douglas Elliman's Dolly Lenz. Except that nobody uses the pools. "It's a waste," says Sumitomo Realty's Roger Novatt, who lives in a 1984 tower with a desolate pool. "Buyers thought they wanted them, but they don't have time to swim." Meanwhile, they still have to pay for them. "It's extremely hard and costly to have a professional clean the pool," says Binder. And it doesn't make your apartment worth more: "You build this wondrous pool and nobody pays more money," he adds. These days, the pools that do get built aren't what they used to be. Kondylis put one in the Trump World Tower's basement ("We're calling it the lower concourse"), and his far-West 42nd Street River Place has one in the gym. But don't dive in—both were built as lap pools to save money on lifeguards. "Presumably," says Kondylis, "four feet deep solves the drowning problem."

CARL SWANSON

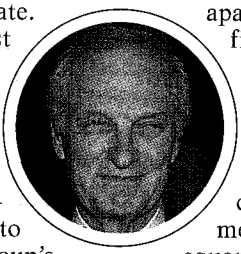
GOTHAM REALESTATE

Is There a Doctor in the House?

Alan Alda performs emergency bidder-ectomy to win apartment.

Maybe Alan Alda isn't such a sensitive guy after all—at least when it comes to the cutthroat world of Manhattan real estate. Fresh from his long-term guest stint on *ER*, the actor sewed up a deal for a pair of adjoining apartments, ripe for combining, in the Millennium Tower on West 67th Street. But the TV surgeon first had to cut out a rival bidder—*stat!*—who thought he was about to close a deal. The Corcoran Group's Nina de Rovira had a firm offer of $4.35 million, from a buyer who lived nearby in the Park Millennium, until the negotiations got mashed: "Alda came in from left field and way outbid our offer" with $4.9 million. The sellers—who had owned both apartments since the tower went up five years ago—had been renting them for a total of more than $11,000 per month, through De Rovira. (Their leases aren't up, and Alda has arranged to buy out the tenants when the whole deal closes in October.) The two apartments together add up to 2,400 square feet and have "drop-dead views" over the park and midtown, says De Rovira. Just the thing for a New York Hawkeye.

CHRISTOPHER BONANOS



BIG DEALS

Greenwich Village

712 Broadway

2,900-square-foot co-op loft. Asking: $799,000. Selling: $765,000. Maintenance: $1,370. Time on market: four and a half months.

BROKER MIRIAM SIROTA of Bellmarc Realty had sold other places in this eighteen-unit co-op, home to dot-commer haberdashery Antique Boutique on the street level. The "raw" second floor was the only one that hadn't gone residential. But "*raw* means different things to different people," Sirota says. When she walked in, "I saw a fully working machine shop with oil-schmutzed concrete floors, parts stacked to the ceiling, and welders blasting away." Elevator parts were made there; it had no walls and "disgusting w.c.'s." On the other hand, it's hard to find a loft with views and fourteen-foot ceilings for under $1 million. So she got traffic. Bellmarc's Sheena Acharya found the buyer, who works in the construction industry and had been looking for two years for the right project to pour his expertise into.

Raw deal: Home sweet elevator repair shop on the second floor of 712 Broadway.

Carnegie Hill

129 East 91st Street

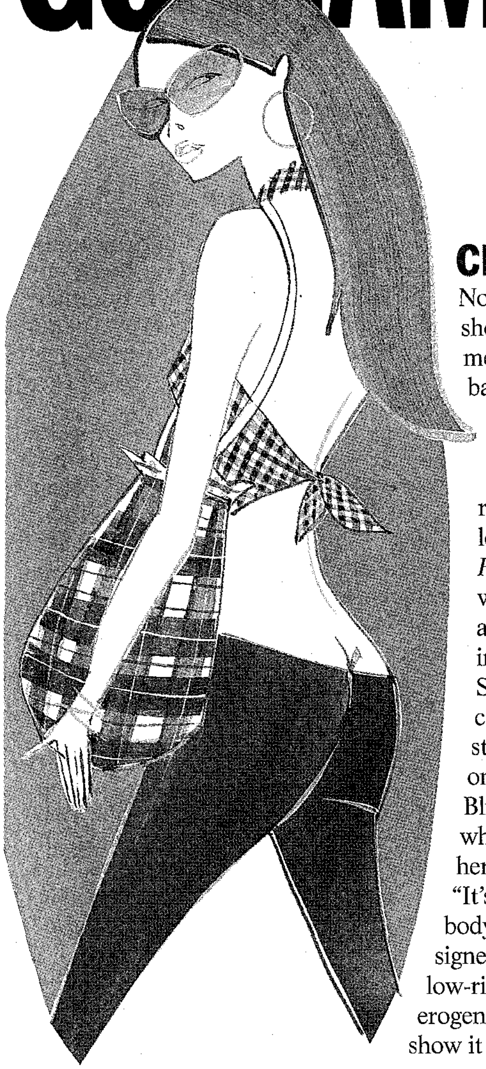
Five-bedroom, 5½-bath, 5,100-square-foot townhouse. Asking: $3.5 million. Selling: $3.4 million. Time on market: three weeks.

"I SOLD IT TO THIS couple 32 years ago for $107,000," says broker Leslie J. Garfield. That was before the legions of Wall Street millionaires arrived, moving their Peg Pérego strollers into position outside Spence and Dalton nearby. This 1885 Queen Anne–style redbrick house has its original shutters, hardware, and dumbwaiter, and a terrace upstairs. After three decades, the sellers were reluctant to leave and backed off two deals. The Wall Street–funded buyers might expect to settle in for a while. Garfield says the owner before the sellers was there 45 years.

C.S.

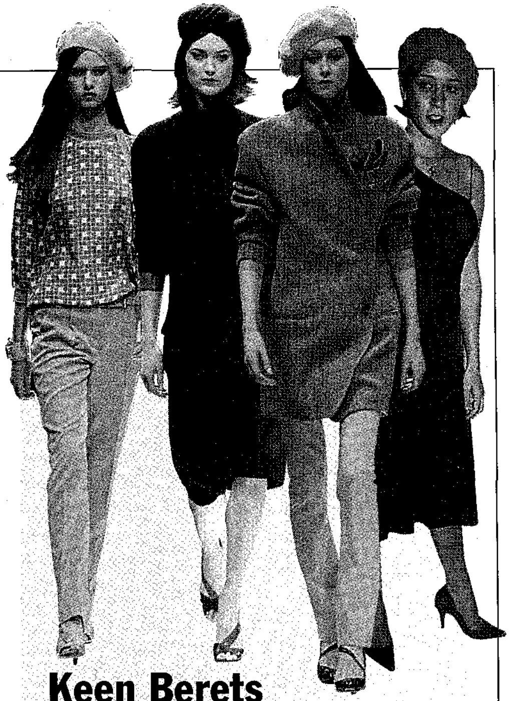
Photographs: top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; bottom, Sean Hemmerle

GOTHAMSTYLE



Cheek Chic

Not since Alexander McQueen shocked the fashion Establishment in 1992 with his buttocks-baring "bumsters" has so much attention been paid to whether baby's got crack. Six months after Cameron Diaz revealed her derriere décolletage on the cover of *Vanity Fair* comes Frankie B Jeans, which boast a three-inch zipper and a celebrity following that includes Charlize Theron and Sarah Michelle Gellar. (Intermix can't keep the $104 trousers in stock.) Actresses aren't the only ones going bottoms up: Mary J. Blige didn't seem too concerned when her hip-huggers slid down her behind at a recent concert. "It's an extremely sexy part of the body," says Leeora Catalan, a designer who makes thongs for these low-riders. "Like the neck, it's an erogenous zone, and people want to show it off." Roxanne James



Keen Berets

After seasons of structured cowboy hats and suffocating scarves, fashionable heads are sporting a new covering: the beret. Chloë Sevigny turned up at the *American Psycho* premiere wearing one, Tara Subkoff donned one at last month's *Visionaire* party, and Winona Ryder left the *Harper's Bazaar* shoot in the Louis Vuitton one she wears on the August cover. "There's something a little off about berets," says *Bazaar's* creative director, Michel Botbol. "They give a kick to whatever you're wearing." Eugenia Kim, whose berets will be available at Barneys in September ($190), has lent her sculptural headpieces to *Interview* and *Jane* in me-decade colors like electric blue and dragon red. Alas, no one has requested one in raspberry. Kristina Richards

SHOP TALK

Lunching ladies who fill their top drawers with Wolford stockings will be glad to know the legwear brand is still trying to figure out a way to cover the rest of them. Wolford's first ready-to-wear collection is designed by the Parisian formerly known as Hervé Léger but now known as Herve Leroux. (The *nom de mode* is tied up in legal problems with BCBG, which bought Léger's label last fall and promptly ousted him.) Leroux's debut collections hit Saks this week and look suspiciously like his trademark body-hugging bandage dresses. With celebrity supporters like Britney Spears and Oprah Winfrey, let's hope this collection doesn't suffer the same fate as the snag-prone StarckNaked dress of 1998. Sarah Bernard

Cozy Corner

Ralph Lauren has towels. Tommy Hilfiger has trash cans. Cynthia Rowley has table settings. But it's Tracy Feith's candle cozy that shows the designers-doing-housewares craze may be getting out of hand. Feith's cozies ($40), which come in the same prints as his best-selling Raj collection, are blowing out of his East Hampton store (38 Park Place; 631-329-8213)—sans candle. (The fabric wraps are designed to slip over glass-contained candles like those by Diptique.) According to the East End boutique, no one has bought a matching dress-and-cozy set—perhaps if Chanel did quilted beer cozies it would be a different story. K.R.

hotographs: clockwise from top, courtesy of Louis Vuitton (3); Patrick McMullan;
hristopher Winget; courtesy of Wolford. Illustration by Bil Donovan.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST LAWRENCE O'DONNELL JR.

Albert's Hubert Problem

A sitting vice-president heads to a convention where an angry left plans protests? To Al Gore, that's a pretty scary flashback.

YOU'RE BILL DALEY. YOU JUST resigned as secretary of Commerce, a job you took more seriously than any of your predecessors, who mostly used it to pump up their value to the private sector. A job that let you eclipse the president's trade representative and take charge of the administration's effort to establish permanent normal trade relations with China. A job that positioned you to step up to Treasury secretary in the next Democratic administration. All you have to do is make sure Al Gore gets elected—or there won't be a next Democratic administration for a while.

Last week, when you settled into your new job as chairman of the Gore campaign, someone must have asked you what to do about the world trade protesters who will descend on the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles. With mass demonstrations scheduled for every day of the week, you must have realized that next month's convention could be the most protested since the Democrats nominated Hubert Humphrey in your hometown of Chicago in 1968. And you remember what that did to your father, Richard Daley, who's remembered not as a progressive mayor but as the commander-in-chief of the single largest deployment of police brutality in the television age.

Nineteen sixty-eight was the last time the Democrats nominated a sitting vice-president, which is all too eerie a coincidence. Back then, you watched what was supposed to be a well-oiled rally for Vice-President Humphrey turn into a chaotic brawl from which his campaign never recovered. You have to be wondering whether the same thing can happen to Gore. You have to be wondering what you can do about the demonstrations. For now, one thing you're certainly *not* going to do is talk about them, which is why I'm not waiting for you to return my call.

UNLIKE THOSE OF 1968, THIS YEAR'S PROtesters will be marching against "corporate greed," police brutality, and the death penalty, and in favor of "global economic and environmental justice" and "Women's Les/Gay/Bi/Trans and disability rights." One thing that hasn't changed is that the Republican convention won't draw nearly so many protesters as the Democrats. To the left, Republicans are hopeless on such issues and not worth the energy it would take to start a dialogue. But since Democrats are more sympathetic, they constantly inspire hope, which leads inevitably to disappointment and then recrimination.

Eight years of Clinton-Gore—their partial repeal of welfare, their gutting of habeas corpus, their bombing of countries that posed no threat to the U.S., their retreat on the kind of environmental policies that Gore's book promised—has left the left in full recrimination mode. Now that they have a presidential candidate of their own, Ralph Nader, who's polling enough if-the-election-were-held-today votes to hand the White House to the Republicans, they're determined to use the Democratic convention to move even more voters from Gore to Nader and the handful of presidential candidates to his left.

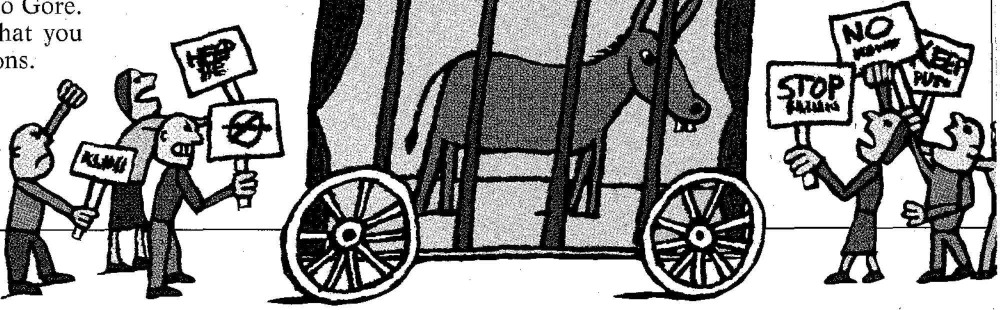
Estimates of the number of protesters expected in Los Angeles have risen from 10,000 to 50,000. By comparison, the Democratic National Committee is expecting 40,000—delegates, spouses, media, etc.—so the demonstrations could easily be bigger than the convention itself. In any case, it wouldn't take a lot of protesters to muddle up Gore's message. When the World Trade Organization met in Seattle last winter, 30,000 protesters made the city look like Beirut. And when the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank met in Washington in April, just 1,300 protesters made downtown impassable for days.

Both Philadelphia and Los Angeles have tried to create designated protest zones—fenced-in locations blocks away from the convention halls set aside for rallies. But the ACLU rushed into federal court in both cities, claiming the protesters have a First Amendment right to demonstrate closer to the conventions. In the Los Angeles case, the judge ruled in favor of the protesters and will order an expansion of the designated areas.

It might not even make a difference. Most of the activists planning protests in Los Angeles have refused to even apply for the permits they need to demonstrate in the designated areas. So far, only three permits have been granted—in a city that burns police cars just to celebrate Lakers victories. Which means that thousands are going to be guilty of marching without a permit. And that the Police Department that brought you the Rodney King beating is going to have to decide what to do about that.

COULD THE DEMONSTRATIONS GET AS OUT-of-control as they did in Seattle? The good news/bad news of last week was that John Sweeney, president of the AFL-CIO, said that organized labor won't be there. That could cut out half the protesters, but it would be the wrong half—labor was a civilizing force amid the chaos in Seattle.

If things do get out of control, the protests will become the story of the week, and



Al Gore's nomination-acceptance speech will be as memorable as Humphrey's. That would hurt him—smoothly running conventions can be counted on to give their nominees a bump in the polls. And since Bush shouldn't face any serious distractions in Philadelphia, he'll probably emerge with an even wider lead. Some Gore strategists have even proposed announcing Gore's vice-presidential pick the day after the Republican convention so their candidate can generate as much of the week's big news as Bush and prevent him from picking up too many points in the polls. Even if they try that, the Gore campaign might still need to come out of their convention on a big California wave that it can ride all the way to the election. But if protesters drown out Gore's convention-week message, he'll be dead in the water.

"If things do get out of control, **the protests will become the story of the week**, *and Al Gore's nomination-acceptance speech will be as memorable as Hubert Humphrey's."*

Speaking of water, Gore's planning a boat trip up the Mississippi River and across the Great Lakes after the convention. It will take him into the battleground states of the Midwest with plenty of momentum and feed the media beast with an endless supply of pictures of Gore greeting heartland voters in jeans and a polo shirt. If the convention goes smoothly, the boat trip will, too—it could even generate the kind of swooning press coverage the Clinton-Gore bus trip got in '92. But if Gore walks ashore to questions about convention protests—whether he approves of the tactics the LAPD used, whether he could have done more to prevent demonstrations from getting out of control, whether he agrees with anything the protesters had to say—his campaign will have wandered off-message and the protesters will have wandered even farther off into the wilderness of American politics. ▬

Unfortunately, Not All Body Improvements Can Be Achieved Through Diet Or Exercise.

Sit-ups. Step classes. Low-fat diets. Sometimes all of the effort in the world can't flatten your belly or tighten your buttocks.

Nor can exercise or diet remodel your nose or eliminate wrinkles. However, plastic surgery offers results with a lot less inconvenience or expense than you might have imagined.

So call 472-3300 for a free consultation with our caring, experienced Board Certified Plastic Surgeon. And let us improve something more important than your face or figure. Your self-image.

Constructive Surgery℠
110 East 66th St., New York, NY (212) 472-3300

© 1995 Office Management Systems Inc.

NEW YORK EYE SPECIALISTS • NY2020.COM

New York's Clear Choice for
LASER VISION CORRECTION

Baseball All-Star **Bernie Williams** is having his best year ever! His 20/20 vision helps him field better and bat better.

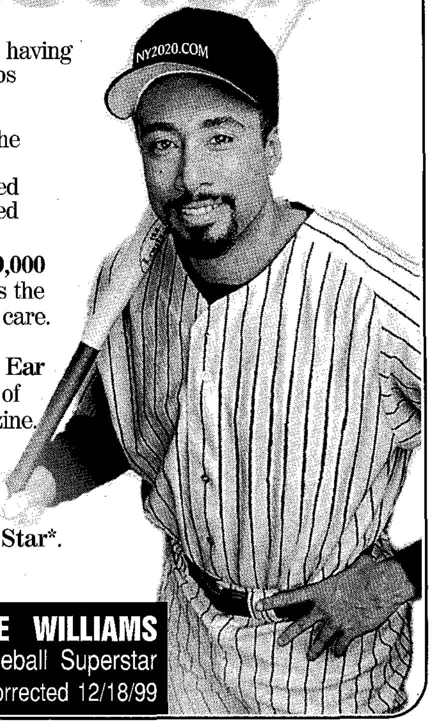
He could have chosen any doctor in the world to correct his vision. He did the research. He chose the most experienced specialist at New York's most established practice for laser vision correction.

Dr. Ken Moadel has performed **over 9,000** successful procedures since 1995 and is the clear choice of people who seek expert care.

He is affiliated with **Manhattan Eye, Ear & Throat Hospital** and was rated one of the top specialists by New York magazine.

If you are interested in a new life without glasses or contacts, call
(212) 75-CLEAR (25327)
for a free consultation with our VISX Star*.

*The Visx Star is awarded only to 100 of the most experienced, respected specialists in the USA each year.



BERNIE WILLIAMS
NY Baseball Superstar
Vision corrected 12/18/99

Illustration by Scott Menchin.

B-Boy

George W. went to business school when all the overachievers went to law. But we like him because he's the bimbo who brings the beer to the party.

IF ELECTED, GEORGE W. BUSH WILL BE our first president with an MBA.

This is not just a Republican or pro-business attribute but a broader culture alignment. Clinton tracks from the sixties, and follows the early-boomer experience into careers (when everyone went to law school or thought about it), marriage (and marital problems), and more-or-less-conflicted adulthood. George W. represents later boomers: business schools, networking, deals, and a lot less personal angst (more cash flow perhaps equals less angst).

Al Gore doesn't align very well with either of those psychographic halves of boomerdom. He isn't hip enough or flawed enough or passionate enough for the former, and he isn't plugged-in enough or operator enough or yuppielike enough or even bobolike enough for the latter.

Cultural alignment is going to be a big deal.

With no ideological basis whatsoever to this campaign, it's become virtually a pure personality play—one between men of relatively indistinct character. How do you distinguish between two Ivy League guys in their early fifties from successful political families, both with middle-of-the-road social and economic philosophies? It's a campaign of pretty extreme nuance and subtlety (it just *seems* inconsequential and boring).

But one of them will become what Saul Bellow calls the "contrast gainer." No matter how flawed, uninteresting, and unattractive a couple is, one half of the pair always makes the other look better.

Obviously, the Gore people were thinking that, on the contrast-gainer principle, they'd have it in the bag. Experience and intelligence versus inexperience and dopiness.

But so far, it seems to have come down to a general—if reductive—perception that, virtues aside, Bush is more fun than Gore.

Bush is less heavy. Less taxing to be around. Easier to ignore. He is, as background noise, less irritating than Gore. They are both interlopers at the party (you would not have invited either), but Bush fits in better. He's brought some beer.

He's a better front man. A better spokesperson. In a modern chief executive, you don't necessarily want an operator. You want an outside person. You want someone who can represent the brand.

Clearly, Bush is a lot less about politics than Gore. He hasn't been a politician that long, isn't steeped in the mystique of politics like Gore (Gore's family was fundamentally a political family; Bush's family is fundamentally a Wasp-business family in politics), and certainly doesn't seem like someone who talks about politics or policy in his spare time. Since the subject that we are least interested in, possibly even most averse to (on the level of a math aversion), is politics, the politician who lets us think less about politics wins.

I'd go with this being the bedrock issue of the campaign: our growing phobia about politics. What do you do when you meet someone who talks to you about politics? You worry a bit. We perceive that anyone who is overinterested in politics is odd (emotionally unstable). We instinctively turn away from him.

GEORGE W. WENT TO BUSINESS SCHOOL IN 1973. Going to business school then was not in any way an obvious or ambitious career move. Business school was about as far from hot as it got. You were way out of cultural alignment. You were a throwback. A legacy. A dope.

If you went to business school, it meant you couldn't get into law school, or didn't even want to bother to try; it meant, too, you had subpar verbal skills. Business school in the early seventies was a class safety net. Bill Clinton and Al Gore would have had serious contempt for their business-school opposites. Everybody did.

Certainly, if you were going to business school, you weren't dreaming of going into politics. You won't find a letter from a young George W. outlining his future political aspirations (or, likely, any aspirations).

In hindsight, what we missed seeing, or missed isolating, was another, probably more important trait: People in B-school didn't like conflict, didn't like upset, rhetoric, posturing, arguing—they

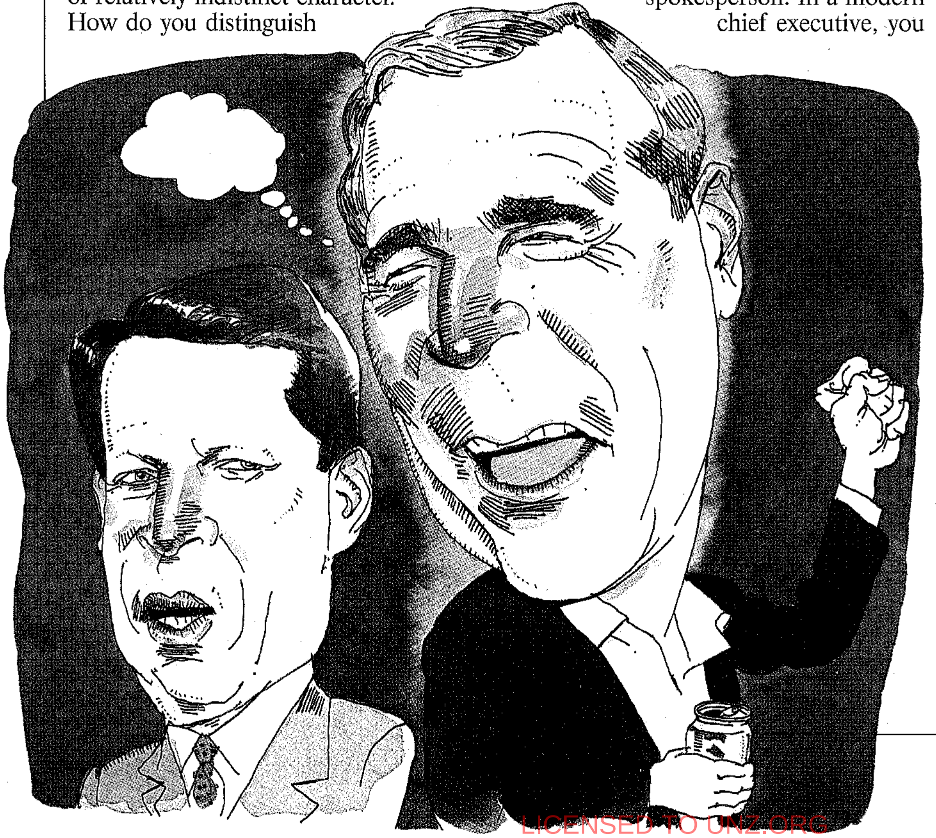


Illustration by Joe Ciardiello.

didn't like politics. Indeed, by going to business school, they were opting out of this highly argumentative, polemical, analytic, stay-up-all-night-and-talk post-sixties Watergate moment. It bored them. Or, even more profoundly: They just didn't give a shit. Here were the seeds of a postpolitics consensus.

And apparently, even in this oddly disengaged early-seventies B-school set, George W. was in a subset further notable for the archness and aggressiveness of its complaisance ("He was so juvenile!" says a person I know who sat in back of him. "He actually threw spitballs in class").

But this element of not caring too much, of not getting hot and bothered, of having other priorities (relaxing, hanging out, partying), is obviously a strong Bush virtue and is surely earning him contrast-gainer points against Gore, who cares too much about what other people don't much care about at all (not that they disagree; they're just not interested).

We don't like intensity. We like effortlessness. We are, at this point in the economic boom, for better or worse, drawn to the guy in the stadium sky box.

Which brings us to the woman issue. Women like George W. At least in contrast to Gore they do. At any rate, they don't dislike him, which, because women are traditionally an easier mark for Democrats (they tend to reflexively dislike Republican men), presents big trouble for Gore.

Bush's positionlessness, his formlessness, his suggestion of openness (of course, arguably, it is just vacancy), turns out to be appealing. Say it: sexy. He is, anyway, in contrast to a rigid guy who has trouble with eye contact.

Gore is, in fact, much better-looking than Bush—but sexless, dead from the waist down. There's no human warmth here. No nonverbal communication.

Bush, on the other hand, is an obviously friendly guy, probably impulsive, occasionally even overcome by his own silly exuberance. He could make a little trouble. He's like Clinton, but with a big difference. Clinton would flirt (dangerously) with you. You might flirt (although not too seriously) with Dubya. He has male-bimbo traits.

He may be dangerously incompetent, but he's cute. It should probably not be so surprising that the former does not cancel the persuasive powers of the latter.

IT REALLY FRIGHTENED THE GORE PEOPLE when it looked like there was a chance they'd have to run against McCain. In the end, though, they figured they got the best of both worlds: McCain showing Bush to be a virtual fool, and Bush winning anyway.

The Gore strategy was obvious. Contrast Gore's willingness to hustle and go the extra mile against Bush's laissez faire never-bust-a-gut-if-it-can-be-avoided outlook.

But the effect has been that Gore looks like a striver, a grasper, a not-of-our-class Sammy Glick.

And Bush seems like he's above it all; he is the BMOC.

His relative ease, his lack of concern, even lack of commitment, have allowed him to appear to embody the joys of economic expansion more completely than Gore has. Gore is struggling—and reminding everyone of the grimness of the struggle—whereas Bush seems to have made it.

> *"Bush clearly shares our contempt for politics and politicians. He keeps waving off the job. He can hire people to do it. It's worth noting that* **even his parents seem a little surprised** *that it isn't their diligent son, Jeb, who is on his way to the White House."*

He knows, we think, the secret of success.

Where did all that money come from? How did he attract it? Without much experience, or demonstrable skills, he got funded. We're not in the least suspicious of that. On the contrary, we admire that. Getting funded is the game. The fact that he doesn't seem to have a clue about why he wants to be president is not especially held against him, because *we* understand the real and overriding reason he's running for the presidency: People keep giving him money!

Even his relative inexperience embodies the new career ideal. Don't do anything for too long. You don't want to spend your life working at one thing. To be in the oil business, then to own a sports franchise, then to be governor—that's intelligent parlaying; it's seeing the big picture; it's being opportunistic (which is now a virtue). It's no longer regarded as dilettantism, or failing upward, or having no clear expertise in anything.

Gore, on the other hand, is a drone, a slogger, a guy who just doesn't understand how the new, entrepreneurial, highly liquid, exit-strategy economy works. Gore is a downer.

What's the point of the greatest economic expansion in history if you still have to be Al Gore (who doesn't even have anything invested in the stock market! Hello!)?

BUSH CLEARLY SHARES OUR CONTEMPT FOR politics and politicians. He keeps waving off the job. He can hire people to do it.

It's worth noting that even his parents seem a little surprised that it isn't their diligent son, Jeb, who is on his way to the White House. But the cutup. The underachiever.

There's something both appealing and frightening about the way his father keeps having to say that George W. is actually pretty smart—as though he is trying to convince himself too.

I'm not sure George the elder knows quite what to make of the fact that his loss of the presidency is being avenged by George W.

Father and son are notably different. His father was a conventional achiever. He lived up to expectations—class- and business-wise.

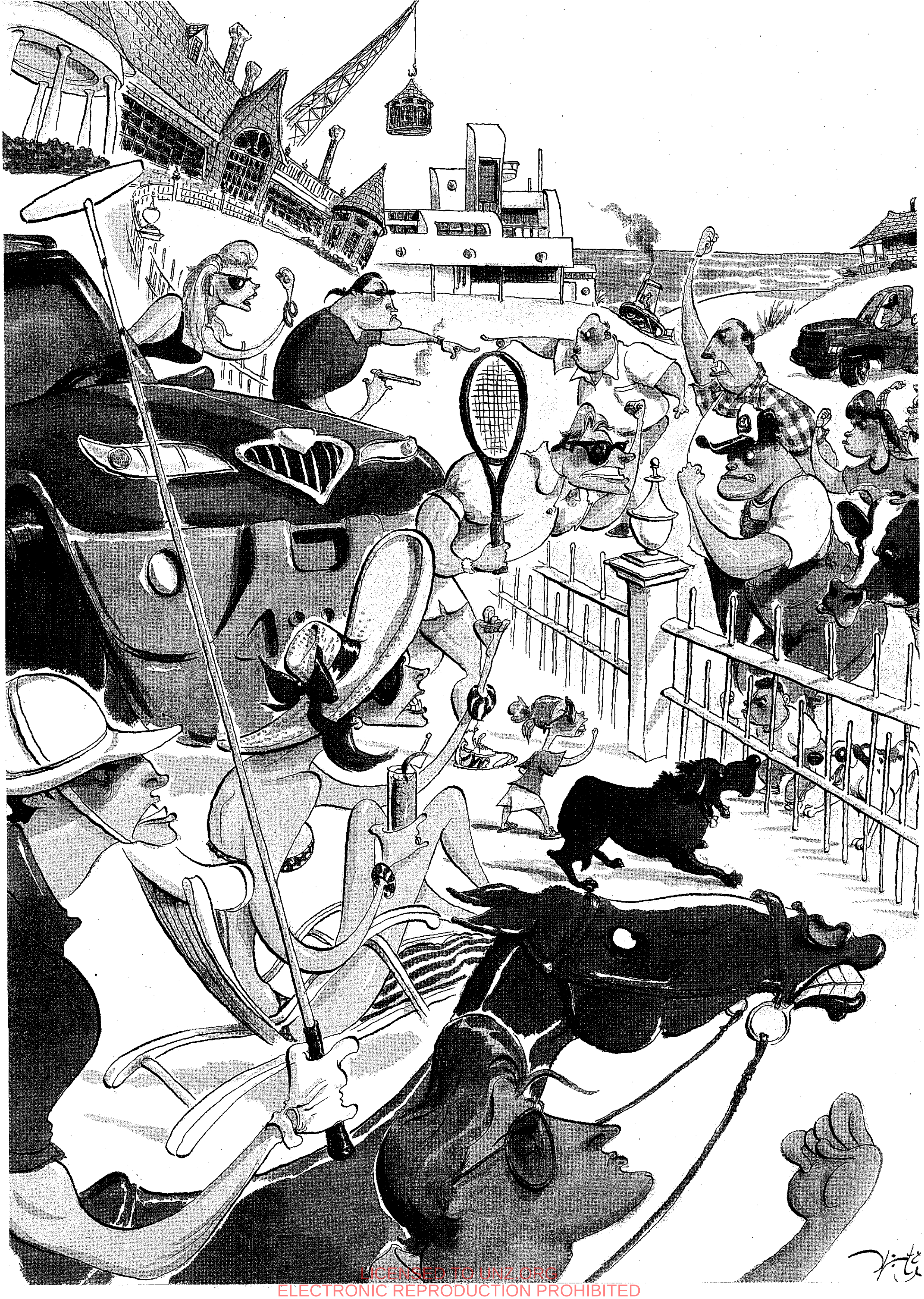
George W. is . . . well, a lot closer to Dan Quayle. It was always hard to explain George the Elder's choice of Quayle. But now we see the resemblance to his own son: friendly, open-faced, boyish, none too bright, but eager to please. Callow, yes. Superficial, sure.

But, many people ask now, does it matter? Why imbue politics with more significance than it has? Why give it attention it does not deserve? Let's not encourage these people. And as anyone who has ever hired anyone knows—indeed, as anyone who has ever worked with the person who was hired knows—the fun, easy-to-get-along-with guy, the frictionless guy, the less-smart guy, often works out better than the grind and know-it-all. So chill.

Of course, this might well reverse the classic equation. The first time around with Dan Quayle was farce.

The second time, we could get the tragedy. ■

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com

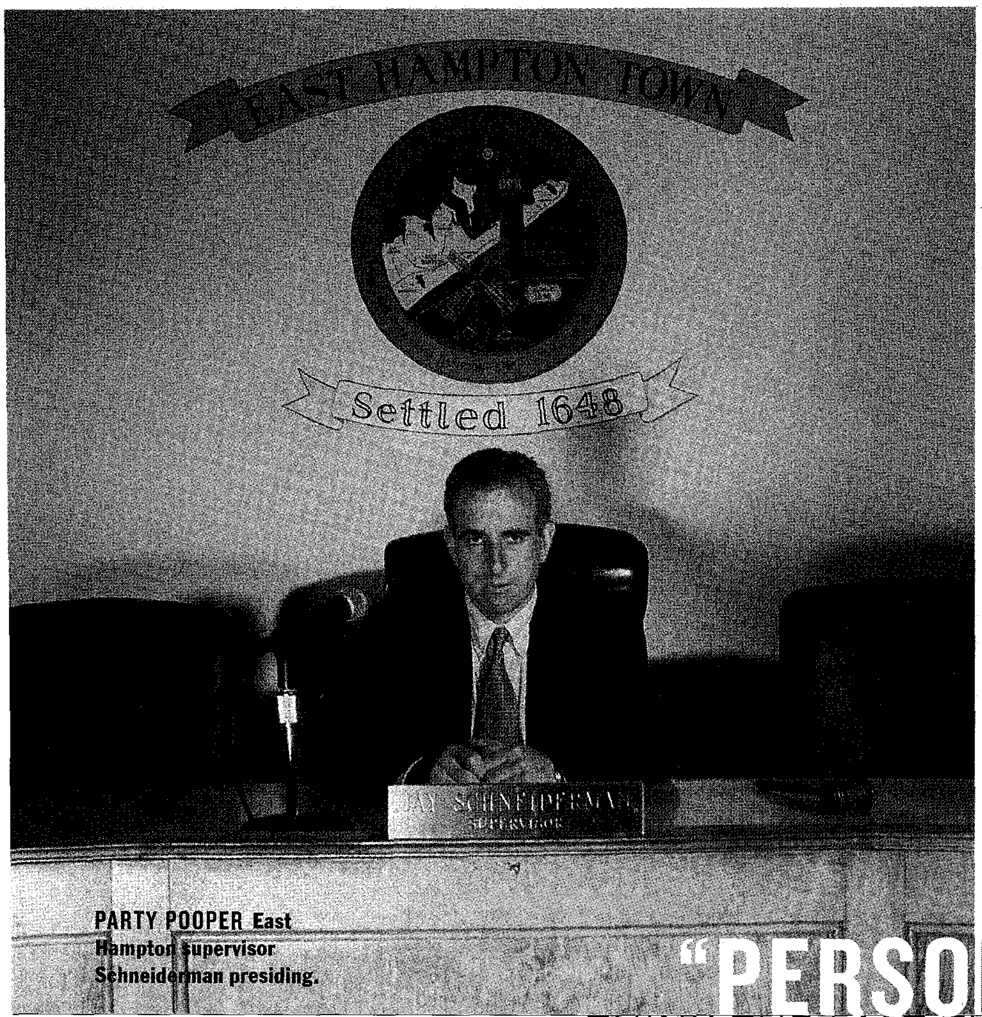


EAST END GAME

IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE TO HAVE FUN AT THE BEACH WITHOUT BOTHERING OTHERS, AND SOME WONDER: IS IT TIME TO STICK A (SOUTH) FORK IN THE HAMPTONS? BY ROBERT KOLKER

LIZZIE GRUBMAN WAS PREPPING FOR A SUMMER IN THE HAMPTONS, AND ALREADY SHE WAS HAVING TOO MUCH fun. It was June, and the petite, perma-tanned publicist's client, Jay-Z, rapper and Hamptons renter, was hoping to kick off Fourth of July weekend by promoting his new single, "Big Pimpin'." Grubman had booked the club Conscience Point, but two weeks before post time, the party started to get too hot for its own good. "We were getting 20 to 30 calls a day, without invitations," she remembers. • Outside the environs of Route 27, this would have been a good thing. But a mob scene was hardly desirable for Jay-Z, who has labored to make a splash while staying on the good side of the East Hampton town board. And so the Tuesday before the party, Jay-Z and his partner Damon Dash asked Grubman to change the venue to Jay-Z's modest five-bedroom summer rental. It may have been the challenge of her career: four days, no invites, one rapper, and a town board shell-shocked from party requests. "Guys, this is going to take blood, sweat, and tears," she says she told them. "Now I've got to get a permit." • The party permit is the last line of defense the East End of Long Island has against an A-lister who wants to have fun within earshot of another human being. It is what Sean "Puffy" Combs famously rebuffed last year when he welcomed 700 people at his Gwathmey-designed spread—only to be humiliated, forced to appear in person at East Hampton Town Hall to pay a $2,000 fine.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL WITTE



PARTY POOPER East Hampton supervisor Schneiderman presiding.

> **"PERSONALLY, I THINK THE LAST THING WE NEED TO BUILD IS MORE SUMMER HOUSES."**

With Puffy's problems fresh in everyone's memory, Grubman left little to chance: She hired a local security company to expedite the permit paperwork and smooth over the police's valet-parking regulations. She guaranteed no more than 150 people at the party, posting an attendant at the entrance with a clicker.

And because no Hamptons party can survive even one noise complaint, Lizzie Grubman personally went knocking on Jay-Z's neighbors' doors, flashing a sheepish smile and inviting them to come to the "Big Pimpin' " party. "Everybody was gracious," Grubman says. "Most of them told me they had dinner plans."

But Jay-Z had shown that he could play by the rules: The music went off promptly at 11 P.M. In the days that followed, word spread that Grubman had acquired a new marketable skill. "Everybody's calling me, saying, 'Lizzie, you've *got* to get me a permit,' " she says. "I've become the permit queen."

UNTIL THIS SUMMER, THE EAST END SEEMED defenseless against the inexorable march of excess. The giant mansions, the giant parties, the giant SUVs clogging Montauk Highway seemed to proceed by right of eminent domain, no matter what legal barricades were put in their path. But now, just as it seemed that the last vestiges of the quaint old Hamptons were on the verge of disappearing, a counterattack has been mounted. The story of the Hamptons summer so far is the parties that haven't happened, or have been scaled down, or have been forced to move to different venues. "They're enforcing the law," says John Kowalenko, co-owner of Art of Eating caterers, who is putting on a big benefit with Jimmy Buffet in August. "These ordinances have been on the books for a while, but there's a new administration in town, and they're trying to send a message."

The chilling effect is potent: Puff Daddy's party was also small and proudly middle-class this year; Lizzie Grubman's father, Alan, canceled his annual bash; Nike scuttled its plans for a summer-long promotional party with a revolving roster of sports stars and models. When Russell Simmons and the Democratic National Committee flatly denied a "Page Six" item about Al Gore's personally petitioning the East Hampton town board to grant a permit for a Simmons-hosted August 5 fund-raiser, the scenario still somehow seemed entirely plausible.

The season's biggest party, Ted Field's 1,200-person love-in at the $200,000-plus-per-month Goose Creek estate in Wainscott, came at enormous cost. The entire city of East Hampton had to be insured for up to $5 million against any incident related to the party, and Field paid for an 11,000-square-foot tent with a ten-inch Styrofoam wall on one side to keep the dulcet tones of Funkmaster Flex from reaching a nearby neighbor. "Even three weeks before the party, we didn't know we were going to be approved," complains Elizabeth Nottoli, Field's girlfriend and the planner of his events. "These people—I don't know if they want to act like big-city folk or what. Our party was supposed to be Woodstock revisited, in a really loving and peaceful way. But anytime you have a party in the Hamptons, people think drive-by shootings."

Field and Nottoli say they won't be throwing a party next summer—which is apparently fine with the town elders. In fact, no one whose name you'd recognize will actually admit to a desire to attend the kind of gigantic, pull-out-the-stops, Osetra-for-everyone parties that have characterized the East End in recent years. "The last time I went to a Ted Field party, it took me two hours to get my car out," says Nicole Miller. "I think people get intimidated, and they want something a little simpler—where they can leave if they want. The focus has gotten to be really having dinner at people's homes."

The recent intensification of all manner of legal battles is one signal that the East End endgame has begun. The Hamptons these days are a little like the copters hovering over the U.S. Embassy in Saigon, circa 1975—everyone wants a spot, but there's just not enough room. "I see this as the last ten years of big construction," says Jay Schneiderman, the new Republican town supervisor of East Hampton, who has initiated three building moratoriums during his first six months in office. "Personally, I think the last thing we need to build are more summer houses."

Amusingly, some of Schneiderman's staunchest allies turn out to be proud owners of spanking-new multi-gabled, potato-field manor houses themselves. In the Hamptons these days, *everyone* is minding everyone else's business. Environmentalism and anti-development positions, once the intellectual property of the landed, year-round middle class, have now been appropriated by the rich and famous, who

This page: photograph by Matthew Salacuse. Opposite page: photograph by Patrick McMullan.

want to close the door on anyone who might further clog the roads. NIMBYS (preaching "not in my backyard") have given way to BANANAS ("build absolutely nothing anywhere near anyone"). The notorious land of *No,* where Alec Baldwin caught flack for building a chimney on top of his Amagansett home, has become the land of *Not on Your Life,* where Alec Baldwin now fights to keep a golf course from being built near his property.

A few summer residents, alarmed that their tax dollars are subsidizing someone else's year-round existence, have even called for local voting rights. The year-rounders, in turn, are watching property values price their children out of their hometowns. The result is a cycle that perpetuates itself until, finally, everyone feels like he's on the losing end of someone else's good time. In July, Jerry Della Femina threw a wedding for his daughter, Jodi, on his own property, only to have the cops muzzle the music at 12:30 A.M.—"which was right and fair," he says. "People walking around as if it were Cannes, waiting for the fireworks. It's wearing thin. Everybody wants to live in a wonderful, beautiful town. Nobody wants to live in a zoo." The problem is, who decides which of the animals can stay—or where they're allowed to park?

"NOBODY WANTS TO LIVE IN A ZOO," SAYS DELLA FEMINA. THE PROBLEM IS, WHO DECIDES WHICH OF THE ANIMALS CAN STAY?

IT'S ABOUT NOON ON A MONDAY, DEEP IN THE belly of the Fourth of July weekend, and a long beach-permit line of bored people with frowns and tanned shoulders stretches out the side door of the East Hampton town clerk's office. A few doors down the hall, two boyish Republicans with ties, Jay Schneiderman and his assistant, Eric Brown, are poring over a black binder containing Section 151 of the town's administrative code—the part about mass gatherings, which forced Puffy to pay for having more than 200 people at his place the previous year. "We have upped our whole code division," Schneiderman says proudly, "adding more people and giving it more power. But there are still people rushing out here to get to Puff Daddy's house. The only difference I see is that there are more people with more money."

Schneiderman, whose wide mouth and Long Island gait invite comparison to new Hamptonite Jerry Seinfeld, is in some ways the most powerful man on the East End. But his job pays in the mid-sixties; he and his wife and 15-month-old daughter can afford Montauk only because of income from a family hotel business. "There are two worlds out there, and they have different sets of priorities," he says. "Property values are through the roof, so only the superrich can buy here. Now there are people who want to shut the gate and make it more exclusive than it is. People against playing fields, schools, anything that might serve the middle class."

Schneiderman has his own ties to seasonal Hamptons society. He used to teach at Courtney Sale Ross's posh private school (the expansion of which is not held back by any current construction bans), and he plays African and Cuban percussion every Thursday night to the party set at NV Tsunami. He is not the only connected townie: The mayor of East Hampton Village, Paul Rickenbach Jr., was once top employee and security chief at the late Steve Ross's Hamptons compound.

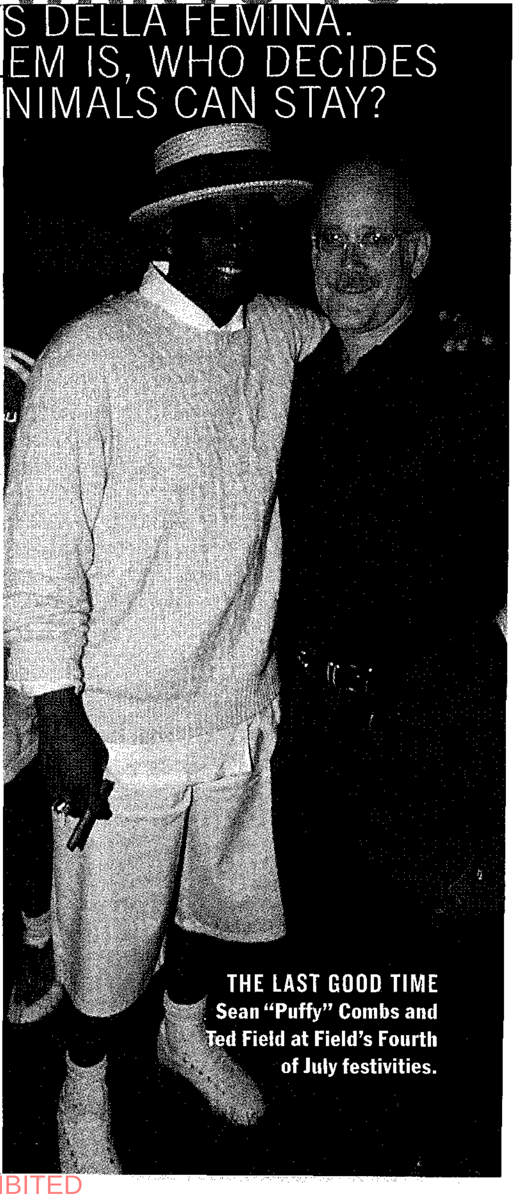
Employed by the tourism and construction industries, even the most resentful year-rounders are beholden to their rich seasonal counterparts, fostering an uncomfortable bite-the-hand-that-feeds-them dynamic. "We're overwhelmed out here," says East End publicist Stephen Haweeli. "There are folks out in Manhattan who figure, 'Oh, God, we have to have an event in the Hamptons.' But that clientele is being diluted between the Parish Art Museum and Chefs and Champagne or Planned Parenthood, let alone if Peggy Siegal wants to have an HBO premiere. Everybody thinks, 'Oh, it's good for the restaurants.' Bullshit. These guys are getting creamed. They're basically mom-and-pop operations handing out free food."

Excess and charity and regulation collided bizarrely at the James Beard Foundation's Chefs and Champagne event this month. The Southampton fund-raiser was visited by the Suffolk County Board of Health, which planted thermometers in the food trucks of several famous chefs. When it came to the handiwork of Hudson Valley Foie Gras, one Board of Health inspector was stumped. "He kept saying we had to cook it to 160 degrees, but it would melt at that temperature," says marketing director Izabela Wojcik. "It was just very amusing. I know what foie gras is, and I know my clientele, and here's this member of the Board of Health telling me it's poultry."

Union Pacific owner-chef Rocco DiSpirito also got busted. "I think it was about the use of gloves while transferring the sliced pieces from the trays to the plates," he says. "We were using little spatulas, but the Health Department wanted gloves too. I find it almost comical."

It makes a weird kind of sense in the modern Hamptons that a food inspector protecting diners from undercooked foie gras would become as essential as, say, a lifeguard. But those who make their living serving the bubbly-and-canapés set aren't so amused. "The people who are here year-round in business, we're suffering the consequences of a couple mavericks who want to push the limits," says caterer John Kowalenko. "There's a new ordinance that says you're only allowed to have a tent up for one day—which is an impossible thing to do. A lot of tents out there right now are in violation."

AS THE NUMBERS AND INCOMES OF SEASONAL Hamptonites grow, so do their power and influence. This spring, part-time Southamptonite Lowell Harwood sent shock waves through the East End when he called for granting seasonal residents the right to vote in local elections—a right that a state appeals court has upheld for second-home owners in Mountain Village, Colorado. "I think they're very happy to



THE LAST GOOD TIME
Sean "Puffy" Combs and Ted Field at Field's Fourth of July festivities.

have us out here," says Harwood, who regularly makes the trip from New Jersey. "I think they're happy to see the taxes we're paying so their children can go to school. But I'm paying taxes without representation, and I don't believe that's what the Constitution is about."

As far-out as that notion seems—if you own a villa in Tuscany, should you be able to vote for Siena's dogcatcher?—Schneiderman believes that battle has largely been lost, too. "The seasonal people may not vote, but that doesn't mean they don't affect the political process," he says. "The high rollers sure do."

The struggle for control has gotten so extreme that certain people are beginning to think of it along the lines of a Kevin Costner thriller—a sequel, say, to *The Postman.* How else to explain "The Last American"—the *nom de plume* used in famously ranting letters to the East Hampton *Star* by Montauk's William Addeo?

An ex-restaurateur and ex-builder, Addeo has made the new Hamptons the focus of his rage. "Hollywood is hedonism," Addeo says. "Drugs, sex, and violence are their culture. They've taken over in town. The whole place is run by environmental Nazis. It took me two years just to get a permit to build here, and I still couldn't get it. But the person I sold the place to, he'll be able to get a permit, because he's very powerful, very rich."

It goes without saying that this new owner is a seasonal resident. "He's one of *them*," Addeo says.

"I'M NOT GONNA TAKE THE RUDY ANGLE ON this," says Vincent J. Cannuscio, the town supervisor of Southampton. "But I'd say we still have our share of troubled summer rentals."

The counterpart to East Hampton's Schneiderman, Cannuscio has his own mental pushpin map of trouble spots: a Deerfield Road house that could become a bed-and-breakfast; a $50,000-a-weekend house rented by corporations, sneaking commercialism into his town. Come summer, a hamlet of 50,000 erupts into a city of 125,000. Near the top of Cannuscio's list is "the nightclub scene," largely consisting of just one club, Jet East—which, like Conscience Point, is handled by Lizzie Grubman. "On a Saturday night," he says, "you've got twenty limousines and 500 people waiting to get inside."

But who are these people? Probably the same ones complaining about the crowds on Montauk Highway, and the line at the muffin shop, etc., etc. In the Hamptons these days, there's always a crowd. But nobody will admit to being a part of it.

Anyway, Cannuscio says, drawing one last, futile line in the sand, "Compared to Manhattan, it's still very nice." ▬

SUNRISE, SUNS

THE HAMPTONS' TOUGHEST RESERVATION IS AN OSTENTATIOUSLY CASUAL RESTAURANT AND HOTEL YOU CAN GET TO ONLY BY BOAT. DON'T TELL ANYBODY.

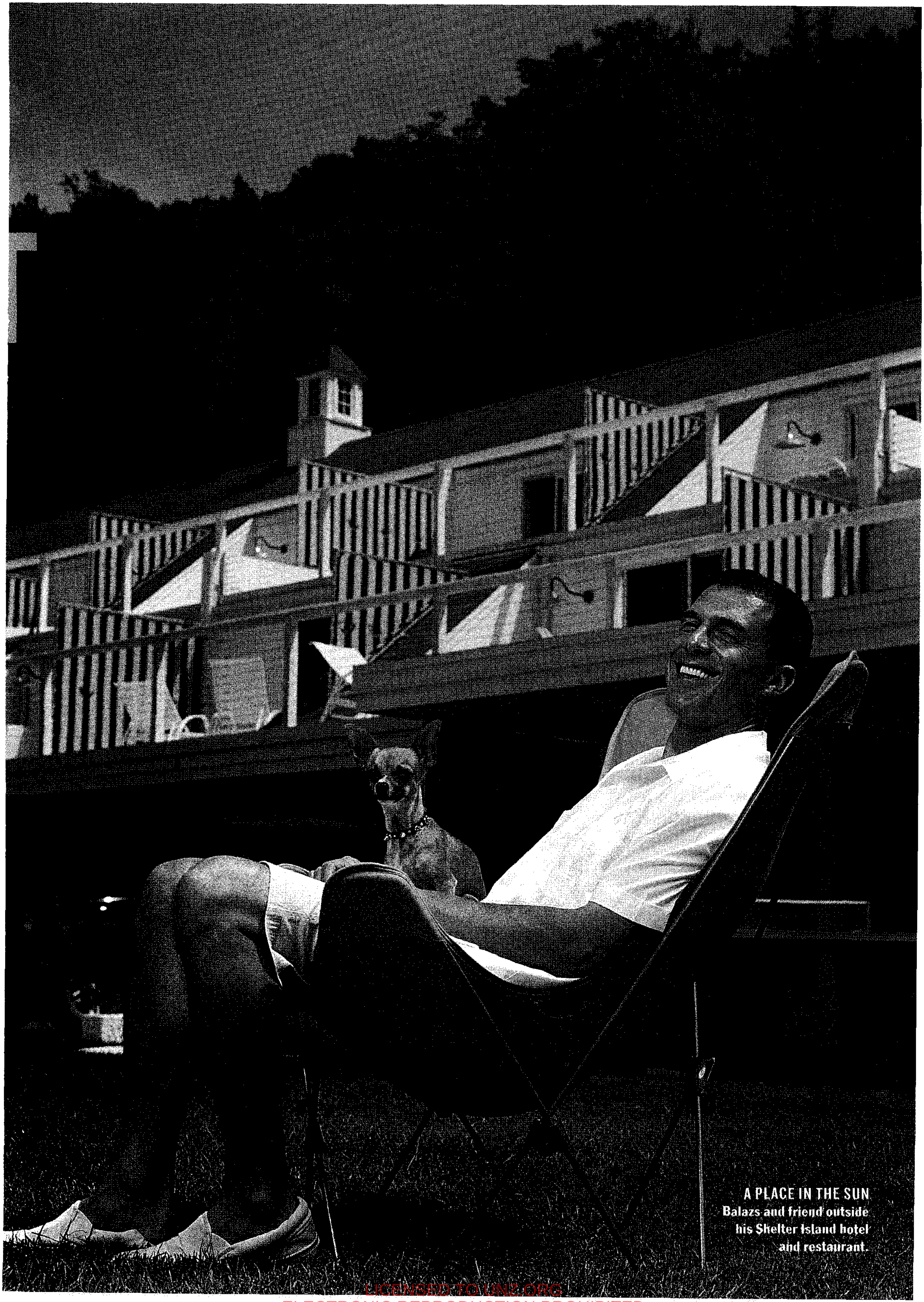
BY SARAH BERNARD

AS KELLY KLEIN ENJOYS THE CROWDED, open-air upper tier of Sunset Beach, André Balazs's Shelter Island restaurant and hotel overlooking Long Island Sound, the downstairs bartender can't keep up with the vodka tonics, and every wicker chaise situated on the patch of beach out front is occupied. "Actually, it's pretty dead tonight," says a Shelter Island weekender, eyeing a brunette in Burberry button-down who is angling to order a cocktail. "I've seen the whole place, inside and out, packed. When I say packed, I mean like last weekend—the back parking lot was cleared out, they had a band playing, and 150 people were standing out there."

This summer, the South Fork crowd says it wants nothing more than to escape the South Fork crowd ("I never go out anymore," said one Nick & Toni's regular to another, at Nick & Toni's). Which is why the studiedly casual watering hole on Crescent Beach that Balazs and his neighbor Dick Tarlow constructed in place of an old scallop house three years ago in an effort to provide locals with a decent meal has become an enviable dinner reservation. The island's own brand of snobbish isolationism, along with its smattering of barely boldfaced celebrities (Rory Kennedy and Robert Hughes are landowners), brings to mind a simpler Hamptons era, when a beach house didn't need gold bathroom fixtures. Scenesters savor the proximity of other scenesters nibbling on lobster spring rolls. Everyone, however, experiences an extended frisson from watching the South Fork—and all it represents—shrink in the wake of the five-minute ferry ride. Which leaves Balazs in the awkward position of relishing the success of his oasis (the ever-hip Chateau Marmont and the Mercer hotel are some of his other holdings) while struggling to keep it real as the buzz over Sunset Beach intensifies. "Anything more, and I don't want to come to Shelter Island. This is it," says Balazs, who has owned a house on the island for six years. "It's not about making money. There's a lot of attention being paid to Sunset Beach, and it's not because we want it; it's just happening. It's welcome for business, but at the same time it's a delicate balance between keeping up the culture and atmosphere of the island and making a seasonal place work."

"The first year, it was only island people. It wasn't trendy at all," explains a tanned brunette in Tracy Feith turquoise pants who works at Scoop in East Hampton by day. "Now all day I hear, 'I need a new out-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NIGEL PARRY



A PLACE IN THE SUN
Balazs and friend outside his Shelter Island hotel and restaurant.

fit. I'm going to Sunset for dinner!' " she says, sipping the Midori sour she ordered "to match her pants." "The clubs in the Hamptons are too played out, too cheesy. It's like, *Everyone goes there, but we're going to go to Shelter Island.*" One local publicist even has a standing reservation every Saturday, always employing a car service to avoid the drunken drive home.

At around 9 P.M., as if on cue, the lights dim as Balazs arrives to make the rounds. Handsome in his Coppertone tan and white short-sleeve shirt, he remains relaxed despite a mini-crisis down below: All the bathrooms are flooded, and the pay phone outside them is mysteriously ringing off the hook. He leans in to greet Klein, who's dining with club promoter Susanne Bartsch, Rita Schrager (the wife of his friendly rival, hotelier Ian Schrager), and a posse of modelesque South Americans. Alex von Furstenberg ambles by to say hello. "Last weekend, André invited me to come out," says Bartsch, dolled up in a red head scarf and wraparound black shades. "I have friends on the island; Simon Doonan's here. I love it," she purrs in a Swiss-German accent. "I'm going to come spend the weekend." If she can land a room, that is—all twenty in the hotel (Balazs describes it as an "odd hybrid between seventies California motel and New England guest house") are booked for the remaining summer weekends. As at his other lodges, the Eurocentric staff seems to be more suited to the pages of a Versace fashion spread than to a beachfront restaurant.

By 11 P.M., salsa has given way to Dr. Dre. The crowd of tank tops and flat-front slacks is trying to move with the beat, but there's not enough room for anything more than enthusiastic head-bobbing. "My main theory is that people with cash like to be with pretty faces, spend a little bit of jake," shouts a blond gentleman with a buzz cut. One slightly soused local, an investment banker with a house on the island, claims he can differentiate the natives from the day-trippers immediately. "We wear flip-flops and sweatshirts," he says, puffing on a cigar. He is dressed in khakis and a Brooks Brothers shirt.

As the late shift polishes off its scallops and local corn, the lower level is filling up—a gaggle of first-timers confess they have become island converts. "We were at 95 School Street last night," says one, glancing at her watch, "and we couldn't hear ourselves think." Fishing around in her Kate Spade bag for her car keys, she heads out to meet the remaining members of her South Fork share for the trip home. The last ferry— 1:45 A.M. on Saturdays—is swiftly approaching. "At 1:40, there's always an exodus," says Balazs. Then he adds, perhaps only half joking: "That's when the *real* party begins." ■

WEEKEN BRAND- HAMPT

SYNERGY SPA IS "ALL ABOUT THE A-LIST BONDING WITH PRODUCT," SAYS ITS HOSTESS. BUT WHERE'S THE A-LIST?

BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

HALF A DOZEN WHITE LIMOUSINES, THE kind with windows lit around the edges in pink neon and vanity plates that read KINGNO1, may be idling noisily in the valet queue snaking out of a Water Mill driveway tonight, but in the house's basement garage there's not a single car. Instead, this enormous space is filled with beds, each made up with a white down comforter and on rollers for an easy heave-ho. After all, a place to sleep in the Hamptons is usually a more valuable commodity than a ride home.

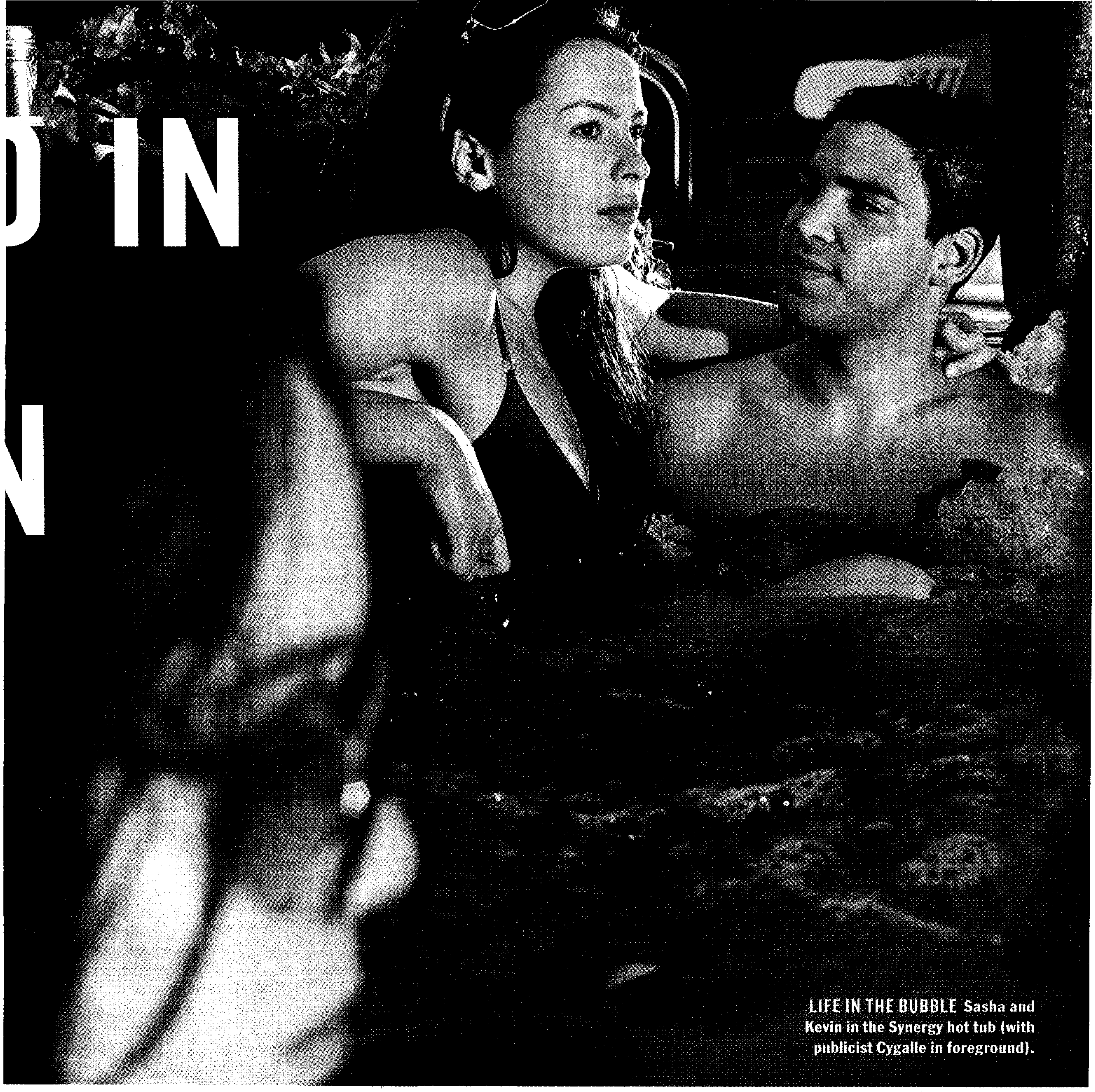
This multi-terraced, seven-bedroom, built-this-year behemoth with the horizontal heft of the 42nd Street library is known as the Synergy Spa. It's a strange hybrid of share house and crash pad and craven branding opportunity. Except, of course, that none of these terms would cross the lips of Synergy's spokesperson, Cygalle Dias. She prefers to call it "a showcase for the millennium."

As in a Hollywood blockbuster, every object in the Synergy Spa is a placement by one of the house's myriad corporate sponsors—the chilled bottles of Evian in the rooms, the Jodi's Shortcuts that rest on night tables, the tingly Weleda foot balm in the bath, even the oversize Jonathan Adler pillows that grace one of the house's many hang-out corners and still have tags attached.

"This whole concept is so sexy and hot," says Dias, in a voice that tries to be chipper but is just exhausted, as a fluffy white dog parades before her into a blaringly white, hotel-clean bedroom designed by Shary Poushin (the Spa's *Über*-decorator is S. K. Chow) and crammed with hip Balinese artifacts. "It's all about the A-list bonding with product," she continues, her inflections making all of her statements sound like questions. "Touching, seeing, feeling, drinking, eating? Interfacing?"

All this interfacing by the A-listers can be done in chauffeured cars hired from Exotic Car Rentals, on the tennis court, or perhaps in the Jacuzzi, while clinking glasses of champagne—excuse me, Taittinger champagne.

The house, which comes complete with not only chauffeur but also chef and housekeeping crew, is available too for



LIFE IN THE BUBBLE Sasha and Kevin in the Synergy hot tub (with publicist Cygalle in foreground).

promotional events, product launches, and a mysterious activity a press release describes, opaquely and/or inanely, as "Internet-working dinners." Here, on a recent night, the publisher of *Detour* meets the creative director of Coach meets the editor of *Hamptons.* While the boldface names may not to this date have been in great abundance at the house—Chloë Sevigny came for a sleep-over with her brother early in the season, and model friends of Team Synergy, like Carmen Kass, have proven to be extremely interested in free lodgings—weekend invitations have been extended to quite a number of celebrities, including Robert De Niro, Guy O'Seary, Leo DiCaprio, and even (they can dream, can't they?) Steven Spielberg.

Still, the party does go on. At a long white-tableclothed bar set up the length of the house's tennis court, Dias inspects a decorative martini glass that has a goldfish swimming around in it. "Okay, that's really scary," she says, giggling. "What if someone drank that?" A moment later, an overbuff guy in a Celtics T-shirt runs up to her with a tub of red glitter. "Let me put some of this on you," he says, applying a little on her cheek. He giggles. "See, now you look so sexy and hot."

Sexiness, hotness, interfacing, "Internet-working"—sometimes even the A-List needs some R & R. That's why there's a special meditative spot for VIPs on the house's rooftop terrace: what Dias calls the "Celebrity Bed," a Jamson Whyte canopy bed covered with dreamy mosquito netting. "We like to put them in there," says Dias. "Like Chloë. Chloë went in there." However, right now the Celebrity Bed is empty, and Dias's cell phone is ringing once again. "Tommy [Mottola] has an eight-o'clock rez at the Palm. I'm hoping he'll be here by ten," she says, and gazes back out at the partying swarm. "Oh, I just wish I could just have the house to myself."

Nevertheless, she presses on. At a time when the city's most dynamic social scene revolves around the opening of a designer boutique or the launch of the hot new dog collar, it was only a matter of time before

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRIAN FINKE

the superior branding opportunities of the Hamptons revealed themselves. Rumors even circulated this winter that Yahoo! was planning to wire a mansion with Webcams à la *Big Brother,* and Nike considered a house for the season before paring down its plans to a weekend at Synergy. "Nike really wanted to bond with the Hamptons," explains Dias. "It was really the sharing-of-worlds concept that attracted us," agrees the Nike publicist.

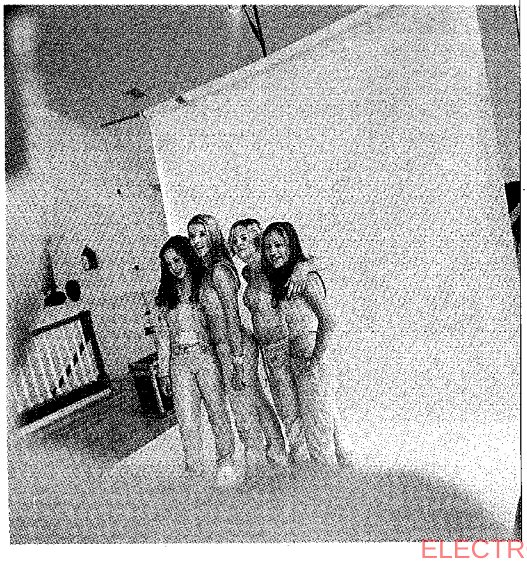
Whatever worlds may be out there, they do not particularly seem to be colliding at Nike's raucous launch party over the weekend for its new SuperFreak sneaker: Most of the attendees are part of the same Hamptons Are for Partyers clan that's more than willing to dance the night away anywhere with an open bar. "I was just like, 'No way am I going to Tavern tonight if I'm not on the list,' " declares a woman in a glittery leopard-print pantsuit to her identically dressed friend as they spoon guacamole from a bowl on the pool's diving board. A rangy man with a video camera circles them as they chat over the booming sounds of the real Slim Shady—Nike, Shooting Gallery, and a British documentary crew are all at the house filming this historic moment.

"Everywhere we go, people know us," explains the British director. "We've kind of replaced the Chanel bag as the must-have accessory of the summer." In one corner, a crowd forms around a very tall man who was promised to be Michael Jordan but is actually only Nike's "Brand Jordan" athlete Randy Moss.

Despite the din, the Nike sneakers get their moment. "Love!" gushes one Nike employee to another as she models some snazzy shoes. "I'm into the color, but I'm kind of not so into that shape."

Outside, a lone man in leather pants and a wife-beater paces the driveway. "There's no room for me here tonight," he wails. "Think I can get one of those limos to drive me back to the city?" ▬

PRODUCT PLACEMENT **Girl band Dream holding a photo shoot at Synergy Spa.**



SOAPBOX DERBY

IN EVER-NASTIER NEWSPAPER RANTS, MICHAEL M. THOMAS AND JERRY DELLA FEMINA DUKE IT OUT IN A CLASSIC BATTLE OF OLD HAMPTONS VS. NEW. BY ALEX WILLIAMS

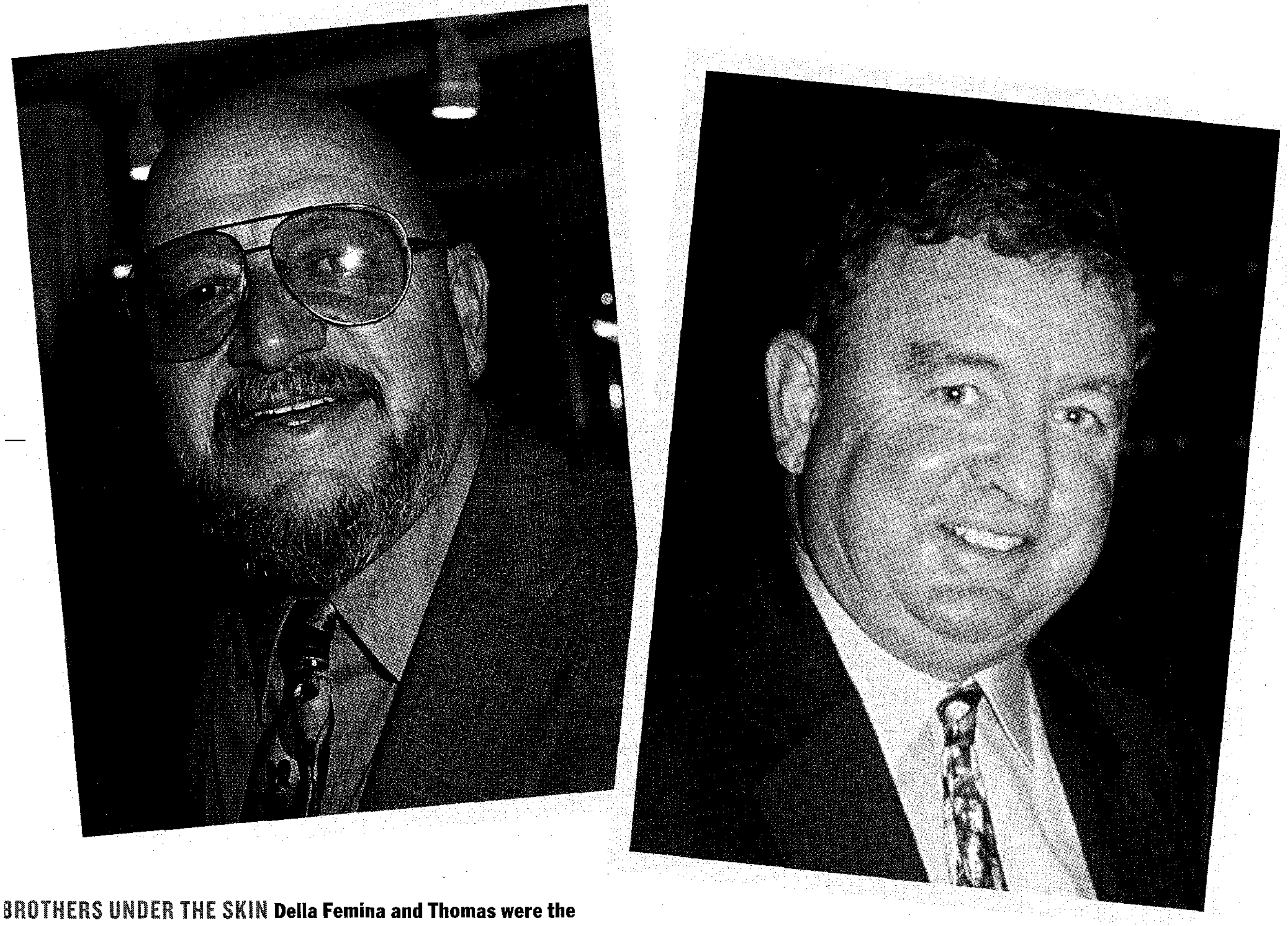
IN MANY WAYS, THE STORY OF JERRY DELLA Femina versus Michael M. Thomas is the story of the Hamptons.

Della Femina is the glossy-pated adman out of Gravesend, Brooklyn, who talks like a prizefighter who's had his nose broken once too often. He built a fortune on hawking Meow Mix and Joe Isuzu to America, and in the early nineties he deployed that fortune on East Hampton and began to found an empire. First, there was his eponymous trattoria, Della Femina. Then came another restaurant, the Malibu-worthy East Hampton Point. And after that, he lavished Jerry and David's Red Horse, a Balducci's-like food market, on the East End. And in case you still were missing the point, Della Femina was happy to clarify his newfound sovereignty in his weekly column in the paper started by his daughter, Jodi, the East Hampton *Independent*—an alternative to the old-line East Hampton *Star*. Della Femina, in a nutshell, was the living embodiment of the Hamptonization of the Hamptons.

So if you enjoy, as does Michael M. Thomas, expressing the view that the East End is going to hell in a handbasket, Jerry Della Femina is pretty much made to order. Accordingly, he dubbed Della Femina one of the "Four Horsemen of the Hamptons Apocalypse," along with Martha Stewart, Mort Zuckerman, and Peggy Siegal.

Thomas, 64—novelist and New York *Observer* columnist—is the irascible, Exeter-and-Yale-educated son of former Lehman Brothers partner Joseph Thomas. Having summered in the Hamptons since 1938, he golfs at the National and talks Wall Street over Diet Cokes at the Maidstone. His unofficial club, however, was always the barroom of Sag Harbor's American Hotel, owned by Ted Conklin. "He's *so* brilliant. I figure anyone who is that intellectual and that goddamned *funny* has a right. You really look forward to being insulted by him," says Tara Newman, the well-connected realtor who is married to Conklin. "But he's just burned so many bridges." (Newman is one of them; Thomas trashed the hotel in print one too many times.) Thomas boozily, and hilariously, held court under the moose head at the American's bar for years, mercilessly gutting carefully selected—and conveniently absent—Hamptons quarry like Della Femina. It was excellent sport—until Thomas went after Della Femina's daughter.

In May of last year, Jodi Della Femina, now 32, pubished, to much fanfare, the Hamptons guidebook *Jodi's Shortcuts.* The book outraged plenty of Hamptons



BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN **Della Femina and Thomas were the perfect symbiotic Hamptons couple—till Thomas moved to Brooklyn.**

folks who aren't blue-chip Maidstone types, since it revealed all the sacred backroads detours through leafy neighborhoods off the Montauk highway.

You can see where the book tweaked Thomas. If "The barbarians are at the gate" is already your worldview, you're not going to take kindly to the person who's offering them the keys. "I know people who live in North Haven who say the traffic increased 15 percent because of that book," Thomas told *New York*.

On August 2, 1999, Thomas lashed into the book, writing: "Next year, young Ms. Della Femina can include a map of the homes of the rich and famous in her Hamptons guide; that's the sort of thing that people of her background and breeding do to the places they claim to love."

Jodi, hurt, stayed mum. Her father, however, like Jodi's dog, Chester—part pit bull—took it upon himself to dig his sharp canines into Thomas, who looks like a bit of a bulldog himself.

"He's either back on the sauce or missing it so much he's lashing out at my kid because he's frustrated with his own failures," Della Femina wrote in his "Jerry's Ink" column in the *Independent* (Thomas quit drinking a few years ago). "His father Joseph . . . was a real giant. . . . His son Michael is a pathetic old sot who didn't set the world on fire at Lehman Brothers even after his father got him a job there." He even compared Thomas's "vile tripe" to the diaries of Heinrich Himmler (Della Femina's wife, New York TV personality Judy Licht, is Jewish).

In addition to the Himmler crack, Della Femina labeled Thomas an "anti-Semitic, miserable old son of a bitch," recycling accusations that had dogged Thomas since publication of his acclaimed novel *Hanover Place,* in which Thomas portrayed anti-Jewish sentiments on Wall Street a bit too gleefully for some critics. Each of these guys has always gone looking for a good public scrap. But this one was different.

"I was brought up to believe that exchanging piss with a skunk is generally unproductive," Thomas salvoed in print.

He now explains: "I said something about 'people who are brought up that way,' which is the way people of my age and background just talk. He chose to take that statement as an earnest theory of eugenics. I had a lot of people call me up and say, 'You could sue this guy for libel.' But I'm not a litigious person. People like Jerry Della Femina just behave that way. He's interested in publicity. I think he's kind of a loser, and there you are."

In July, Jodi Della Femina and fiancé John Kim were scheduled to wed. Steven Gaines, author of *Philistines at the Hedgerow* and a *New York* contributor, talked her into a Webcast of the reception on Gaines's iHamptons Website. Jodi, after all, writes for iHamptons herself.

"It was a cute idea," Thomas wrote in early July. "To claim as a social function an event that had about as much relation to 'society' (as the word is used by those who properly know what it means) as one of those Japanese semi-porn Web sites that hides a camcorder in a ladies room does to the ballroom of the Colony Club."

"It was a sneak attack!" howls Della Femina, who ended up nixing the Webcast. He responded by reprinting the "Diaries of Himmler" column in its entirety. "I'm shocked at how many people truly hate him," Della Femina says. "My wife and I were in Southampton, and a very nice Waspy gentleman with wife pulled up in his car next to me: 'You give it to that sonofabitch,' he says to me."

This spring, however, Thomas had delivered the ultimate insult to the Hamptons—he moved to Brooklyn (where Della Femina hails from, of course). Some Thomas foes wondered if he had been priced out. After all, Farrar, Straus & Giroux had declined to publish his last novel, which would be his eighth. While Thomas freely admits that he's not the sort who could afford two

Photographs, this page: left, Robin Platzer; right, Marina Garnier.

homes, he did quite nicely on the transaction, selling his house on Madison Street for $815,000, almost double what he paid five years ago.

Della Femina gleefully interprets Thomas's move as a surrender. "I've got a smashing tan right now," Della Femina said the other day. "I'm sure he's nice and pale back in Brooklyn."

He continues: "If he ever attacked someone's family like that in Brooklyn, he'd be looking out at the world from the trunk of a car, you know? If he did it in the Hispanic part of Brooklyn, they would use him as a piñata."

Thomas, however, scoffs at the idea that either Della Femina or money had anything to do with him relocating.

"I had a life out there, and that life ended," he says. Indeed, last November, Thomas wrote a lyrical *Observer* column detailing his painful breakup with a local woman (though unnamed, she was Valerie Smith, an equally quippy Sotheby's real-estate broker and owner of the Monogram Shop in East Hampton). At one point, of course, he interrupted his reveries to take a swipe at "that ghastly woman who looks like Eddie Cantor in drag and is wife to the bullet-headed East Hampton vermin who last summer libelously likened me to Himmler."

If nothing else, Thomas has fallen in love again—this time, with Brooklyn, which he compares to Paris. He owns a spacious loft beneath the Manhattan Bridge, with a stainless-steel kitchen and room for 800 feet of bookshelves. "I'm a city boy," says Thomas. "I rusticated myself, and I think it was a mistake. Going to cocktail parties is terrible for serious creative people. I look at Joe Heller, who I think just completely lost it. And I think that was true of me."

He's still, however, concerned about the Hamptons. "If you want this kind of tourist economy out there, then do something for the tourists. These day-trippers look lost. I mean, maybe they should build a Disney World out there. Instead of Pirates of the Caribbean, you could have Rich People of the Hamptons. You could have a large plastic Jerry Della Femina make these movements and say terrible things, and people would pay 50 cents to go look at him."

"The fact is, Michael *Thomas* is over. The Hamptons are here." Della Femina laughs—the town wasn't big enough for the both of them. But in the next breath, he wonders what, in fact, he won.

"There *are* more people coming here than ever before," he says, sounding a lot like—you guessed it—Michael Thomas. "Do I like traffic being that crowded? No. So I just stay away from the middle of town. I find myself rarely eating in town—even in my own restaurant." ■

BROKER
ANOTH

CAN A BRASSY MID-ISLAN
SURVIVE AMONG T
BROKERS? THE REAL
MIGHT BE, CAN THEY S
HER? BY SAR

"YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE IS COMING BACK?" asks Dottie Herman, owner of Prudential Long Island Realty, as she gives a tour of an airy Southampton postmodern. "Elevators."

The beach house has come a long way, baby. And the modern beach-house buyer may not want to travel all that way on the sweeping spiral staircase in the foyer, attractive though it might be. Herman, a charismatic blonde with a raspy Joan Rivers voice who hails from—*horrors!*—Syosset, understands this, though she can still see the humor in the scenario. "One time, we were showing this guy's house—he used the elevator to make an entrance at parties—and it got stuck mid-floor," she laughs. "We had to break in the door."

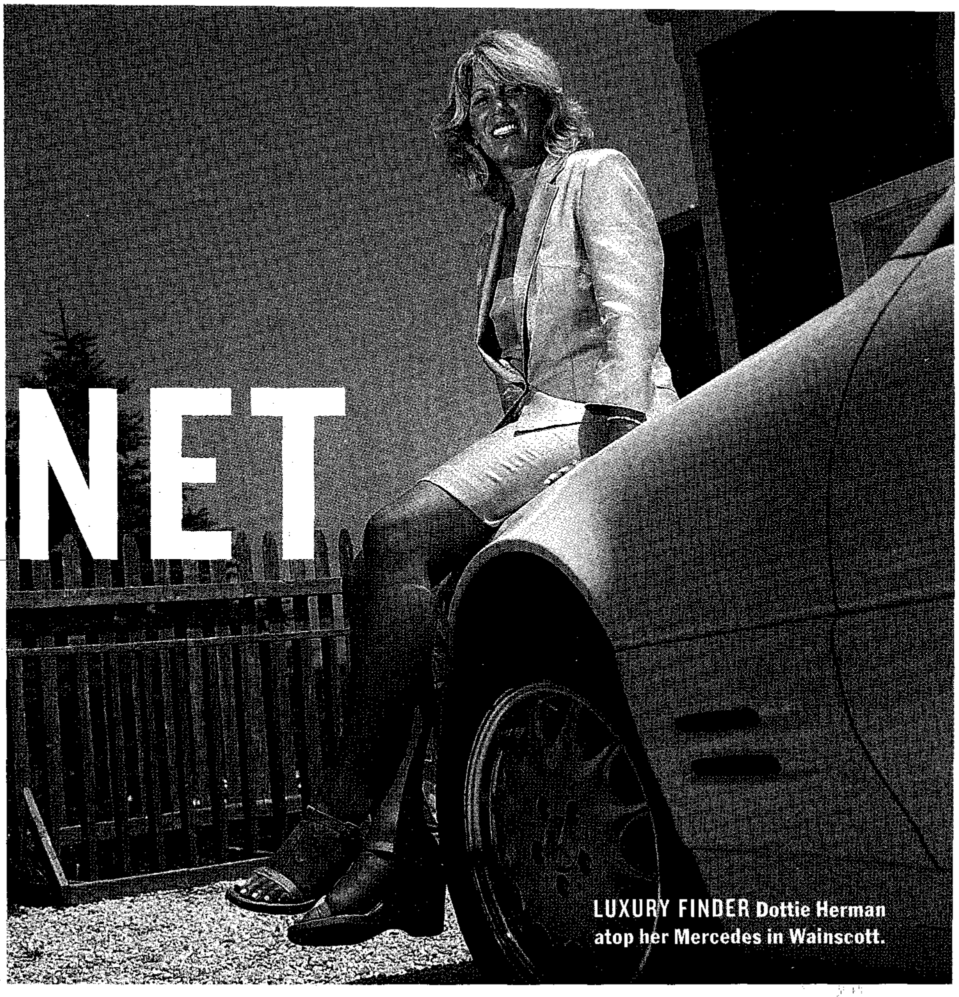
All this extravagance—the $1.5 million swimming pools, and the $20 million teardowns, and the hot tubs you can turn on with your cell phone from your Porsche on the L.I.E.—has been good for mainline Hamptons real-estate brokers. But at the same time, as they see it, all the money tends to attract the wrong sort of people. People with mid-island accents, who've never seen the inside of the Maidstone, who prefer a Gap pocket tee to a pink-striped Brooks Brothers shirt. "There's a core of ten brokers who exclusively manage the high-end market, the $5 million and up," says Sotheby's John Golden via cell phone while showing a $10 million house and sporting, he says, a pair of yellow pants and Gucci shoes. "Someone who is alien to the Hamptons is going to have a tough time trying to sell pizza in a McDonald's." "We're maybe 1930s around here," sniffs one veteran broker. "A lot of old-timers want to keep this a quiet word-of-mouth business."

But Dottie Herman, whose company's 40 offices did $1.4 billion in sales last year, is definitely not a quiet word-of-mouth kind of person. "I *had* to open up out here," she says, "or I wouldn't have peace." After an attempt to purchase an existing Hamptons outfit stalled, she decided instead to expand her Melville-based empire herself. In blitzkrieg fashion, she set up five offices in six months, from East Hampton to Hampton Bays, with two more to follow, and, naturally, incensed locals who felt she'd carpet-bagged her way into their turf. "Anybody new to the area in any sort of business is looked upon with less than warm feelings," explains one broker. "But they've kind of pounced on this market in a way that was, needless to say, annoying."

Even as prices rose and rose over the past decade or so, brokers prided themselves on doing business the old-fashioned way—through family and social connections. Outsiders, even large, well-funded ones, couldn't get to square one. "There was Remax, an international chain," recalls one local broker. "Everybody snubbed them and they were gone in no time." Cook Pony Farm, a long-standing local institution briefly affiliated with the national franchise Coldwell Banker, then decided against it. "It's taken

ROM
R PLANET

LONDE
LUE-BLAZER
STION
IVE AROUND
ERNARD



LUXURY FINDER Dottie Herman atop her Mercedes in Wainscott.

a while for Cook Pony to get over that," says another, "It hurt them a great deal."

True to form, the competition is still hoping to run the new girl out of town, refusing in some cases to co-broker listings with Prudential and in all cases providing venomous commentary on everything from the aesthetics of its ads to the aesthetics of its brokers. "Prudential got a reputation for having lower-level listings, lower-level buyers. It was a little schlocky and mid-island," says a competitor. "You know, they were the guys in the orange blazers." "They do not have the look," a colleague agrees.

"What she's doing is very smart," adds another—who then thinks better of such benevolence—"but with the market the way it is, my dog could come here and make money right now."

"People told me to my face that I'd never make it," says Herman. "They thought, *She'll open an office or two and go under,*" she laughs. "I don't think they knew who I was. Up-island, I'm in Locust Valley, the North Shore, all over Brookville. The North Shore is just as huge as this, if not more. And a high-end buyer is a high-end buyer. If they did their homework, they might say, 'Maybe she knows a little something.' "

On a sweltering Saturday afternoon, Herman, who is outfitted in a periwinkle sweater and black Capris, and her fine-homes director, Faye Weisberg, who is dressed in a pink pantsuit, are on their way to the house with the elevator in Weisberg's black Jeep Cherokee. Weisberg, plucked by Herman from Dunemere, the toniest local agency, sold the lot two years ago for $850,000. The owner slaved over the construction, importing nails from Paris and windows from Canada, only to proclaim it too big when it was completed. "I told him to have a drink and call me later," says Weisberg. When it became clear he meant it, she sold the place for $4.9 million. Herman and Weisberg are back because the new owners who moved in this February said they'd consider flipping it for $7.5 million. "A lot of things are not officially on the market," explains Herman. "But you say, 'Well, if I got you this price . . .' Every house has its price."

Inside, there are photos of the family with President Clinton. Two housekeepers are cleaning and cooking in the Viking-covered kitchen, which is a mini-mansion in itself—it contains not only a fireplace and a full living-room set but an indoor SwimEx lap pool. It's clear that despite the bad will—and the absence of a multiple-listings service, which forced them to build an inventory from scratch—Herman and her agents have managed to scare up their share of high-end properties. Her game plan to hire locals with strong community connections has worked well. Chris Chapin, her "land guy" in East Hampton, charges through the woods to spot precious unoccupied lots and then search out their mysterious owners, FBI-style. "We tracked down a guy in Thailand who wanted to sell," he says. But it's Bridgehampton native Paul Brennan—formerly of Sotheby's and with a sparkling client list that includes Calvin Klein, Peter Jennings, Katie Couric, Richard Gere, and Ron Lauder—whom many view as Herman's smartest hire. Over lunch at the American Hotel, Herman persuaded him to manage her Bridgehampton office, which he will soon relocate to a plum space adjacent to the oft-lamented Starbucks on Main Street, the same building where his great-grandfather founded the town bank. "Dottie's genius comes from hiring people within the community and also brokers who can talk New York," says Brennan. "When you sit in a car with somebody and say how you had an apartment on Park Avenue and speak the language, it helps. She brings both into the office and synergizes that."

Herman bought her Southampton place six years ago, but she's been summering in the East End since childhood. Recently, she has made a point of "getting involved", as they say: standard practice for local brokers. At seven this morning, she ran in a 3K through the estate section of Georgica, which Prudential sponsored to benefit the Retreat, a local women's shelter. The weekend before was a "Hot Latin Nights" extravaganza for the same cause, for which she shared the committee list with Jerry Della Femina and Courtney Sale Ross.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PATRICK HARBRON

"I met Dottie, and that was it. I said, 'I want to go with her,' " says Weisberg, back in the Jeep's driver's seat. She is just one of many agents who speak of Herman with near-Scientological devotion. "Plus, in this market, you need the tools," she continues, "and Dottie has all the tools." Indeed, virtual tours of almost all Prudential's listings are available; agents can construct personalized Web pages for clients. A live Internet auction is in the works, as is outfitting her entire staff of 1,100 with Palm Pilots so they can answer clients' queries from the road. "You have to be at their beck and call," Herman says. "I had to do a self-service dinner party once because a client wanted to see something. It's hard to have a life." As she's talking, her *faux*-mahogany-covered Nokia rings, playing "Für Elise" softly in the background. It's a call from one of her commercial clients in Melville. "Paul, if you don't do well, I don't do well," she says as we pass a field of grazing horses. "Where will you be over the weekend?"

The next stop is a $5.9 million, 10,000-square-foot spec house under construction on ten acres north of the highway, an area where you couldn't give land away five years ago. The "garden pavilion" with heated bluestone floors is finished, but the main house, which is perched so high on a hill even the first floor has a water view of Sag Harbor, is still only an outline. Herman delicately navigates the slatted wood plank that serves as front steps in her black platform slides. "I always wear heels. I'm so used to wearing heels," she offers, "when I came out here, I'd walk around in new construction and all my agents would make fun of me."

It is true that Herman and her agents, as her competition claims, do not look like the epitome of the Wasp aesthetic. But just as the Hamptons business is evolving, Herman believes that Hamptons buyers have also come a long way. "If you really talk to homeowners, which I did," she says, "Allan Schneider—and I give him all the credit—he built an image, with the Ralph Lauren and the whole elite thing. But I think people today are different. They're not into that whole shtick. I hear them talk on the golf course about how 'we're not going to let Jerry Seinfeld in.' You know what? He's not going to want to *be* in your clubs. They'll build their own clubs. They don't need you."

In less than an hour, Herman is out on Route 27 in her Mercedes convertible—her "office." "It's all become very unreal—it's funny money," she says as the highway curves through fields whose crops seem to be gigantic mansions, pink with their new shingles—the old and the new, played out in plain sight. "At the end of the day, I didn't change it," she says as they fan by. "I didn't change it. But it *is* changed." ■

ASK GAEL

HAMPTONS EDITION

ARMED WITH NOTEBOOK—AND LARGE, FLOPPY HAT—THE INSATIABLE CRITIC DEVOURS THE SOUTH FORK. BY GAEL GREENE

I just want to escape the frenzy.

"This is going to be a disaster," I mutter, reluctant even to enter the small, detention-cell-lit **Chinda's** . . . nearly deserted on a Saturday night. I nurse a frozen margarita while the kitchen takes its time and the solo server—motherly, almost bossy Chinda herself—delivers our pad Thai to a neighboring table. Still, I have to admit the unabashedly plump spring rolls are full of delicious stuff. Though the kitchen rations chili heat too defensively and I can't detect a hint of fish sauce, the whole steamed red snapper tastes firm and fresh, remarkably clean, not at all the steam-table glop you might expect on ragtag Noyac Road. Spilling the last of the peppier Thai-style squid sauce into the snapper's wan ginger-lemongrass bath tarts it up nicely, and a squeeze of lime adds kick to the fine pad Thai. Now the place is filling up, but we don't mind waiting for stir-fried noodles with juicy chicken and crisp (but not raw) broccoli so good we order seconds. *3284 Noyac Road (631-725-1374).*

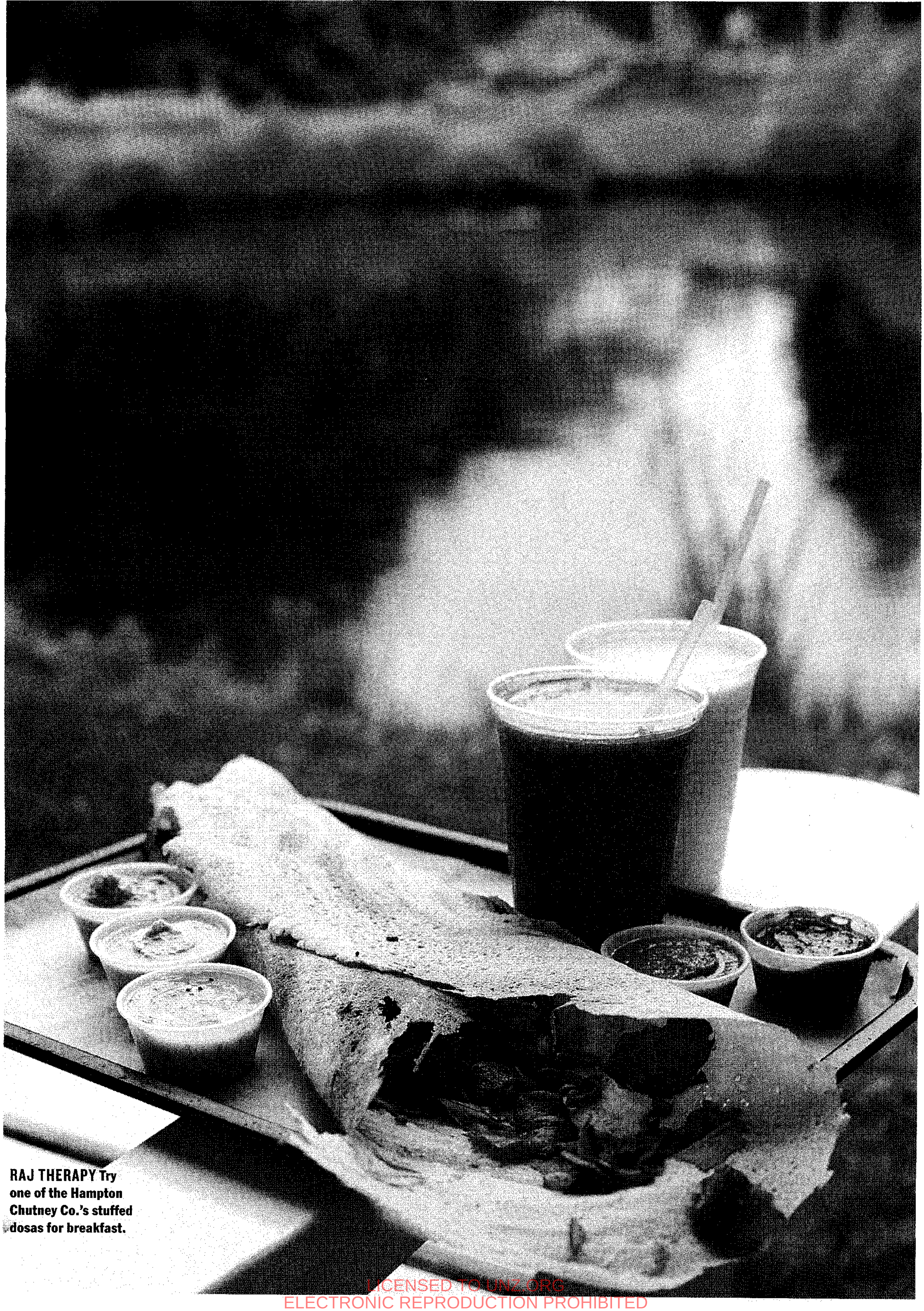
We're sailing out of Sag with friends today, and we've got the lunch gig.

Swing by **Espresso**, the little bakery-luncheonette on a quiet corner of Henry and Division Streets, for a passel of giant overstuffed sandwiches on focaccia, $5.29 to $8.50. Or call ahead. We perch on tall stools at one of the five tables, treating our weekend hosts to a late lunch: trading and sharing chunks of the Road Food Warrior's spicy salami and provolone with sweet and hot peppers, my shrimp salad with avocado and not quite enough arugula, and the marinated vegetables with Gorgonzola. If none of the eighteen combos listed on the menu suit, create your own. *184 Division Street, Sag Harbor (631-725-4433).*

I don't want to see anyone at breakfast.

You'll think you've died and gone to Vermont when you walk into the cozy and immaculate dining room at the **Maidstone Arms**. Just because the inn's rooms are probably booked through Christmas doesn't mean you can't stop by for a drink in the garden or an after-movie supper—rum-smoked salmon sandwiches, burgers, crab cakes, or a cheese plate—and linger, playing Chinese checkers. We have the Wedgwood-blue ye olde dining room to ourselves this Monday

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KENNETH CHEN



RAJ THERAPY Try one of the Hampton Chutney Co.'s stuffed dosas for breakfast.

morning. My friend, as much a Maidstone fixture as the antimacassars, does her usual $5 scrambled egg-whites-with-a-sliver-of-julienned-potato-cake-and-grilled-tomato routine, rewarding her virtue with half a scone and a muffin from the $2.75 basket of house-baked goodies. Too bad my apple-banana French toast is so soused with real maple syrup. I'm choking on the sweetness. *207 Main Street, East Hampton (631-324-5006).*

Where does everyone else go for breakfast?

YOU'LL THINK YOU'VE DIED AND GONE TO VERMONT WHEN YOU WALK INTO THE COZY AND IMMACULATE DINING ROOM AT THE MAIDSTONE ARMS.

Sleep-subdued lines seem to coagulate outside the **Golden Pear Cafes** in a quartet of the hustling Hamptons. "Do you really want to eat in a place with that?" I ask, eyeing the scuzzy rug at the door in the narrow storefront Golden Pear on East Hampton's Newtown Lane. My companions, perennial Hamptons shareholders, are so focused on the heaping baskets of muffins and scones and cinnamon buns, they're oblivious. Sipping an iced coffee, I have to admit eating oatmeal with banana and berries under a mantle of cinnamon brown sugar is almost like starting the day with an ice-cream sundae. *2426 Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton (631-537-1100); 34 Newtown Lane, East Hampton (631-329-1600); 99 Main Street, Southampton (631-283-8900); 103 Main Street, Westhampton Beach (631-288-3600).*

Babette's morning begins feeding scrambled tofu, whole-grain pancakes, or organic maple granola with unsulphured dried fruits and nuts to bikers and 'bladers still glossy from their workouts. Brunch might call for a turkey burger with soggy sweet-potato fries or a surprisingly delicious gift-wrapped Asian burrito with grilled smoked tempeh (a disgusting vegan idea I'm shocked to say I liked), teriyaki mushrooms, and shaved carrot in a spinach tortilla with a nori insert. By mid-morning Sunday, there are little clots of wholesome folk with whiny and manic offspring waiting ahead of us. I wander off to window-shop, missing the eye-turning exit of Bianca Jagger with Sandy Gallin and a pretty boychick. But I am saved from buying a $300 tote when the summons to glory comes: "The thing about Babette's is, you can come here and be perverse," says my pal, the nutritionally rigorous Cassandra, glaring at my devil-may-care huevos rancheros with beer-basted eggs, melted cheddar, and sour cream over a breakfast nacho salad with salsa and avocado. Cassandra orders cinnamon-swirl French toast with fresh fruit chunks and granola just to show me how good granola can be and insists I get my carrot cake packed to go so she can return at once to her aerobic play. *66 Newtown Lane, East Hampton (631-329-5377).*

Does it get calmer as you drive east?

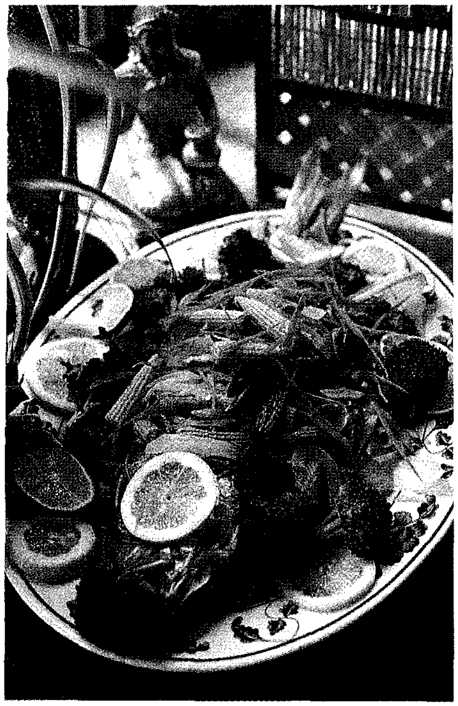
If only. Even in dressed-down Amagansett, there can be a line outside the screen door and a long wait in the booth at **Estia**. I could be obsessing, but Sunday morning's turnout seems plumper—fatter thighs, slimmer trust funds—than the Babette's set. Not that you can't get egg-white omelettes here too. My omelette is definitely not "soft, runny, and moist" as I specified. And from the off taste of the home fries, I say its time for the 5,000-mile oil change. The special peach pancakes are gummy and thick as an infant's mattress. Why does four ounces of fresh-squeezed juice cost $3? Do you think Alec Baldwin still stops by? I wonder if Kim ever orders Chynna's burrito. *117 Main Street, Amagansett (631-267-6320).*

For a lot less cash, almost as many calories, and possibly a shorter wait, pick up the Sunday *Times* and join the double queue at the **Amagansett Farmer's Market**. One line leads to a soft and juicy spinach frittata or one mammoth slice of brioche French toast floating in syrup to go. Plus custom-ordered sandwiches and wraps for later on the beach. The (more or less) express line lets you get through the "Styles" section before you can pick up muffins or croissants or thickly crumbed coffee cake, an icy-cold fruit smoothie (whipped before your eyes), or tall paper cups of iced coffee. Carry it all out back behind the market, where there are chairs clustered in sun and shade and a castle for the young'uns to hide in. *Main Street, Amagansett (631-267-3894).*

Why lunch?

I ask myself that question constantly. Here at the beach, can't we just skip lunch? Must we join that nasty traffic snake and risk full-blown parking rage? Oh, but the day is so boring without lunch. We'll go to the **Lobster Roll** about 3 P.M. or so to avoid the crush. The mere act of trucking past Amagansett and pulling up to that landmark shack—the crunch of gravel, the screen-door settling—primes the palate. I'll have the $10.95 lobster roll, of course. It's not the supreme beauty I love at the Pearl Oyster Bar, but it has more than enough gently cooked lobster, and only a little too much mayonnaise (Hellmann's). *1980 Montauk Highway, Amagansett (631-267-3740).*

Come to think of it, I can be tempted away from my hammock for a jaunt to the **Hampton Chutney Co.** and a dosa—the large, crisp stuffed breakfast crêpe of South India. Here it's folded around any of thirteen combinations and served with a choice of five chutneys. Order wonderful curried chutney chicken with spinach and balsamic-roasted onions, or a mix of avocado, tomato, arugula, and mozzarella with a glass of orange-ginger iced tea or a cold fruit-and-yogurt lassi and carry it out back to a wooden garden seat under the weeping willow at the edge of the pond. If you toss a few crumbs into the water, you may have turtles dancing at your feet. *74 Montauk Highway, Amagansett (631-267-3131).*



FISH PIC Clockwise from top, a whole steamed fish at Chinda's; summer brunch at the Maidstone Arms; dining at the Red Bar Brasserie.

I want to please my elderly aunt, a real steel magnolia.

By summertime, I've lost my tolerance for overblown kitchen invention, and I crave simple good grub. So **Cerulean**, on vacation from Anguilla and camped in the historic 1770 House, with its self-styled tropical-Asian-Caribbean cooking, is too fussy for me. I find the sweet-pea vichyssoise with mint infusion beautiful but vacant. I can't see anything at all Thai about the Thai basil broth with the overcooked striped bass. But the servers in cerulean shirts, even when tentative or confused, are solicitous. And I like the old-world-cottage feel of dark beams, antiques, crisp white tablecloths, floating candles. Assuming you don't mind dropping $75 or $80 per person, you might please Aunt Magnolia sufficiently to change her will. *143 Main Street, East Hampton (631-329-5550).*

A celebrity spotting can make my day.

From my corner in the backroom bay at **Nick & Toni's**, I can lean into my scallops, fat and tremulous diver-collected pillows of sweetness, and see Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger with Christie Brinkley and her husband. You may spot Steven Spielberg and Kate Capshaw too, possibly with Gwyneth or the summer's thrillingest, Magic Johnson. It might be a notch easier to infiltrate this whitewashed country cocoon if the kitchen weren't quite so good at churning out fine lemony pea risotto, savory spaghetti with cockles and sweet sausage, wonderful salads still tasting of the garden, and mountains of addictive fried zucchini chips. Think juicy caramelized pork chops perfumed with orange and Marsala, lush duck confit on pappardelle, and seared lamb ribs with favas and roasted potatoes. You've earned it after a five-mile bike ride or an afternoon doing deals. (Of course, the menu changes monthly, but there's always a whole oven-roasted fish.) *136 North Main Street, East Hampton (631-324-3550).*

For 21 years, maître d' Tomas Romano has been juggling and soothing powermongers, legends (in their own mind), superstars, and rich civilians who think they're as entitled as Ronald Perelman, Jerry Seinfeld, Chevy Chase, and Billy Joel to an instant pocket of turf at the often besieged **Palm.** (No reservations, except for parties of four or more.) Summer Saturdays, the jostling throng in the bar and dining room vibrates with the flash of nouveau emerald-cut rocks, eighteen-karat swagger, and blondined helmets, and the kitchen can stumble. Best claim your hefty, blackened marvel of a double sirloin, hash browns, and chopped salad on a Sunday with affluent pals who like to drink (the wait will seem to go faster). *94 Main Street, East Hampton (631-324-0411).*

Help. I can't wait forever to get into Sen . . . we've got to make the movie.

Save Sen for a Wednesday after Labor Day. Follow me up Sag's Main Street to **Conca d'Oro**. You can't reserve here either, but boy do they turn those tables. This is not Coco Pazzo or Babbo, and the pizzamaker never heard of Wolfgang Puck. It's the little red-sauce joint you grew up in. Share a pizza and the crunchy Gorgonzola salad (you'll rediscover why Americans were content for years with nothing but iceberg). *527 Main Street, Sag Harbor (631-725-3167).*

I need a place where no one cares if my precious brat gets restless.

It's called **Rowdy Hall**, after all, the relaxed pub from the Nick & Toni's folks—steps from the East Hampton miniplex where O'Mally's used to be. No one will look cross-eyed if your pint-size heir sticks a fry into his *Harry Potter* for a bookmark or crawls under the table halfway through his burger. And these are fairly good burgers, too. Don't miss the endive-and-Boston-lettuce salad with Roquefort and toasted walnuts. At the next table, Don Hewitt with his wife, Marilyn Berger, Alan and Arlene Alda, and biographer Hannah Pakula are likely to be too immersed in their shared mussels to stare, even if the kid gargles his root beer. *10 Main*

Street, East Hampton (631-324-8555).

What with harassed grown-ups storming the carryout counter at **Turtle Crossing** and regulars trying to sneak into a booth ahead of the line, your hyperactive junior cowboy can act out his aggressions and it will look like part of the scenery. Park the stroller at a picnic table on the grass in front and settle in with a frozen margarita for some serious excess: Start with sensational sirloin chili and a cube of corn bread, char-grilled corn on the cob slathered with cheese and chili powder, and a barbecued-duck quesadilla. After this intense prologue, "the spread"—a big platter of duck, first-rate ribs, savory pulled pork, braised and barbecued lamb shank, sadly overcooked chicken, and battered onion rings as big as the spare tire of your Maserati convertible—will feed three or four, maybe seven. But by far, a transcendent pulled-pork sandwich with onions was the high of our last Rabelaisian outing. Go for a nutty fruit crisp or two, then stagger away sucking Tootsie pops . . . gift of the house. *221 Pantigo Road, East Hampton (631-324-7166).*

Come on, what are your favorites?

As soon as I can button my jeans, I'll be back to Turtle Crossing. I enjoyed being perverse at Babette's, and I crave a lobster roll at least once a weekend. I'm curious to taste more at Chinda's. Surely I'd be content as a regular at Nick & Toni's. I greet the sunset with a pretty-in-pink Cosmorita (tequila, vodka, and cranberry) at the **Red Bar Brasserie**—a discovery for me, with its red awnings at half-mast over vintage mullioned windows and the skilled Erik Nodeland in the kitchen. Tangy pineapple vinaigrette and haunting sesame lift his tuna tartare above the crowd of no-thrill contenders. I'd come back for that fine toss of endive and watercress with Stilton and pears in hazelnut vinaigrette, as well as rare grilled tuna with baby bok choy and shiitakes in a ponzu-soy broth or the mahogany glazed duck with wild rice, rhubarb, and ginger. And the wine prices seem less aggressive than those in the pirate dens on this route. *210 Hampton Road, Southampton (631-283-0704).*

Handsome and sexy after dark when you can't quite see the glue and staples of the decor, **Tsunami** tends to be dismissed as a forgettable supper club attached to a seething disco. So it's a happy shock to discover knockout Asian fusion: kataifi-wrapped tamarind shrimp. Spring rolls stuffed with tasso ham, goat cheese, and broccoli rabe—bizarre in concept but irresistible. Tender and luscious calamari and tomato on miso-touched frisée. Perfectly cooked Chilean sea bass with long beans. And a hodgepodge fusion rice bowl that definitely pleases. *44 Three Mile Harbor Road, East Hampton (631-329-6000).*

A few of my fussy friends have written off **Della Femina** too. They find it a frozen monument to one man's ego with tortured food and too much butter. "Celebrities go to look at their caricatures on the wall," one naysayer reports. I'd happily return, even though I don't see my face on the wall. Granted, I'm too tight to spend my own $14 for figs with Bayonne ham in vanilla vinaigrette or $21 for the lobster cocktail with avocado mousse and crème fraîche, even given its plop of Osetra. Still, if someone else foots the bill, I'll be in the mood for cannellini-bean agnolotti and the grilled yellowfin with eggplant cannelloni or the first-rate maple-soy-cured pork loin chop on a rubble of corn and favas. But I like my waiter less cocky. *99 North Main Street, East Hampton (631-329-6666).*

We arrive to see the sun setting over Fort Pond, but we must wait in the garden like everyone else—savvy Montaukers, I'm guessing—for our eight-o'clock table at **Harvest**. Forty minutes later, I'm inhaling soft twilight air at a window (imagine, an open window) across the aisle from Paul Simon—sipping a $32 Sonoma-Cutrer and dipping heavenly, dense bread first in olive oil, then in shredded Parmesan. "Portions are large here," the motherly waitress warns. Sure enough, the three of us are soon confronting an exaggeration of salads on outsize dinner plates. Yet we manage to polish off slightly greasy calamari in a red-pepper vinaigrette on a bed of greens while making a modest dent in splendid Gorgonzola-sausage-broccoli pizza. Grilled chicken is far too dry for us, but its garlicky mashed potatoes go well with slices of the massive porterhouse. (Half goes into a people bag for lunch.) *11 South Emery Street, Montauk (631-668-5574).*

Want to share the disappointments?

I hear there's a line out the door Saturday night to score a table at **The Independent**, but I won't be in it. In the calm of a deserted Sunday, I could admire the spare, creamy glow, the classic wainscoting, and the pristine freshness of the tuna. But I expected more than an anemic watermelon martini in that tiny glass for $11. Soggy soft-shell crabs, listless shrimp, mushy baby-back ribs, and a mealy sirloin au poivre without pepper, not to mention rawish cookies ("fresh from the oven," indeed) and ditsy service only add to the gloom. *2468 Main Street, Bridgehampton (631-537-5110).*

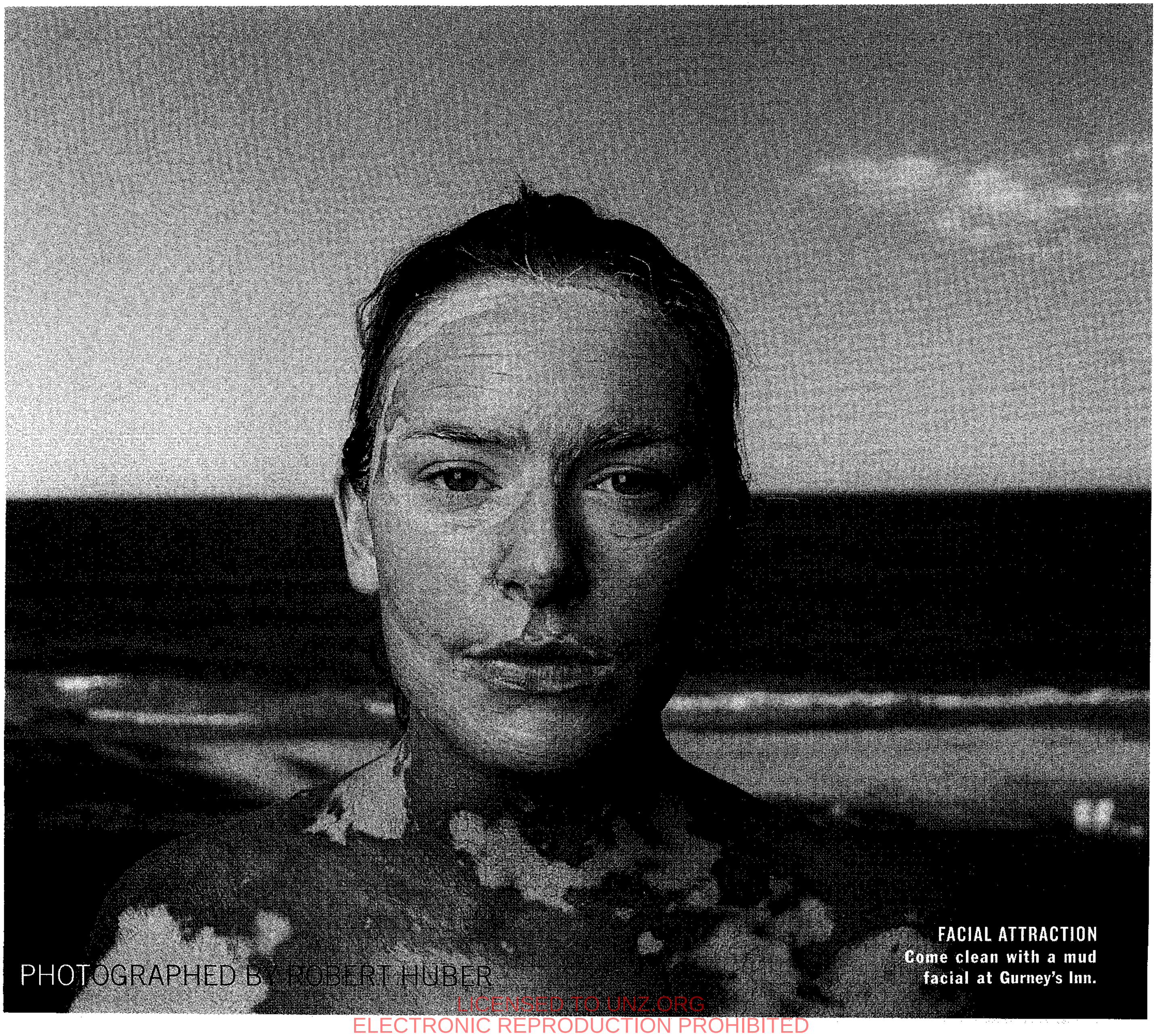
95 School Street still gets a properly trendy crowd—guys you wouldn't have to elope with but could bring home to the folks, and the women who'd like to brand them. Famous faces, too. But the pumpkin soup is simply water, sugar, and nutmeg. I need a scythe to get through the stemmy watercress salad. Parchment-wrapped halibut has been ossified, and desserts are best not molested further. Granted, the big-eye tuna is fresh and expertly grilled, and my trinette with lobster, corn, saffron, and basil purée is pretty lush. Still, it's not enough to scheme for a table or scream to be heard in the din. *95 School Street, Bridgehampton (631-537-5555).*

Just because **Robert's** food isn't smart enough or bold enough to draw me back to Water Mill doesn't mean you shouldn't check it out yourself. Maybe I'm just a fussbudget. Still, I hit the back-road maze one fateful Saturday night with love and charity in my heart—after all, you know, his wife did run off with the tennis pro, and he's braving it on his own in a new spot he likes better than the old one. Even the bumblers toting the tight little rubberband shrimp and the sandy morels to the wrong guest are eager to please. That's a plus. The duck in vin santo is pleasant enough, and both the rib-eye and the balsamic-glazed chicken just need less salt. Fine frozen nougat, elegant almond cake, and rich chocolate sorbet cheer us up a bit. *755 Montauk Highway, Water Mill (631-726-7171).* ■

EVEN THE BUMBLING WAITERS TOTING THE TIGHT LITTLE RUBBER-BAND SHRIMP AND THE SANDY MORELS TO THE WRONG GUEST ARE EAGER TO PLEASE. THAT'S A PLUS.

SHORE THINGS

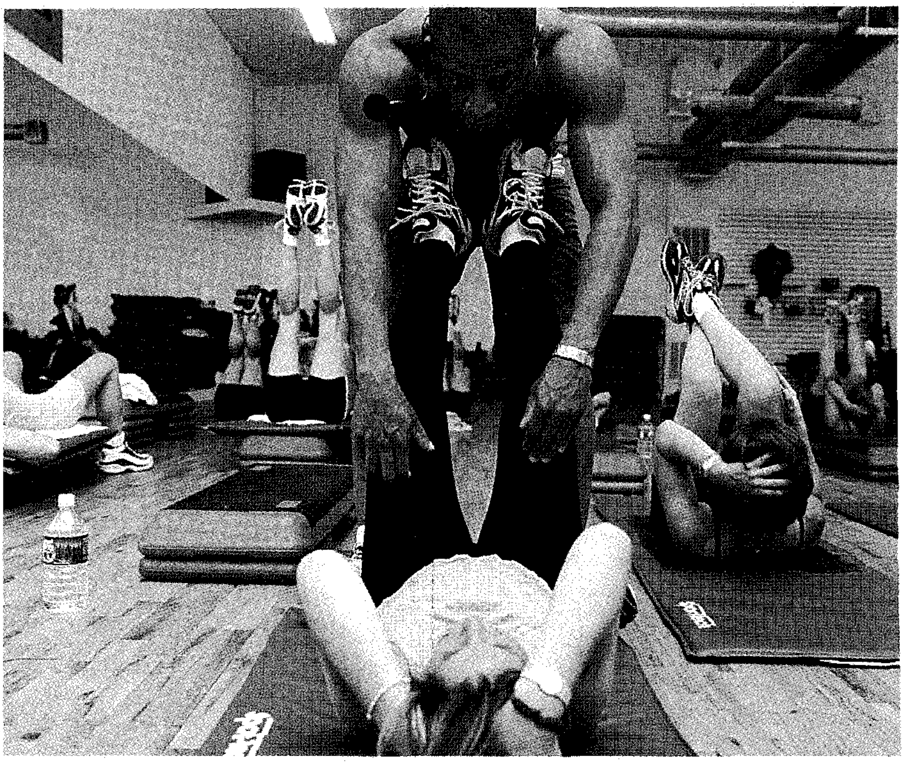
PILATES, BODY SCULPTING, PRESSURE-POINT MASSAGES, SEAWEED SCRUBS—A WEEKEND IN THE HAMPTONS IS NO DAY AT THE BEACH. BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL



FACIAL ATTRACTION
Come clean with a mud facial at Gurney's Inn.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT HUBER

YOU'D THINK THAT AFTER FIVE DAYS AT THE office and four hours on the L.I.E., you would have earned the right to relax. But before you head for the hammock, take a look around. Perhaps inspired, or terrorized, by the bethonged bottoms on display at Gibson Beach, Hamptonites are putting down their Kathleen's cookies and reaching for cross trainers. Spin, yoga, step, and boxing classes develop cultlike followings; hairstylists and manicurists clog Newtown Lane, motoring from one postmodern manse to the next. Out here, keeping up with the Joneses has as much to do with glutes and abs as with commercial kitchens and temperature-controlled wine cellars. Here's where you can get buffed and polished with the best of them.



fas
Sealers

FITNESS

LOTTE BERK METHOD

264 Butter Lane, Bridgehampton
(631-537-3290)

The quadricep-killing pliés taught here would make a triathlete whimper like a 6-year-old at her first ballet class. All the same, April Gornick, David Salle, Brooke Shields, and Blaine Trump are devotees of the classes held in a massive nineteenth-century barn amid the potato fields of Bridgehampton. "Lotte Berk has cult appeal," declares Gornick. Like the rest of us, they're hoping that if they hang from the stall bar long enough, or at least manage to perfect the Lotte Berk pelvic tilt, they might someday look half as good as the incredibly lithe instructors.

SUMMER KICKS

5 Railroad Avenue, East Hampton
(631-537-2610)

Speaking of hot trainers, former Rockette and studio owner Pat Grantham is so obsessed with finding the right instructors for her fitness-savvy clientele that, besides bringing in exercise gurus from New York and L.A., she has been recruiting from as far afield as Sweden, Australia, and Brazil. Her West Coast crew, who teach challenging step, spin, boxing, and now body-sculpting classes, have their own following, so you may find yourself grunting and grinding alongside such varied Hollywood types as Julia Roberts, Yancy Butler, Jennifer Grey, or Jordana Brewster.

GOODSON PARKER WELLNESS CENTER

87 Newtown Lane, East Hampton
(631-907-0150)

Fiercely competitive parents with overachieving infants will thrill to the news that "Yoga Baby" has come to the East End. After having the little one's chakras adjusted, Mom can tone and lengthen her torso by strapping into one of the center's seven Pilates "reformers." There are also meditation classes and an exceptional shiatsu massage that incorporates stretching and rocking motions to ease tense muscles into submission.

BEACH BOOT CAMP

(212-683-1836)

Focused on fitness, but can't bear to miss a single beach day? Madison Square Club owner David Kirsch, who trains James King, Heidi Klum, and Naomi Campbell, conducts a fat-burning hour that consists of cardio and high-repetition lunges, squats, crunches, and sprints on Gibson Beach every weekend. "Working out with David is a full-body experience," gushes Campbell. "Each time there's a connection between the body, mind, and spirit." To get connected yourself, call for an appointment.

YOGA SHANTI

75 Main Street, Sag Harbor
(631-725-6424)

Christy Turlington, Gabby Karan, and others seeking to free themselves (temporarily, of course) from all trappings of the material world have discovered this new spot in Sag Harbor co-owned by Colleen Saidman, who teaches at the Jivamukti studio in New York. Indian fabrics adorn the walls, and Chinese lanterns shed subtle light on the two studios, where five different types of yoga are taught. Other pilgrims include Russell Simmons. "I was an insomniac, but yoga has settled me," he reports. "But I come out sweating like a slave. I brought Andre Harrell along a couple of times. He plays basketball, but he had to walk out." Private sessions at home are available for $125; group classes are $15.

BEAUTY

NATUROPATHICA

74 Montauk Highway, East Hampton
(631-329-2525)

Stress wilts upon contact with the essential-oil-laced air at this fascinating apothecary of holistic potions. In addition to homeopathic remedies and aromatic balms, the emporium has an elixir bar, serving up herbal tinctures to cure or prevent various ills, as well as a full menu of spa treatments. Choose from four body exfoliations, including Balinese coconut paste with jasmine and clove, and sea salt with rosemary, lemon, blood orange, lime, and red mandarin. There is also a wide array of facials and massages. For more active stretchers, there are daily yoga classes at the adjoining studio.

FIFI LA ROO

61 The Circle, East Hampton
(631-329-5166)

After the return of the string bikini, it was only a matter of time before a cellulite-fighting machine arrived on the South Fork. The GX-99 Endermatic, which exfoliates and tones, is now in residence at this month-old day spa tucked away off Main Street. But that's not what brings Christie Brinkley, Star Jones, Claudia Cohen, and Marci Klein (as far as we know); they come for Donna Lupu's manicures and pedicures. Always in the latest shades, they're among the best around.

NATURAL BEAUTY SPA

10 Main Street, East Hampton
(631-329-0006)

You can't hurry love. Which is why when guests arrived at Jennifer Lopez and Puff Daddy's Fourth of July bash, the hosts were nowhere in sight. Eventually, Sarah Jessica Parker found them in a back room, with Deborah Weiner of Natural Beauty Spa hunched over their cuticles. "It's not just about nails; she makes you feel taken care of," says Donna Karan. The salon also did Chynna Phillips for her wedding, and makes house calls to Barbra Streisand and Ron Perelman. The Vitamin E–chamomile manicures do wonders for dry hands, and a mixture of tea-tree oil and peppermint will invigorate weathered feet.

KEVIN MAPLE SALON

46 Jobs Lane, Southampton
(631-283-8230)

"I don't want to encourage any more frizzy Saturday-afternoon blowouts," insists Kevin Maple, declining to discuss his celebrity clients. When he's not engaged in the high-humidity hair battle, Maple and his salon specialize in corrective color for clients whose shades have suffered from salt air, chlorine, and, in at least some cases, hot klieg lights: Christie Brinkley, Joan Rivers, and Kim Basinger are regulars.

SUSAN CIMINELLI

34 Pantigo Road, East Hampton
(631-267-6300)

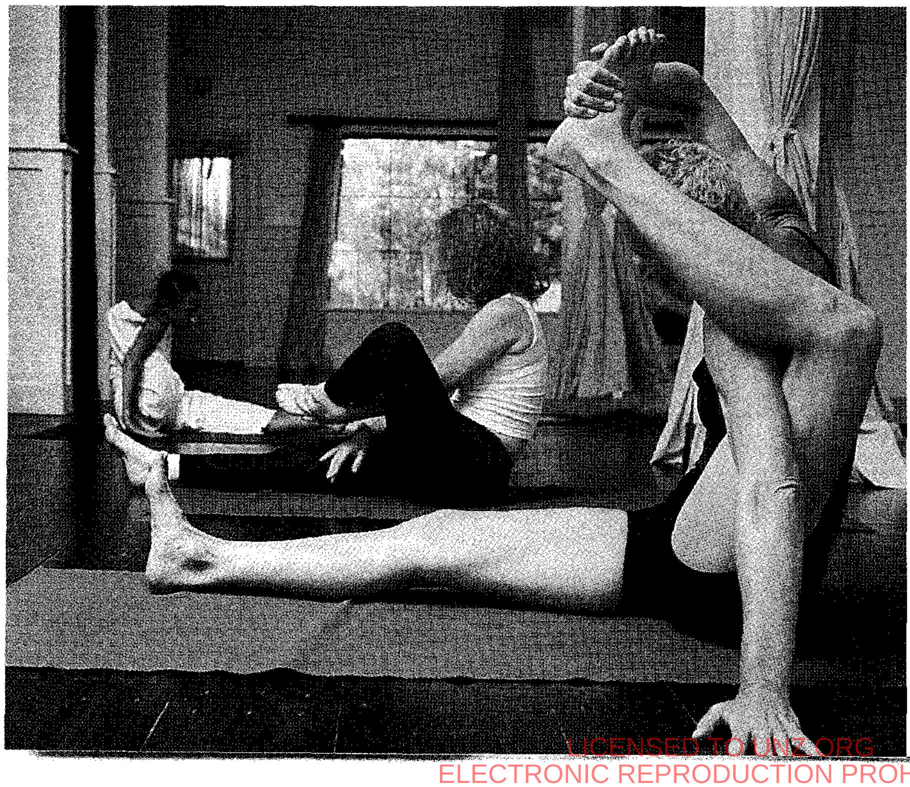
The same luxurious, cleansing aromatherapy facial that is the signature of the Manhattan branch is available here in East Hampton, but here you can combine it with facial acupuncture to stimulate and lift sagging muscles, hopefully restoring that youthful glow you lost after closing the bar at Jet East. General acupuncture for pain relief is also available, as are Amma, a gentle pressure-point massage, and Reiki.

"WORKING OUT WITH DAVID KIRSCH IS A FULL-BODY EXPERIENCE," SAYS NAOMI CAMPBELL. "THERE'S A CONNECTION BETWEEN THE BODY, MIND, AND SPIRIT."

GURNEY'S INN

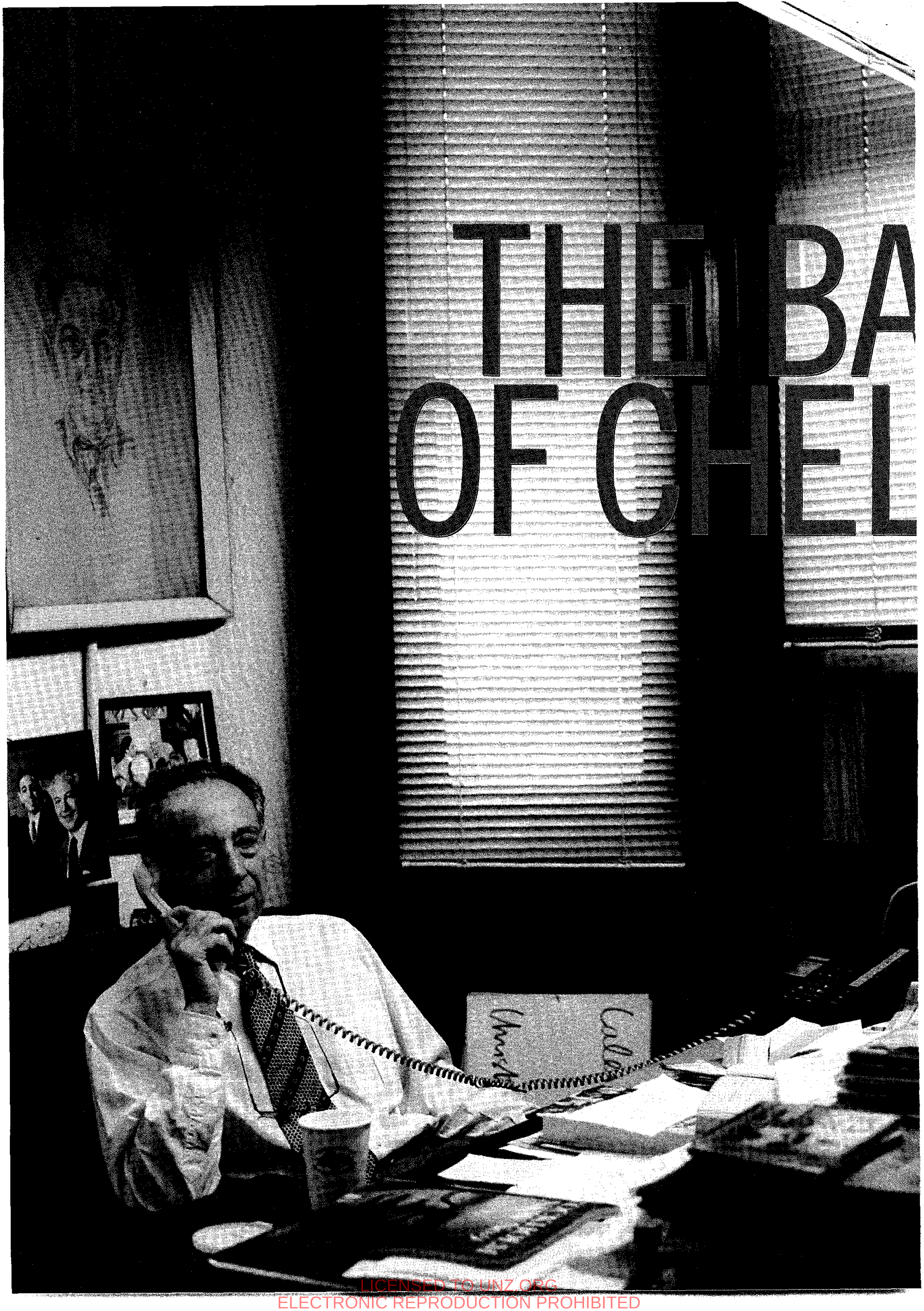
290 Old Montauk Highway, Montauk
(631-668-2509)

Recent guests at this oceanfront spa have included Elvis Costello, Gene Hackman, Goldie Hawn, Jessica Lange, and Kevin Costner (Hillary Clinton is penciled in for August). But you don't have to be famous to enjoy Gurney's array of European-style treatments. It's got nine types of facials and a complete body-work menu. Seawater hydro-massages and hot fango backpacks with a foot rub are client favorites. But we like the fact that you can take your massage alfresco, where the pounding surf provides the soundtrack. Now, doesn't that feel more like a beach vacation? ■



MY LEFT FOOT Clockwise from top left: David Grey's Wednesday-morning step class at Summer Kicks; bending into shape at *Naturopathica; owner* Margareaux Suberi applies makeup at Fifi la Roo.

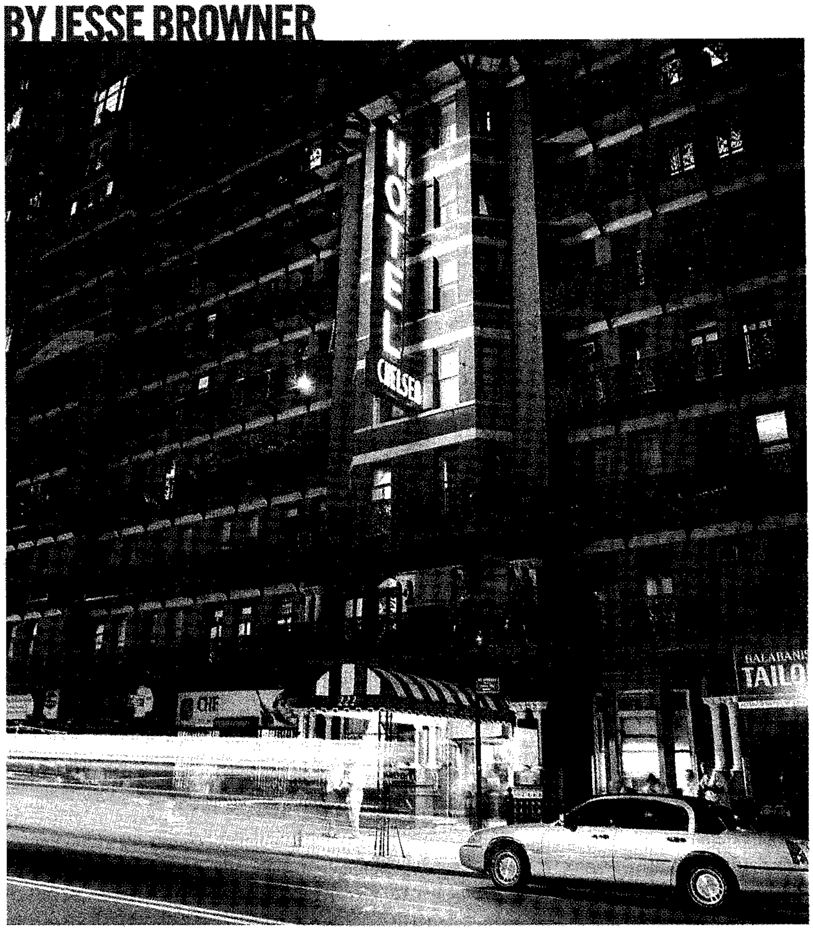
THE BA
OF CHEL



RD
SEA

The tattered but storied Hotel Chelsea—safe house for artists for more than 40 years—is the life's work of Stanley Bard, whose stubborn affection for bohemians survived even Sid Vicious. But will it survive a soaring real-estate market?

BY JESSE BROWNER



PEOPLE WHO LIVE OR WORK IN THE HOTEL CHELSEA RARELY CONdescend to call it a hotel. It's an *institution.* As in, "It took me a lot of years before I really became appreciative of this *institution.*" Stanley Bard, who presides over the storied refuge for artists, is talking in his cluttered, perennially twilit office, formerly the Ladies' Lounge, its ceiling dripping with pink cherubim. More than any other person connected with its 95-year history, Stanley Bard is responsible for its notoriety as a haven for dreamers and visionaries. Call it his life's work. "When I came here, it soon became known that I was artist-friendly. We sort of had a mutual-admiration society going. My understanding their needs and their feeling good about someone caring for their needs was a wonderful arrangement." • But the mutual admiration in question, which has created an eccentric, if run-down, home for a community of painters, poets, and writers, is under increasing pressure as

Photographed by Anders Overgaard

Chelsea has become ground zero in the West Side's astonishing real-estate boom. Not surprisingly, there are would-be buyers on the horizon and partners cognizant of the property's soaring value. What's more, a spate of lawsuits is threatening the shabby-genteel charm inside the hotel. In these suits, Bard tried to evict tenants who refused to negotiate new rents he arbitrarily determined. "Stanley gives his word freely," as one resident puts it, "and retrieves it unilaterally."

These tenants, many of whom have been the recipients of his generosity, now claim their apartments are rent-stabilized and protected from Bard's capricious management style. And in some cases, they've been right.

VIRTUALLY EVERYTHING YOU KNOW, OR think you know, about the Chelsea and its role as bohemian landfall and safe house has occurred under Stanley Bard's 40-year watch. In Bard's hotel, Arthur Miller wrote *After the Fall*, Bob Dylan wrote "Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands," Arthur Clarke wrote *2001: A Space Odyssey*, and William S. Burroughs wrote *Naked Lunch*. It was Bard who allowed composer George Kleinsinger to convert his suite into a tropical jungle, replete with ferns, palm trees, waterfalls, monkeys, toucans, and snakes. It was Bard, too, who allowed Kleinsinger's ashes to be scattered in the hotel's roof garden after his death. It was through the hallways of Bard's Chelsea that dancer Katherine Dunham trooped lions and tigers for a midnight rehearsal of *Aida*. Only here could Jimi Hendrix, in full regalia, be mistaken for a bellboy. It was at Bard's Chelsea that Warhol superstar Viva, feeling cramped in her own digs, was allowed to expand expediently by knocking through the back wall of her closet to appropriate the empty apartment next door. It was Bard who gave nonjudgmental refuge to a succession of personalities from Beats and Chelsea girls to Janis Joplin, Patti Smith and Robert Mapplethorpe, Tennessee Williams, Joni Mitchell, and, notoriously, Sid Vicious, whose ashes were scattered in Philadelphia over the grave of Nancy Spungen, whom he dispatched in Room 100.

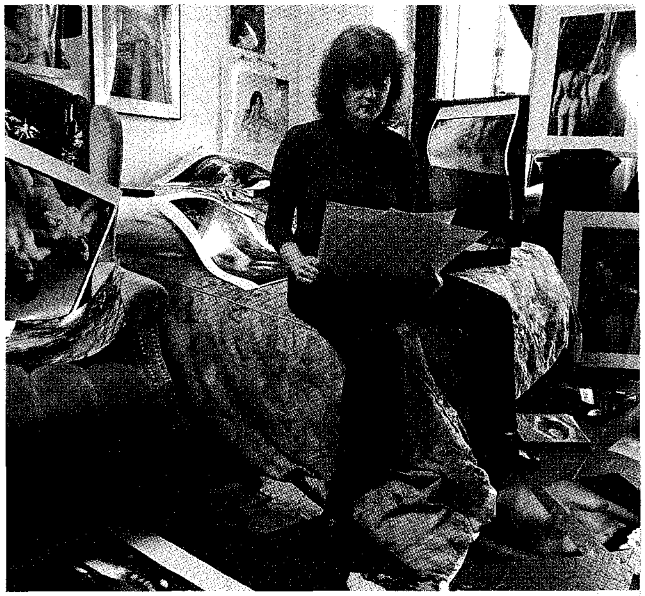
Among painters in particular, the Chelsea's provenance might lead one to believe that the "institution" is a waiting room for the pantheon of twentieth-century artists. John Sloan, Diego Rivera, Claes Oldenburg, Jim Dine, Larry Rivers, Willem de Kooning, and Jasper Johns, to name a few, all slept here at one time or another.

Bard hasn't been resting on his laurels, either. The list of current tenants includes artists David Salle, Julian Schnabel, Barry Flanagan, and Philip Taaffe; playwright and librettist Arnold Weinstein; and mystery writer Sparkle Hayter, among many others of equal talent if lesser name recognition.

ASIDE FROM THE SECRET OF LASTING ARTISTIC fame, there is no other issue as mysterious at the Chelsea as the variety of rents. Tenants love to talk about their lives at the hotel but are noticeably tight-lipped when asked about the terms of their deals with Bard—often sealed on a handshake. Given the vast disparity of rates, which are essentially dependent on his whim, tenants are understandably wary of revealing anything likely to provoke envy or derision. Despite, or possibly because of, Bard's reputation as a patron to artists, many probably don't want to know. "Either it's going to be cheap, in which case it's vaguely scandalous," explains resident Joseph O'Neill, a novelist, "or it's going to be expensive, in which case you look like a sap."

The only reliable rule of thumb is that Bard will never charge you less than he charges the person who recommended your tenancy. Beyond that, it's open season. And Bard has always had to walk the line between casting his all-star bohemia and supplying a mix of professionals able and eager to pay market rates to fund it.

But Bard's lordliness is unleashing forces he may not be able to contain. "Hotels are not regulated," he says. "If you would pay a million dollars for an apartment—if you were crazy enough, or in love enough, and wanted to live here and you had the money—I could charge you a million dollars." That may be wishful thinking. Unlike in other hotels, most residences in the Chelsea are permanent, not transient.



CHELSEA GIRLS Photographer Linda Troeller, above; painter Michele Zalopany, below right; and artist Sheila Berger in their rooms.

Permanent residents differ from transients in an important way: You have to evict them if they don't want to go. Worse still, eviction proceedings are unpredictable affairs—something Bard has discovered. "I wanted to negotiate," Bard complains of the tenants he tried to evict. "They wouldn't talk to me. So we had no choice but to start legal action against them."

The eviction proceedings provoked several tenants to inquire about their legal status under rent stabilization. They discovered that some of the apartments are covered under the 1969 Rent Stabilization Law. In these cases, any hotel dwelling unit that cost less than $350 a month or $88 a week in 1968 is strictly rent-stabilized. Since a classic seven on West End Avenue cost under $300 a month in 1968, it's a fair assumption that most apartments at the Chelsea fall into that category.

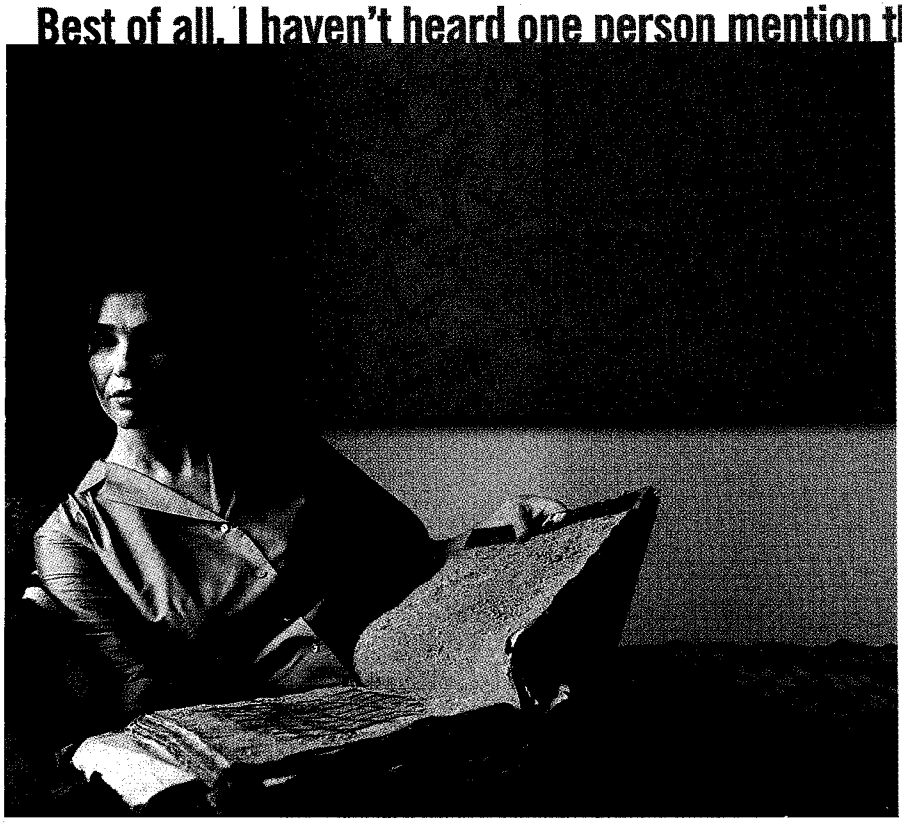
With their newfound knowledge, the emboldened tenants filed lawsuits claiming Bard has been overcharging them for years. So far, there have been five suits; Bard has settled three and won two of them. At least two more are pending.

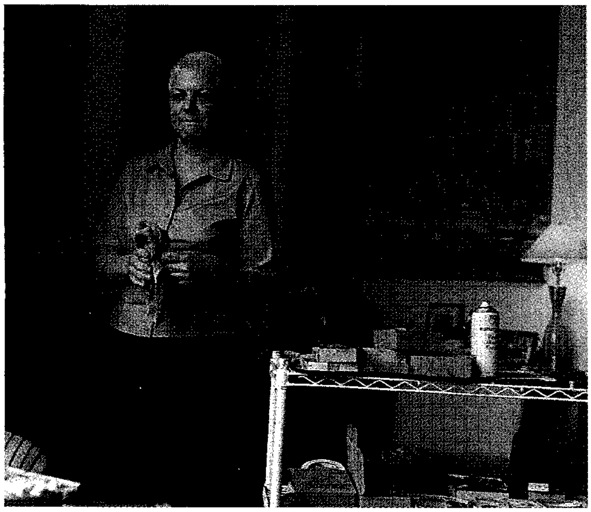
Bard remains defiant. Of the Chelsea's 252 units, he maintains, approximately twenty are rent-stabilized. He claims he cannot possibly have kept records going back 32 years: "I would need an entire hotel just for the records." Bard insists the victors are a few opportunists who have been able to press their illegitimate claims.

ONLY HALF A BLOCK FROM THE CHELSEA are the offices of attorney Mitchell Heaney, who has represented many of the tenants in conflict with Bard. Heaney counters that the hotelier intimidates many long-term residents into believing that they are there on his say-so alone. Heaney believes that, if Bard's records for the rooms were to come to light, "it would be extraordinary if they did not indicate that the overwhelming majority are rent-stabilized." If that were to be demonstrated, Heaney acknowledges, the Hotel Chelsea could kiss profitability good-bye, and along with it Bard's ability to play patron to the arts.

In one case, the settlement dictated that Bard would treat photographer Martine

"We love it, " writer Joseph O'Neill states. "Only at the Chelsea could our ten-month-old son have been bounced on the knee of Arthur Miller. Best of all, I haven't heard one person mention the STOCK MARKET."





Barrat as a rent-stabilized tenant paying $850 a month. In another, filmmaker Tim Caster, who had been paying $340 for a studio apartment in 1998, had his rent reduced by 40 percent. Court documents show the stipulated settlement set the rent at $204 but granted Bard rent increases upon renewal. Caster now pays $515.

Large, well-appointed apartments are at a steep premium at the Chelsea. New tenants who do not qualify for Bard's special arts status can expect to pay market rates for a monthly lease—approximately $3,000 for a studio apartment, $4,000 and up for a one-bedroom. Many permanent residents happily pay these rates for their apartments, some of which they even lavishly renovate at their own expense: Investment adviser Jonathan Berg is currently building a two-story addition to his apartment on the roof.

The courts have recognized Bard's right to dispose of many of the apartments as he pleases. In a recently decided case, Alan Moss, a SoHo furniture-store owner who occupies Viva's old apartment, lost his four-year fight with Bard. Though Viva paid $900 for the apartment until 1993, and Moss was paying $3,000, the court determined that the apartment was not protected because an artist named Juliette Hamelecourt was paying $600 in 1967, more than the $350 threshold for 1968. Moss is appealing the decision.

Before I sit down with Bard for the first time, he stops me at the door of his office and insists that he will not discuss these lawsuits, yet within five minutes he is eloquently seething. "These people that I have these problems with primarily are not artists and evidently don't respect the artists, either, because they've been told and retold by so many nice people, 'Why are you doing what you're doing?' . . . They're not my kind of people."

LIFE AT THE CHELSEA HAS NEVER BEEN FOR the faint of heart. You do not stay there for the room service, which does not exist, or for any of the other perks commonly associated with the good life, which are equally elusive. A recent guest, trying to re-create some turn-of-the-century charm, was told that if she wanted a fire in her fireplace she would have to bring her own wood *and* her own screen.

Although age, exhaustion, and prosperity have acted to tame the wilder elements of the clientele in the past decade, the atmosphere in the deep, echoing hallways remains part college dorm, part monastery. These days, the worst uproar you're likely to get out of the celebrity residents of the Chelsea is the sound of Ethan Hawke dandling his infant daughter in the room he maintains there for writing. "I've lived here 25 years," says investment adviser Jonathan Berg. "It's a lot better than it was back then. Not as much fun, but cleaner."

In many ways, photographer Linda Troeller is a typical Chelsea resident: a serious, hardworking professional artist on a middle rung of the ladder of success. Her first room at the Chelsea, back in 1994, had been Beat poet Herbert Huncke's, and came with the phone he had conveniently spray-painted with glitter. Her second came with a huge snake living in the closet. Her current unit, like many at the hotel, might easily be mistaken for a dorm room in a backwater school, complete with ancient, peeling molding, a sink in the corner, and a bathroom down the hall. She says the place was overrun by "yuppies" a few years ago. This despite the fact that several Chelsea residents posed for Troeller's 1998 book of photographs, *The Erotic Lives of Women.*

Artist and former model Sheila Berger lives with her husband and young daughter in a two-bedroom apartment that, though small by Upper West Side standards, is fairly typical of the Chelsea. A galley kitchen in the long, narrow entrance hall opens into a living room with high ceilings, parquet floors, a fireplace, and spectacular views south to the harbor. The walls are hung with original artwork and the furniture and floors draped in fabrics culled over the course of long journeys through the Middle East and Asia. "Living in the

Chelsea was the first time that I really felt like New York was my home," she says. "We all hang out together, help each other out. We have dinner parties together, neighbors coming in and out. Sometimes we'll have drinks in one apartment and dinner at another."

Artist Michele Zalopany has resided and painted at the Chelsea for eleven years, living in apartments formerly occupied by Francesco Clemente and Sandro Chia. "The first night I stayed here, I cried. I thought it was horrible, so depressing. But then, after a while, I just loved it. It's old; it's hardly been ravaged by modern renovations. At the other buildings I've lived in, when they hear you come out, they don't want to say hello so they shut the door. They don't do that here."

In fact, the Chelsea can seem like a world of its own, insulated from the prevailing culture of the city. Writer Joseph O'Neill and his wife, *Vogue* fashion-news director Sally Singer, have been at the Chelsea for two years and have started a family there. "We love it, " O'Neill states. "Only at the Chelsea could our ten-month-old son have been bounced on the knee of Arthur Miller. We have this motley crew of creative spirits. Best of all, in the two years that I've been here, I haven't heard one person mention the stock market."

PHYSICALLY, STANLEY BARD IS A CLASSIC study in contrasts. At rest, he has the compressed, quivering energy of a small dog. On the phone, his voice rises a full octave, almost piping. But when his hackles are up—and it only takes a fleeting consideration of his many perceived enemies to raise them—his presence is more like that of a cornered ferret, bristling with claws and teeth.

Tenants portray Bard as a man torn by conflicting impulses. "Once, a hotel guest couldn't pay her bill," one relates, launching into a well-worn hotel anecdote. "Stanley gave her a job working at the hotel, which I think is true of a lot of people who work there. She'd been living there maybe 20 or 30 years when she got really sick and had to go to the hospital. They were talking about her not getting better. So Stanley moved her things out, put them in storage, and started renting out her room.

"When she then got better," the storyteller continues, "some of the tenants were outraged and went over to talk to Stanley. Stanley moved her back."

But what rankles many is his tendency to pinch pennies, cut corners, and balk at making all but the most urgent repairs. "The guy is unbelievable," laughs interior designer Willem van Es, a 21-year resident. "He gets away with murder."

The apartment van Es occupies with his wife and partner, Terrie, a one-bedroom on the seventh floor with a wrought-iron balcony overlooking 23rd Street, is a superb showcase—gold leaf on the walls, silver leaf on the ceilings, Indonesian prints plastered over the kitchen walls, mourning doves in an ancient bamboo cage, glass-top dining table inlaid with baskets of dried beans.

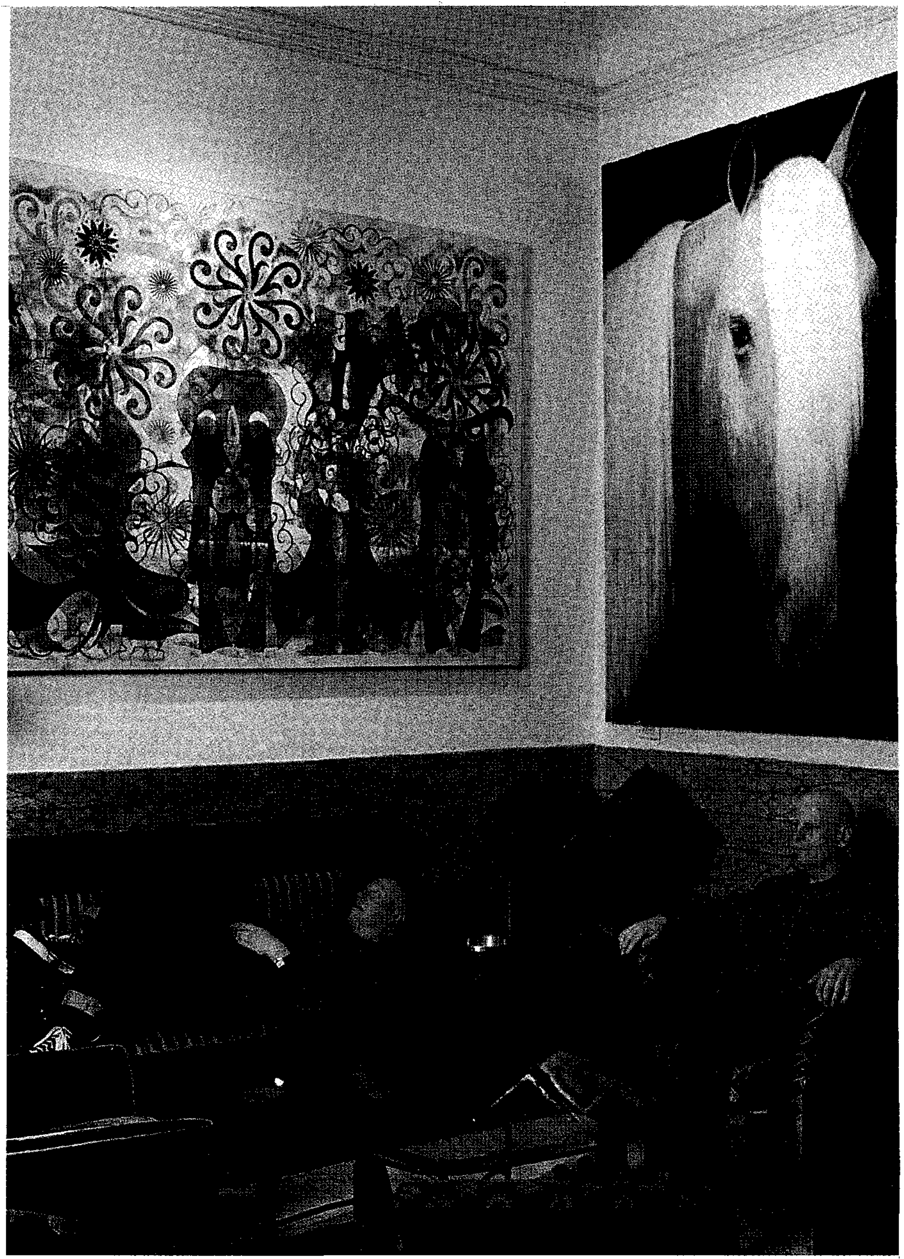
"A pipe broke," van Es remembers. "I told Stanley, but he didn't believe it. Finally, I was taking a shit one morning and the water was coming down. I said to Terrie, 'Give me the umbrella, and take a Polaroid.' This is how you have to live in the Hotel Chelsea."

Bard doesn't respond as a garden-variety landlord would, Terrie van Es adds. "He sees a roach, he says, 'Well, maybe it's somebody's lost pet roach.' You're on another planet here."

But the people who relate these anecdotes are often the ones most indulgently, often touchingly, fond of Bard. One tenant's outrage is another's testament to quirky benevolence.

Almost everyone who has ever written about the Chelsea seems to share in the understanding that Bard, as historian Florence Turner asserts in her book *At the Chelsea,* "often took an artist's latest work in lieu of rent. Over the years he has no doubt amassed quite a collection, for he took home those paintings he preferred. . . . One [lobby painting] by Jackson Pollock has disappeared—possibly removed to Stanley's house." One tenant likens this to an "unwritten law." Bard, however, categorically denies that he has ever taken artwork in lieu of rent. "I don't barter."

Whatever artwork may or may not have changed hands, the Chelsea sits in the hottest neighborhood in the hottest

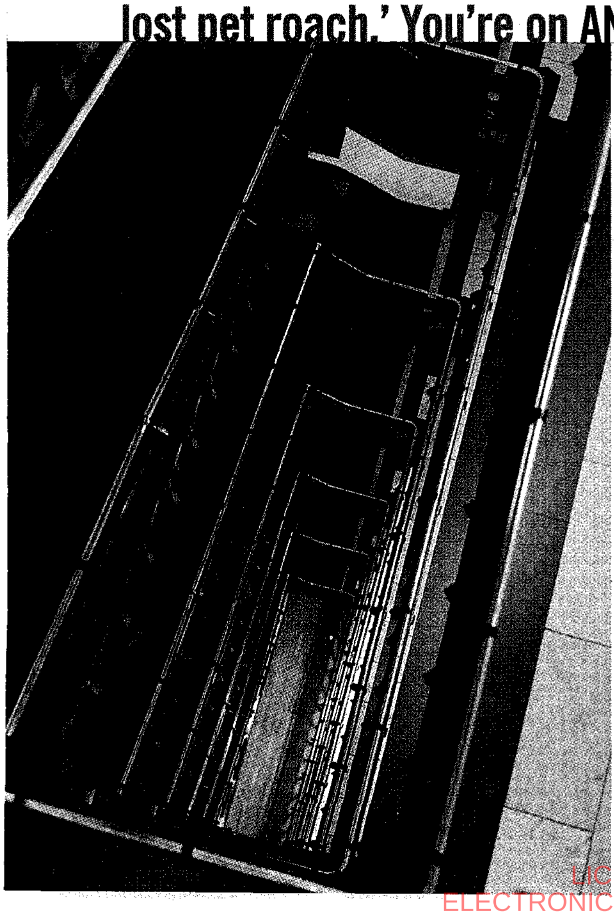


CHELSEA MORNING A pair of twins enjoy the hotel's lobby, above; the Victorian Iron stairway, opposite.

real-estate market in the city's history, and the profit the Chelsea produces cannot reflect that heat. "What motivates me is not necessarily the money aspect," Bard muses, "but what I feel is good in an overall picture for the hotel. . . . What satisfies my stockholders is a feeling when they read about the glory of the Chelsea and where it stands and what it's done."

A HANDFUL OF LAWSUITS IS UNLIKELY TO topple the Chelsea, but they represent only a small part of Bard's problem. The migration of the SoHo art world to the former body shops and wholesale distributorships of western Chelsea is almost complete. After years of groundwork by the City Council, the entire district was finally rezoned from manufacturing to residential last year, signaling the onset of a land-grab by developers. According to Stanley Ginsberg of Delson Ginsberg Real Estate, the "better properties" in Chelsea are now selling for between $600 and $650 a square foot, or double what they were less than five years ago. "They used to advertise Chelsea as Greenwich Village North," he says. "Now it's perceived as the place to be." Around the corner from the Hotel Chelsea, prices for condos at the newly converted Chelsea Mercantile, formerly a V.A. center for the metropolitan area, have risen 47 percent since they came on the market a year ago.

Bard doesn't respond as a garden-variety landlord would, Terrie van Es remarks. "He sees a roach, he says, 'Well, maybe it's somebody's lost pet roach.' You're on ANOTHER PLANET here."



THE PILE THAT IS NOW THE HOTEL Chelsea—accurately described by Pete Hamill as being "the color of dried blood"—was born in 1884 as New York City's first cooperative residence and, until the Flatiron was erected in 1902, the neighborhood's tallest building. The prospectus offered buyers the city's first duplex artists' studios, sound- and fireproof walls three-feet thick, wood-burning fireplaces, a unique twelve-story wrought-iron staircase, private penthouses, and one- to seven-room apartments designed to the buyer's specifications. Its location, at that time the very heart of the city's theater district, reflected the glamour and urbanity of the initial offering. Lily Langtry lived just down the block.

But the co-op soon fell victim to the city's fickle real-estate market. The theater district's relocation northward, along with financial panics in 1893 and 1903, eventually bankrupted the corporation. But everything that had made the co-op attractive to prosperous burghers in 1884 was equally appealing to a more progressive clientele when the building was reborn in 1905 as the Hotel Chelsea. At the very moment when the city was beginning to come into its own as North America's preeminent cultural seed-bed, and to nurture its own homegrown version of bohemia just a few blocks to the south, the new hotel was instantly appealing to artists and writers. Mark Twain, O. Henry, and Edgar Lee Masters were among its earliest residents. Thomas Wolfe wrote *Look Homeward, Angel* there. Sarah Bernhardt brought her own sheets.

The hotel's fortunes dipped again in the thirties, when it was purchased by the Knott family chain. According to Turner's book, the Knotts devastated the place, smashing mirrors and fittings, carving up the suites, sealing off the stairwell above the lobby. Although some artists continued to patronize the Chelsea—including Virgil Thomson, who moved in in 1937 and stayed until his death in 1989—it was better known during the Depression as a hotbed of left-wing activism. This nadir lasted until 1940, when the hotel was acquired by a partnership led by David Bard.

Bard was the only partner actively involved in running the place. He was so active, in fact, and worked such grueling hours that his son Stanley grew up with a lively resentment of the institution that monopolized the lion's share of his father's time and affections. Still, after majoring in accounting and minoring in psychology at NYU (both of which would prove handy down the road) and a stint in the service, Stanley allowed himself to be talked into joining the family business in 1957. It took a wearisome apprenticeship, and the devotion to long hours and seven-day weeks that he'd developed in his father's shadow, for Stanley to overcome his reluctance and begin to recognize the alternative pleasures that life at the Chelsea had to offer.

THE HOTEL IS OPERATED AS A SUBCHAPTER S corporation, a category of business limited to no more than 75 partners. The Chelsea has about fifteen, Bard included, all descendants of the 1947 partnership that bought the hotel. To date, the shareholders have mostly been happy to sit back and let Bard do all the hard work, he says. "Where would they find someone that is so dedicated, so much in love with what they're doing?" he points out. "I work six and seven days a week, still, fifteen hours a day. . . . They know damn well that they can't replace me.

"I want them to express their feelings," Bard says of his shareholders. "I take this information, weigh it, and then I act in the best interests first of the hotel, then of the stockholders' needs, which are sometimes in conflict." His official policy is that the hotel is not for sale, at any price. An anonymous party recently enlisted attorney and writer Michael Rips, a five-year resident, to convey an offer for the Chelsea of $30 million to $40 million, but Bard refused to entertain it and would not even discuss figures with Rips.

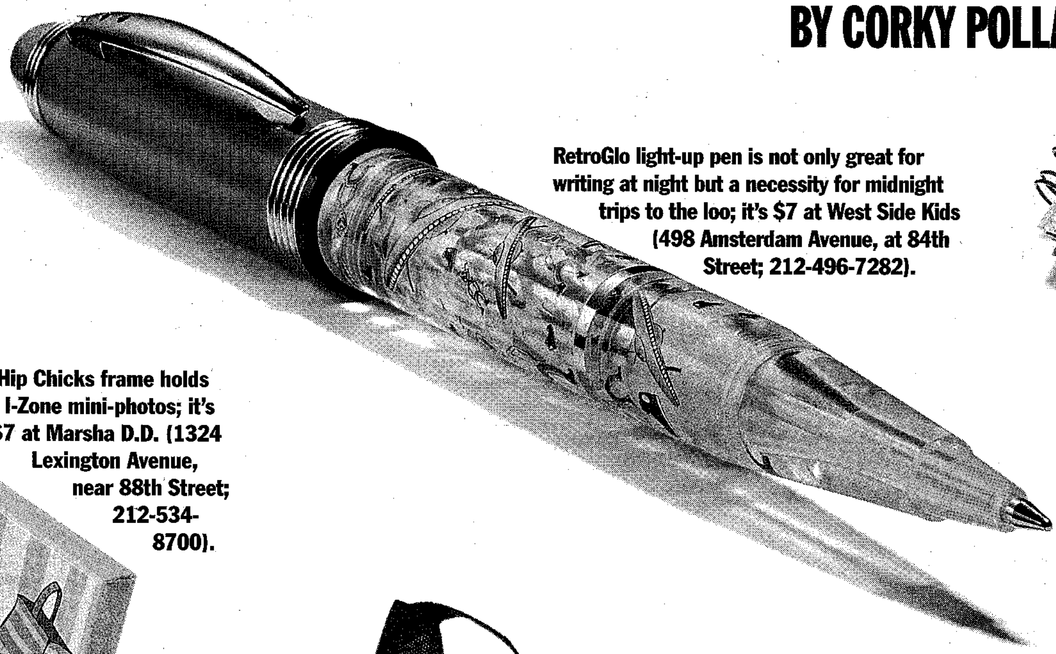
Shareholder Dr. Marlene Krauss, managing director of KBL Healthcare Ventures, agrees that none of the shareholders has seriously contested Bard's management style to date. However, she cautions that "most of us would want to sell." And Krauss has mixed feelings about the Chelsea and the way Bard runs it. "In some sense, I'm glad that he is the patron of the arts. On the other hand, I'm a businessperson."

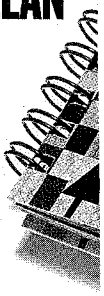
(continued on page 88)

BEST BETS

Fresh takes on camp basics, for tucking into those eagerly awaited care packages

BY CORKY POLLAN

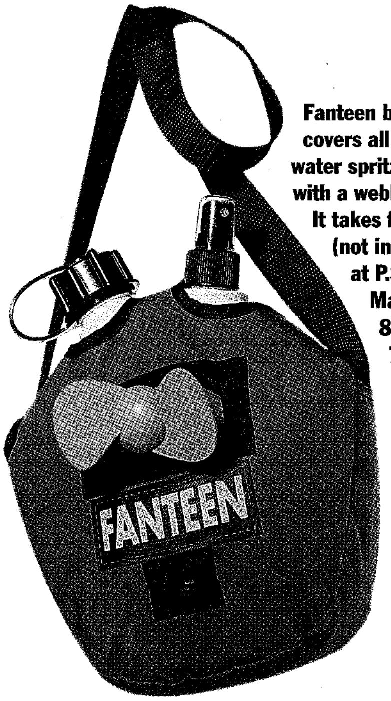




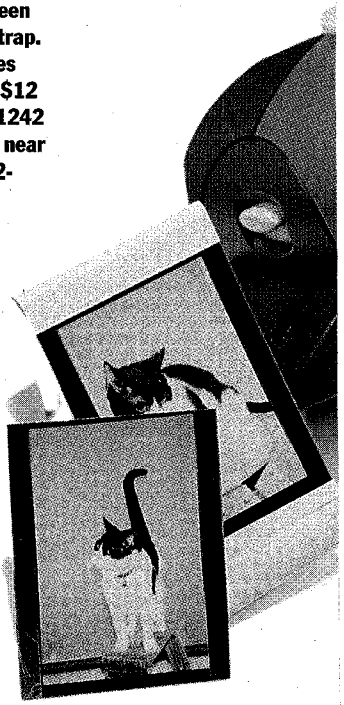
RetroGlo light-up pen is not only great for writing at night but a necessity for midnight trips to the loo; it's $7 at West Side Kids (498 Amsterdam Avenue, at 84th Street; 212-496-7282).

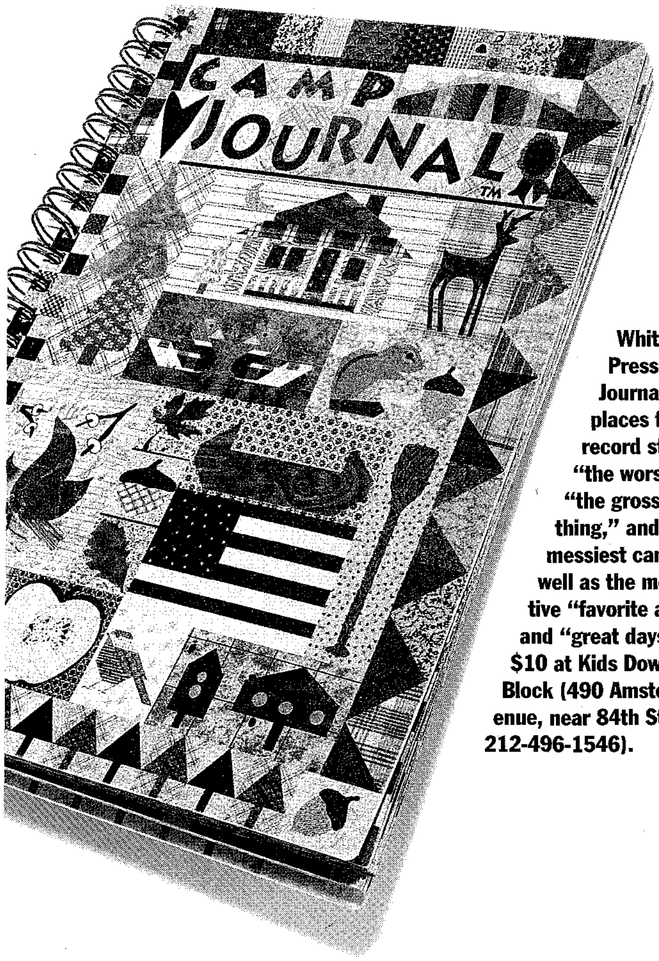
Havoc's Hip Chicks frame holds three I-Zone mini-photos; it's $7 at Marsha D.D. (1324 Lexington Avenue, near 88th Street; 212-534-8700).

HIP
CHICKS
RULE!

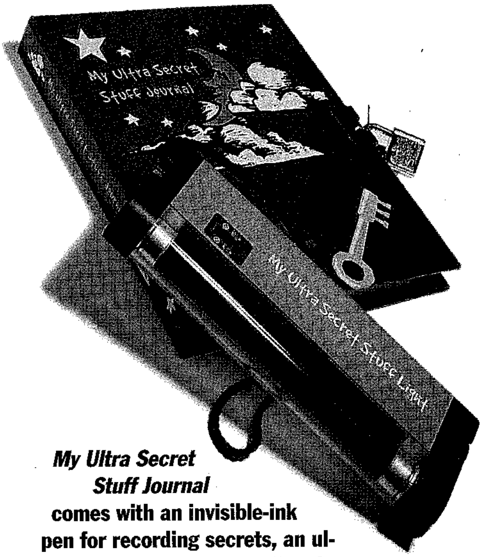


Fanteen by Squeeze Breeze covers all bases; it's a fan, a water spritzer, and a canteen with a webbed shoulder strap. It takes four AA batteries (not included) and is $12 at P.S. I Love You (1242 Madison Avenue, near 89th Street; 212-722-6272).




CAMP JOURNAL
TM

Whiteside Press Camp Journal has places for kids to record stuff like "the worst joke," "the grossest thing," and "the messiest camper" as well as the more positive "favorite activities" and "great days!" It's $10 at Kids Down the Block (490 Amsterdam Avenue, near 84th Street; 212-496-1546).


My Ultra Secret Stuff Journal
My Ultra Secret Stuff Light

My Ultra Secret Stuff Journal comes with an invisible-ink pen for recording secrets, an ultraviolet light for reading them, and a lock and key; it's $22 (four AA batteries not included) at E.A.T. Gifts (1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street; 212-861-2544), Kids Down the Block, Marsha D.D., and P.S. I Love You.

Polaroid
i-zone
instant
Pocket Camera

Polaroid I-Zone instant mini-camera records memorable camp moments. The set includes two AA batteries and film for six photos; it's $29.99 at Colortek (all locations).

Wild Planet's H_2O Dive Watch is water-resistant to 35 feet and has a depth gauge (to 8 feet), a stopwatch, and a lighted digital time display; it's $15 at the Children's General Store (2473 Broadway, near 92nd Street, 212-580-2723; and Grand Central Terminal, Lexington Passage, 212-682-0004) and Kids Down the Block.

WILD PLANET
H2O DIVE WATCH
WILD PLANET
START/STOP
RESET
LIGHT
MODE
LIGHT

Photographed by Steve Wisbauer

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

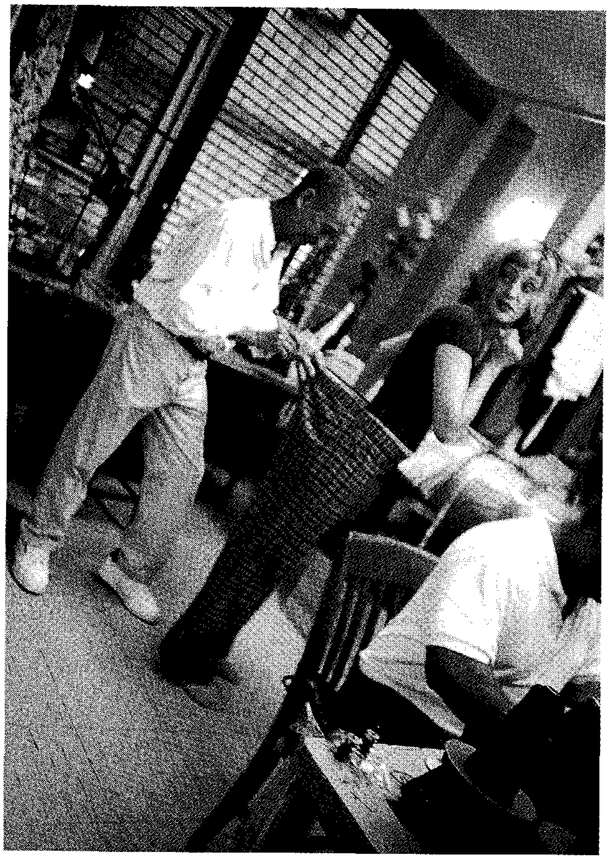
SALES & BARGAINS SHYAMA PATEL

Hello, Tailor!

Alter boys: *Alongside NoLIta's fashion boutiques, a satellite industry thrives: the local guys who can* **make those hip-huggers really hug.**

I RECENTLY TOOK A DENIM SKIRT to my neighborhood cleaner's to have it hemmed. The estimate: $25. Outraged, I decided there must be a better way, even if it meant travel. Fashion insiders consistently recommended NoLIta and Lower East Side tailors—surprising, since old-world prices are disappearing fast in those neighborhoods. But I'll never have anything altered in midtown again. Check out these chatty, friendly, talented tailors, and I'll bet you won't, either.

Ramon Diaz Sr. has been in the neighborhood since 1969—long before it was called NoLIta, and certainly before the fashion crowd knew it existed. He now works for everyone from Paulina Porizkova to customers of upmarket shops like Katayone Adeli and Joseph. But **Ramon's Tailor Shop** is still a value, and you can trust him with complicated jobs (he'll do anything from repairing severed shoulder straps to sizing down Louis Vuitton dresses). Hemming starts at $12; taking in dresses, at $25.



Behind the seams: At tailor Ramon Diaz's Mott Street shop, clotheshorses won't feel taken as they're getting taken in.

The tiny, fourteen-year-old **Stanton Tailor Shop** is a great bet for speedy, inexpensive men's alterations or basic women's mending (Lower East Side shops like TG-170 send people here). If the shop's not busy, they'll hem a pair of pants while you wait. Hemming from $3, taking in jackets from $15, and dress alterations from $10.

At neighborhood newcomer **New York Tailors** (open a year), the Dominican tailors may not *habla ingles* so well, but they do understand flimsy, bias-cut party dresses—they've been doing Tracy Feith's alterations for years (they also work with Scoop, Plein Sud, and Banana). They'll take in a jacket for $20, taper a dress for $15, and hem for $5.

Similarly, don't be fooled by the apparent language barrier at the pint-size, fifteen-year-old **Jose Tailor Shop**. The staff is surprisingly good at figuring out what you mean as you point and gesticulate—and they evidently communicate fine with salespeople at Find Outlet, J.Crew, and Zara, who steer customers their way. Hemming starts at $5; taking in a dress, at $15. Sleeves are from $12.

Ramon's Tailors and Cleaners, 306 Mott St. (212-226-0747); Stanton Tailor Shop, 90 Stanton St. (212-353-9753); New York Tailors, 60 Kenmare St. (212-343-8790); Jose Tailor Shop, 205 Mott St. (212-941-0348).

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Picks of the Week

BlissSoho, the fashion crowd's favorite spa, is *giving away* free half-hour makeovers with makeup artist Michael Kier. One per customer. Mention this promotion when booking. *568 Broadway, near Prince St., second floor (212-219-8970); through 8/31.*

Tocca, Theory, and Daryl K are just a few of the fabulous labels at this women's-clothes-and-accessories blowout. Most prices are under $100. Sizes 2–12. *261 W. 36th St., second floor (212-947-8748); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon., Tues, Thurs. 10–7, Wed. 8–6, Fri. 10–6; 7/24–8/3.*

Inca's woven beach bags, mats, and sexy beaded bikinis (all de rigueur on the chic-est Hamptons beaches) are 70 to 80 percent off: Bikinis are $50, bags are $15–$50, and sarongs are $40. *53 W. 36th St., Suite 305 (212-967-5212); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Thurs. 10–6; 7/24–7/28.*

Hoyt & Bond, whose sweet, preppy dresses and knits for women and kids are sold at stores like Barneys, is taking up to 70 percent off all stock—everything's under $50. *611 Broadway, near Houston St., Suite 714 (212-228-9102); cash only; Tues., Wed. 10–6; 7/25–7/26.*

The MOMA Design Store's sleek, gift-able home accessories and gadgets are mostly 40 to 60 percent off at the summer sale, from $6 for Christmas ornaments to $100 for a tea trolley. *44 W. 53rd St. (212-767-1050); A.E., M.C., V.; Sat.–Thurs. 10–6:30, Fri. till 8; 7/27–8/3.*

Lederer de Paris's swank classic handbags are usually $150 to $500. This week, the sale preview offers dozens of styles for $80. *457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (212-355-5515); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 9:30–6; 7/24–7/29.* ■

Photograph by Brooke Williams.

MOVIES PETER RAINER

Breathtaking

'What Lies Beneath' may be a technically accomplished thrill ride, but the main attraction is Michelle Pfeiffer's delectable damsel in distress.

What Lies Beneath IS A GREAT BIG *BOO!* movie involving two great big stars, Harrison Ford and Michelle Pfeiffer, and an Oscar-winning director, Robert Zemeckis, and doubtless there will be those who see this lineup as some sort of advance in the current screen-horror derby, with its *Scream* and *I Know What You Did Last Summer* entries and spoofs like *Scary Movie.* Shock pictures now are almost exclusively low-budget and schlocky, with teens their target audience. By comparison, *What Lies Beneath* comes on like a class act, even though its sex-and-terror ingredients are not that far removed from the cheapies.

I'm not convinced that a glossier version of the same old entrails is all that classy. There's something to be said for the low-grade approach to horror; at least it makes no bones about what's going on. Whenever a heavyweight director deigns to make a scare movie, we inevitably hear about how the filmmaker intends to anticipate the audience's preconceptions and "reinvent" the genre. This was the mantra when Stanley Kubrick made *The Shining.* He let it be known that we weren't going to be getting just any old pulp; we would be getting *oracular* pulp. Kubrick approached the Stephen King material as if he were a pathologist painstakingly dissecting the cadaver of an expired genre, holding each organ up to the light for inspection. Despite all this posturing, parts of *The Shining* did indeed have oracular power, but Kubrick's lugubriousness killed most of our pleasure in the essential pulpiness of it all.

There was something punishing in Kubrick's attempted makeover of the genre; he was telling audiences that the low-down frights they have come to expect from these films were beneath them—or, more to the point, beneath *him.* What he failed to grasp was that if you wish to be a master, you cannot approach the horror genre with such cold calculation; it's far too sensual an animal for that. A great scare movie is a species of ravishment in which you give yourself up to the forbidden. The terror lies not just in the knowing but in the not knowing too—in the thrill of being unmoored. Hitchcock, for all of his fanatic preplanning and tricks of the trade, always made sure the deadbolts of his narratives were fondled open by the pleasures of the illicit. His best films brought out the erotics of danger.

In *What Lies Beneath,* Robert Zemeckis appears to have adopted the same *I'll show 'em* attitude as Kubrick. He wants his new film to be not just a star-studded thrill ride but also the playbook that future scare-movie directors will be drawing on for years to come. But he hasn't rewritten the playbook, just rejiggered it. As you watch *What Lies Beneath,* you can practically see the frame-by-frame storyboards and digital stopwatches that went into its making; the film is a feat of horror engineering. And on that level, at least, it mostly delivers. The audience, adding its own Sensurround, shrieks in all the intended places, then giggles afterward. Zemeckis includes the standard paraphernalia of the genre: the hand reaching abruptly into frame, the shadows under the door, the family pet that senses something is horribly wrong, the car that won't start, the corpse that bursts alive. But in the end, it's not really such a great achievement to make an audience jump on cue. The horror cheapies are pretty adept at it, if nothing else. What's disappointing about *What Lies Beneath* is that nothing lies beneath.

Windows 2000: Pfeiffer and co-star Harrison Ford, scared out of their wit, in *What Lies Beneath.*

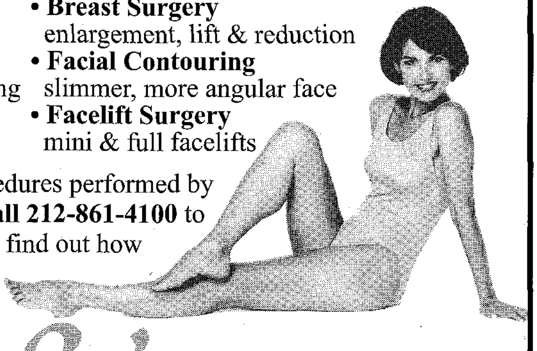
Nothing, that is, except Michelle Pfeiffer's performance, which has more depth than this film deserves. Her Claire, the wife of a prominent research scientist, Dr. Norman Spencer (Ford), believes the Vermont home they inherited may be spook-infested, and she has a fragility that makes you afraid for her. Pfeiffer takes you through the paces of her character's mounting terrors and denials, and you feel that, yes, this is how a real human being would react in this situation. Pfeiffer's

Look Like a Million
For a Couple Of Thousand

IN THE WORLD OF PLASTIC SURGERY, SOMETHING AMAZING HAS HAPPENED. AS THE PROCEDURES HAVE BECOME MORE EFFECTIVE THEY HAVE ALSO BECOME MORE AFFORDABLE.

Most procedures may be financed for as little as $100 a month.

- **Board-Certified Surgeons** experienced & caring staff
- **Liposuction** permanent fat removal
- **Nasal Surgery** improve appearance & breathing
- **Eyelid Enhancement** reduce puffiness & excess skin
- **Computer Imaging** preview your possible result
- **Breast Surgery** enlargement, lift & reduction
- **Facial Contouring** slimmer, more angular face
- **Facelift Surgery** mini & full facelifts



These are just a few of the procedures performed by our board-certified surgeons. **Call 212-861-4100** to schedule a free consultation and find out how you can look and feel your best.

PROFILES & CONTOURS
THE NEW YORK CENTER FOR PLASTIC SURGERY
800 Fifth Avenue at 61st St.- Manhattan
www.profilesandcontours.com
212-861-4100

COSMETIC SURGERY
CAN MAKE YOU LOOK AS GOOD AS YOU FEEL

DENISE THOMAS, with 20 years experience, can offer you up-to-date information, guidance and sensitivity, in choosing the best Board Certified Plastic Surgeons. Within the guidelines that YOU determine, both financially and aesthetically, she can help you select a doctor that is just right for you!

WHICH COSMETIC SURGEON SHOULD YOU USE?

DENISE THOMAS
COSMETIC SURGERY CONSULTANT
212.734.0233
WWW.DENISETHOMAS.COM

American Heart Association®
Fighting Heart Disease and Stroke

It keeps more than memories alive.

AMERICAN HEART ASSOCIATION MEMORIALS & TRIBUTES®

1-800-AHA-USA1

This space provided as a public service.
©1994, 1997, American Heart Association

special gift is that she is both ethereal and supremely down-to-earth. It's the perfect combination for the role. When Claire goes to a psychiatrist (Joe Morton) for help, she tries to frame her anxiety in realistic terms, but you can see that she's enticed by her fearfulness. A former cellist, she is presented as the free-spirited contrast to her cerebral scientist husband, played by Harrison Ford with his usual solid-oak somnolence. Claire is the one who is truly in tune with the cosmos. This classic, corny art-science dichotomy is common to schlock occultism. Pfeiffer gives it a poignancy. Terror turns Claire wraithlike. As the frights heighten, her hair seems to grow munificently scraggly; at times, she resembles a pre-Raphaelite Ophelia. In the film's most clutch-the-arm-of-your-date scene, she sits mute and immobilized in a bathtub as it fills to the drowning point, and her cat's-eyes seem to give off a lasered glow. You can believe this woman might be possessed because, after all, who *wouldn't* want to possess her?

I've been deliberately discursive in discussing this film because I don't want to give the show away (unlike the film's trailer, or even the print ads). But audiences won't be without a road map. Zemeckis and his screenwriter, Clark Gregg, draw on a whole stable of imperiled-woman warhorses, including *Wait Until Dark* and *Gaslight;* they summon up *Fatal Attraction* and *Rear Window* and *Psycho* and *The Haunting*. So much for reinventing the genre. You won't need to be that smart to figure out what lies beneath. You just need a bit of film history.

ANDRÉ TÉCHINÉ, THE DIRECTOR AND A CO-writer of **Alice and Martin**, has one of the most rapturously lyrical film techniques around. His early works, such as *French Provincial* and *Barocco*, or, more recently, *Wild Reeds*, are pure bliss-outs. *Alice and Martin* ought to be one, too, since it's essentially a depiction of *amour fou:* Martin (Alexis Loret), running away from his damaged past, is swept up by Alice (Juliette Binoche), a violinist who lives in Paris. Though Alice initially seems closed off, Martin's extensive turmoils turn her on. Their love is meant to be a grand folly, but both Alice and Martin are too opaque to raise temperatures. It makes sense that Martin becomes a male model in Paris: He's all surface. When he's pained, it's as if he were *advertising* anguish. Juliette Binoche is a much more resonant performer, but in a way she's an advertisement, too: She might be pitching a new *parfum*, Despair. Despite some glorious passages, *Alice and Martin* is play-act passion. ▬

Peter Rainer's 1998–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

BOOKS DANIEL MENDELSOHN

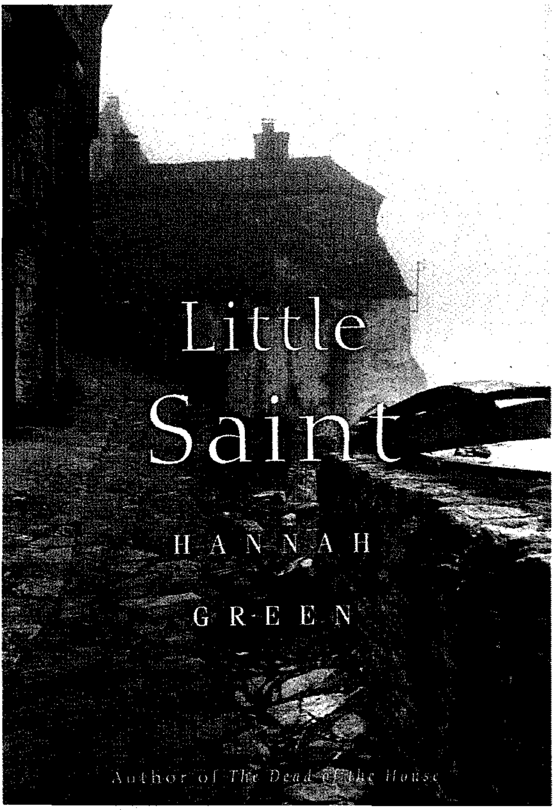
Saints Preserve Us

If you can find it, Hannah Green's posthumous book about Saint Foy—along with her "near-perfect" novel—will renew your sense of faith.

Little Saint
BY HANNAH GREEN
Random House; 276 pages; $25.95

The Dead of the House
BY HANNAH GREEN
Books & Co./Turtle Point Press; $12.95

WHERE WILL READERS BE ABLE TO FIND the late Hannah Green's extraordinary book, now being published four years after the author's death? Judging from the official classification on the back jacket, *Little Saint* will end up on the Religion shelf of your local Barnes & Noble. I've learned to expect little from the superstores, whose desperate need to identify and then target "markets" (which have "buying habits," as opposed to readers, who have minds) has resulted in a passion for taxonomy that makes Linnaeus look like Oscar Madison. I wouldn't bat an eye if I found *Moby-Dick* in the Marine Biology section at my local behemoth. But Random House, which is publishing *Little Saint,* should be ashamed of itself for classifying this remarkable work as anything but Literature—for marking it, in other words, in a way that will take it out of the path of people interested in good and interesting writing (and in going wherever such writing might take them) and placing it in a "niche." I'm not someone who'd voluntarily visit the Religion section of any bookstore; I hate to think of others like me who, due to the demands of Mammon, are likely to miss this little gem because it talks about God.



It's not that Green's book isn't about religion. The book's ostensible subject is the fourth-century Saint Foy ("Faith"), who was martyred as a 12-year-old girl in the year 303: tortured for refusing to renounce her faith (she was barbecued alive) and then beheaded. Her bones eventually came to rest in a stony mountain village in the Auvergne called Conques, which is where Green, traveling in France with her husband, the artist John Wesley, first encountered her in 1975; from the "stilled moment, awed and torn with tenderness" when the writer first beheld the jewel-encrusted reliquary in which the saint's skull is kept, she fell under a kind of spell that she describes here with a distinctive mixture of quiet, observant intensity, and helpless, amazed mysticism.

But *Little Saint* is much more than a saint's life. You could describe it as a travel book that records two interconnected journeys. The first was a literal one. After that initial encounter with St. Foy, Green—who was born in Ohio and lived in California and New York over the course of her career as a teacher and occasional *New Yorker* contributor—kept returning over the course of twenty years to Conques; the book is the record of a great love for a place whose plainness, like that of its inhabitants, conceals great riches. Most travel writing wobbles between equally unattractive extremes: overperfumed rhapsodizing and banal list-making. Green's prose, on the other hand, glints and gleams like the countless jewels that have poured into the treasury of the girl-saint's basilica since the ninth century, "as if it were to satisfy her feminine vanity." (Many of the legends about St. Foy concern her "jokes"—the amusing ways she's moved people to donate their gems to her shrine.) The sense of illumined awareness that this writer's devotion to St. Foy has awakened in her infuses even the most casual descriptions with startling life; the resultant style is characterized by a kind of exultant narrative blurring of the visual with the aural, or the physical with the metaphysical. For Green, the local rivers make a noise "like the sounds of thousands of hands clapping, clapping as they would, in waves of applause down through ages"; in St. Foy's basilica you can hear "the heavy musical grace of the rounded arches."

The intricate, lulling structure of Green's narrative also blurs boundaries, to magnificent effect. One of

Fine Italian Cuisine
Giambelli 50th
Giambelli Quality
Giambelli Tradition
Giambelli Experience
Private rooms available Open 7 days
46 E. 50th St., NYC
(Bet. Park & Madison Ave.)
(212) 688-2760-61

If a **great magazine** will tell you about a **great restaurant** you will probably try it, right?
Well guess what, it just did!
bari
(212) 431-4350 SOHO
529 Broadway (Corner of Spring St.)

New York's most authentic Irish Pub, offering the freshest seafood, steaks, pub specials and pastas
"PIG 'n' WHISTLE" on 3rd
CASUAL DINING • LUNCH • DINNER • SNACKS • COCKTAILS
IRISH BREAKFAST BRUNCH • SAT - SUN
Sunday Piano Bar • 6:30 - 9:30 pm
922 Third Avenue (btwn. 55th & 56th streets) • 688-4646

St. ANDREWS
STEAK • SEAFOOD • RAW BAR
120 West 44th Street
◆
New York, NY 10036
◆
212-840-8413

The city's most exciting new restaurant
utsav
Festive India
1185 Avenue of the Americas
Enter 46th & 47th St. between 6th & 7th Ave.
www.UTSAVFESTIVEINDIA.com
(212) 575-2525

Ristorante Italiano
Montebello
FINE CUISINE AND ELEGANT AMBIANCE
PRIVATE PARTY ROOMS 10-150
120 E. 56th St., (bet. Park & Lex.) 212-753-1447

Innovative Cuisine with a French Accent!
Meli Melo
Open Sundays
686-5551
11:30AM - 1:00AM
110 Madison Ave.
(bet. 29th & 30th)

the distinctive pleasures of this book is the way that the author creates a giant history—of her own life and mind, of Conques and its people, its traditions, its religion, its saint—from ostensibly small tales, linking discrete narratives in an ever-widening circle that allows the author to impart a great deal of information in a deceptively casual way. (It's a technique called "ring composition," and it goes back to Herodotus.) We hear how Green's neighbor, the delightful Rosalie, raises lettuce in one of her eight gardens; in the dressing she prepares for her lettuce salads, Rosalie uses walnut oil; there follows a description of how walnut oil is prepared locally; this leads to a description of some local walnut orchards owned by Rosalie's husband, Charlou; Green then recalls Charlou's explaining how he pays the men who help him harvest the walnuts, a story that suggests much about the local economy; and then *voilà*—we're back at the table with Rosalie and Charlou, eating the salad. A lesson in local customs, agriculture, geography, cuisine, and sociology, all disguised as lunch.

Green's treatment of Rosalie and the other townspeople is free of the aren't-they-just-the-quaintest-things condescension of, say, Peter Mayle's Provençal tales. These poor villagers are anything but endearing clichés, although it's typical of Green's somewhat languorous style, which only occasionally feels a bit stretched out, to tempt you into thinking they're adorable "characters"—only to reveal, suddenly and deep into the narrative, odd, sometimes disturbing shadows. (This is true of the town as a whole: Throughout the book there runs like a leitmotif a series of dark references to World War II, which "broke all our lives," as one local woman puts it.) The gallery owned by the local artist Jean Sègalat, with whom Green has an ongoing debate about the number of times the town's church bell rings each day—336? 621?—is named for a married lover who killed herself; the adorable Mme. Benoit, who at 91 is possibly the town's oldest, and definitely its most pious, resident ("I am saved," she cries one evening after Green and her husband walk her home during a rainstorm, and you can't quite tell whether she's referring to the fact that they all managed to fit under Green's umbrella or to the Resurrection) has, as you learn only at the very end of the book, lived a life of great suffering and loss. "People thought that with so much grief and tragedy I would lose my faith," she says one day. "But *au contraire.* I had to strengthen my faith."

Faith is the second of the two journeys that *Little Saint* so richly and movingly records. Let me say here that the phrase "spiritual journey" usually inspires in me the urge to gag; in an age of fifteen-minute yoga fixes, when scented candles are thought to constitute a spiritual experience, "spiritual" is a word not to be trusted. But just as *Little Saint* builds its narrative beauty out of concrete details and careful observations of material things, so too is its investigation of the spiritual "force or power that could be felt" beneath Conques's buildings grounded in concrete detail.

Her book is all the more persuasive for it. Green takes small, real things—the way in which the sculpted figures adorning St. Foy's basilica resemble certain present-day townspeople; photographs of Mme. Benoit's long-dead children; the beatings local children once received every time they spoke the local patois instead of French—and (I can think of no other word) transubstantiates them into a grand parable of faith. Faith not merely in God but in those things in which God, for Green, and especially St. Foy are manifested: the continuity of human experience through time, the ability to see beauty in the face of loss, and traditional culture, which like a living thing clings stubbornly to life even in the harshest conditions. *Little Saint* is an example of the best that our culture offers; it too deserves to flourish.

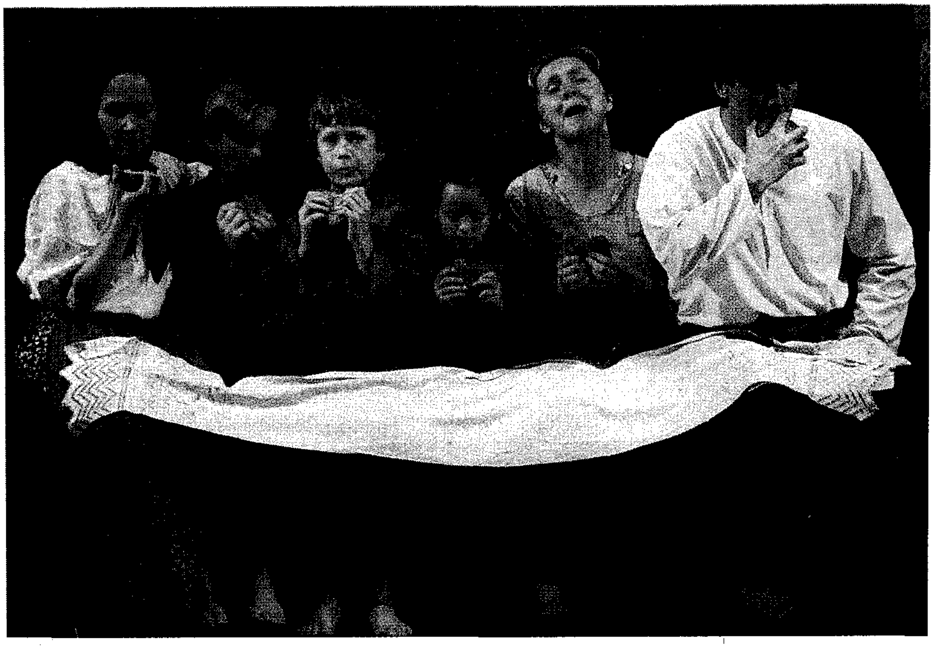
IN THE AUTHOR BIO THAT APPEARS IN *LITTLE Saint,* Random House matter-of-factly refers to Green's 1972 novel *The Dead of the House,* her other major work, as "near-perfect." (Still, they left it to Jeannette Watson's boutique press, Books and Co./Turtle Point, to reclaim it.) After reading this novel, I can see what they're talking about. Like *Little Saint, The Dead of the House* is both meticulous and deceptively simple-looking: a three-part first-person narrative (by a girl called Vanessa, roughly Green's age and background) that looks like little more than the history of a single midwestern family, the Nyes of Ohio. And as in the St. Foy book, the novel's narrative is assembled from narrated scenes, oral histories, and written documents into which darkness occasionally erupts: "I don't remember anything happy ever in that room." Yet for all that Vanessa feels haunted by "the dead of the house"—the ghosts whose interlinked stories range from the French and Indian War to Pearl Harbor—this book is about life: the life, really, of America itself. With any luck, the sacred *Little Saint* will awaken interest in its secular predecessor; the latter, at any rate, you'll be able to find easily enough, without having to find God first. ■

Daniel Mendelsohn's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

From Russia With Loaves

'Brothers and Sisters,' a doughy, six-hour adaptation of a Russian trilogy, makes you feel like you're reliving history moment by moment—literally.



Dysfunctional family: the cast of *Brothers and Sisters.*

WITH ITS UNFAILING NOSE FOR the unnecessary, the Lincoln Center Festival has brought us the St. Petersburg Maly Theater's production of **Brothers and Sisters**, a two-part, six-hour adaptation of a novelistic trilogy by Fyodor Abramov, executed by Sergey Bekhterev, Arkadiy Katsman, and Lev Dodin, the Maly's and the show's director. It was presented with uncredited supertitles that sometimes went by too rapidly, sometimes lingered too long, but neither way convinced us that the work, three hours of which I endured, merited our attention.

Novels generally adapt poorly to the stage; trilogies, I daresay, thrice more so. This is the story of a Russian village during and after World War II, whose men are—those that haven't perished—slow in getting back to their love- and food-starved women. The hero is Mikhail, a boy too young for the war, who, at 17, finds himself the head of the Pryaslin family: widowed mother, two sisters, two little brothers. The chairman of the village kolkhoz, Anfisa, is not eager for her husband's return; she is waiting for another man she's met. She has done her best for the village, but incurs ingratitude from the villagers, a perfect, predictable cross section of rubleless rubes, including the indispensable village idiot. There is also the merry and sexy widow, the witty Varvara, a loose cannon ogled by the men and frowned on by the women.

There is hunger in the village, which all hope will end with the peace. Stalin's political heirs ensure that it doesn't. There are political struggles within the kolkhoz leadership. Mikhail's friend Yegorsha leaves for the city, for tractor-driver school. Mikhail and the older Varvara have a much-condemned affair until, while he is gathering wood in the forest, she runs off to the city with Anfisa's cast-off husband. There is an occasional feast at which everyone gets drunk. More often there is penury and hunger. The slicing-up and dividing of a loaf of bread becomes a solemn ritual—an effective scene once, unfortunately reprised in a later dream sequence.

Hunger everywhere. I myself got hungry, though not for food. For something really original to happen. For the language to rise higher than the supertitles into imagination, poetry. For the mise-en-scène to show genuine invention. The play and production are 15 years old, but from the design, direction, and acting, it might as well be 150. The set is a modest wall of logs which is creakily lowered and raised. There are also two horizontal poles—a gate—spinning together from opposite sides to form a barrier across the forestage. This must have happened some 50 or 60 times during the play, and after roughly the thirtieth became as unexciting as the rest of the goings-on. The rather crude lighting did us one service: It sometimes made reading the supertitles harder, and spared us a few platitudes like "I'd rather die than live dishonored."

The staging was either hysterical, with actors running all over the auditorium, or nobly statuesque, with each of the 40-odd performers striking overlong poses. One mute eating scene went on forever, to underline the importance of food, until even said village idiot, were he in the audience, would get it. There was much singing and dancing to accordion accompaniment, pleasant until taken over by an overloud PA system.

The acting was mostly old-school, solid as those logs, but unsubtle, more ludicrous than ludic. The shining exception was the Varvara of Natalya Fomenko: a vital, sensual actress, handsome and well-spoken, with allure and temperament enough for two, though not for 36. Good, too, in a more conventional way, was Sergey Vlasov's sassy Yegorsha.

It is a pity that we were treated to this ossified marathon when the new Russian drama has surely finer practitioners. I have read with great interest about the new woman dramatists Lyudmila Petrushinskaya, Viktoria Takarova, Lyudmila Ulitskaya, and Nina Sadur. Why not one of their works rather than Abramov's tiresome troika? Perhaps it was assumed that nothing is so universal as bad taste. ■

John Simon's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Photograph by Stephanie Berger.

ART MICHAEL BRENSON

Free Speeches

An overdue retrospective reveals Barbara Kruger as a visionary who uses Madison Avenue techniques to subvert Madison Avenue values.

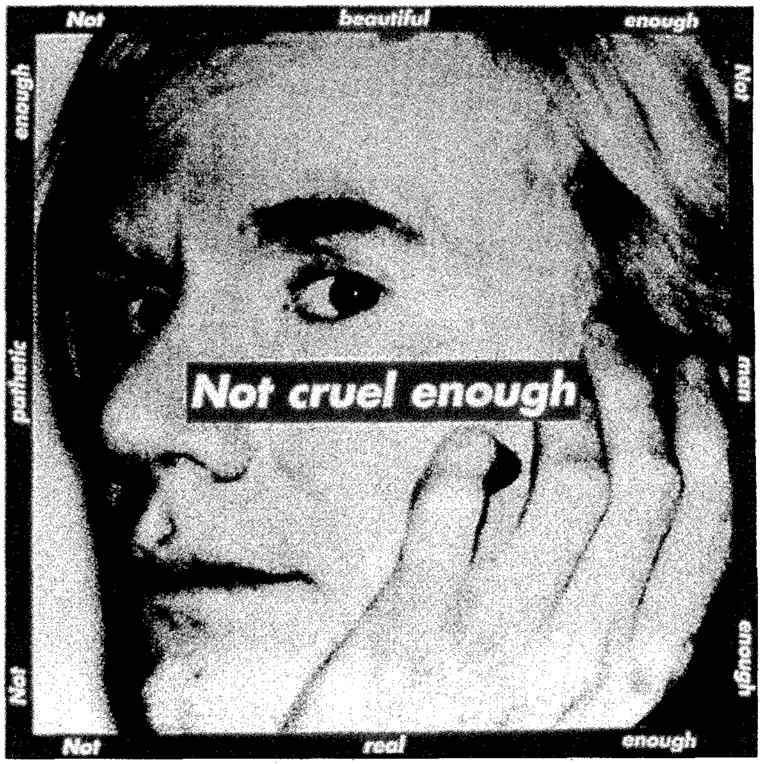
WHETHER PEOPLE LOVE OR HATE THE WORK of **Barbara Kruger**, they remember her words. The signature black-and-white photographs she appropriates—familiar yet vague, many taken from pre-1950 magazines, photo annuals, and instruction manuals—are emblems of a *Saturday Evening Post,* black-and-white-television time. By contrast, the words she superimposes on those images are fresh, knowing, and precise. They snap the images into the present. To people in power, her words say, *I am watching you.* To people who question themselves and power, they say, *You are not alone.* To everyone, they say, *I know who you are.* Even those who dismiss her work as illustration or agitprop have a nagging sense that they have been exposed.

Kruger received little training as an artist; she developed her visual language in the late sixties and early seventies as a designer at *Mademoiselle* and then as a picture editor at *House and Garden* and other publications. Yet she deeply believes in art's potential for mobilization, believes it can reach people on the street as well as in museums, and that it can put the intolerant and the self-important on their guard. Eager to reach out to the unconverted, she creates art that, with insight and wit, prods people to consider how and why they love and hate. No other American artist has worked in as many cultural spaces—radio, television, newspapers, bus stops, subways, billboards, and department stores. She wants to engage the world.

Given the brashness and feistiness of Kruger's work, its poignancy is easy to miss. Her retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art includes four large portrait-based pieces from 1997. Upon each close-up of an American icon, and set into Kruger's characteristic red vinyl frames, she imposes harsh judgmental phrases: NOT STUPID ENOUGH over the face of Marilyn Monroe; NOT ANGRY ENOUGH over Malcolm X's; NOT SILENT ENOUGH and NOT SEXY ENOUGH in the frame around Eleanor Roosevelt's; NOT MAN ENOUGH and NOT REAL ENOUGH around the face of Andy Warhol. Nobody is *enough.* Throughout her career, Kruger has struggled against ideals of perfection, with their endless capacity for breeding insecurity and cruelty. In her catalogue essay, art historian Rosalyn Deutsche notes the "plea that runs through all" of Kruger's work. She is always urging people to do better.

IT'S ABOUT TIME KRUGER, WHO IS 55, WAS GIVEN A RETROspective. Many other artists of her generation who have been critical of media culture (including Cindy Sherman, Jenny Holzer, Robert Longo, and Richard Prince) had museum shows years earlier. But Kruger's work is less restrained than theirs, and harder to put in an institutional box. It's no secret that operating in the public sphere is a priority for her: Anyone who puts raucous 45-second spots for her retrospective on "Howard Stern" and writes about fashion and taste on the windows of Saks is intent on reaching a mass audience, which helps explain why her show is taking place now, when many art museums are reaching out to visitors who never before felt welcome there.

In this market-driven, consumer-obsessed era, Kruger's work is timely for other reasons as well. She uses the eye-catching and seductive languages of marketing and selling; she is at home with the market. "Outside the market, there is nothing—not a piece of lint, a cardigan, a coffee table, a human being," she has asserted. Kruger's work is instantly recognizable—it *is* a brand. But her "product" has an unsettling charge that cannot be entirely defused by any display or presentation. Her work is a reminder that it's possible to use the strategies of Madison Avenue to appeal to a multitude of audiences, and still be serious and critical.



One agent provocateur to another: Kruger's 1997 *Untitled (Not Cruel Enough).*

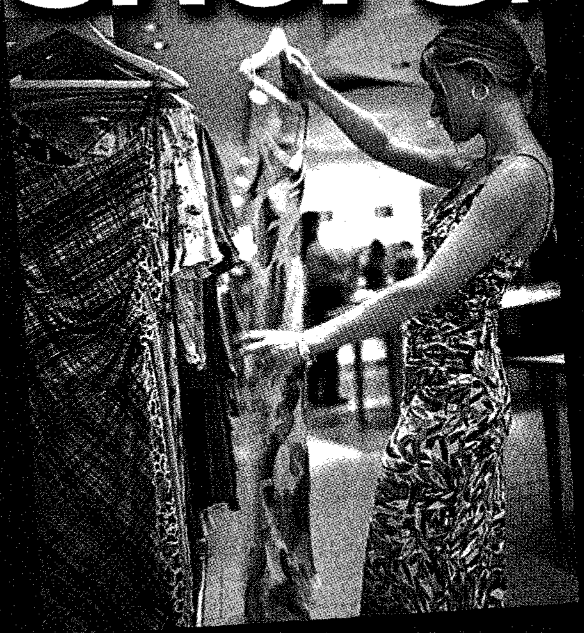
Courtesy Whitney Museum of American Art.

The Kruger retrospective was organized by Ann Goldstein for the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles and first shown at MOCA's Geffen Contemporary (formerly known as the Temporary Contemporary), where it had more works and roughly four times as much space. The Whitney exhibition is cramped. Together, the three large installations from the nineties that form the first tier, or band, of the show are overbearing. The second band, or huge central gallery, has too much in it, spanning too many—twenty—years.

But pointing out the problems with the show and with individual works is less important than recognizing Kruger's consistent ability to enter the well-armored realms of intimacy and taboo. When the elevator opens, visitors to the retrospective are confronted with a 1991 installation that is both over-the-top and breathtaking in its commitment and nerve. A strip of hate speech—epithets for women, gays, blacks, Latinos, Arabs, Chinese, Italians, and Jews—is framed on both sides by identical images of a youngster's face, mouth open, screaming in rage or pain. Set horizontally over the middle register of the epithet column, also in white letters but within a black rather than red background, is the phrase ALL VIOLENCE IS THE ILLUSTRATION OF A PATHETIC STEREOTYPE. Three of these words—*all, violence,* and *stereotype*—are bigger than the others. They seem to detach themselves from the words and become instruments of violence, like branding irons or torches; they have an almost terrifying physicality.

Kruger's need to dive in where others hesitate is clear even in the earliest works on display. For her 1978 "Hospital" series, Kruger took photographs of the antiseptic paraphernalia of hospital rooms and juxtaposed them with melodramatic magazine illustrations and words that flash light on the dramas of private experience (GO AWAY; NOT NOW; NOT THAT). It is also evident in Kruger's 1997 Pop statues, which suggest, like the 1997 portraits, how much American attitudes toward sexuality and gender shape the formation and memory of our media icons: *Family* is a nine-foot-tall commemorative white fiberglass sculpture of John and Robert Kennedy, smiling and well groomed, proudly holding on their shoulders the legs of a pantyless, cheerleading Marilyn Monroe, who is happy to be their trophy. The title is as bitterly ironic as any in the exhibition. Kruger lets us know that the American mix of sex, celebrity, and power is as intoxicating—and toxic—as ever. ■

Mark Stevens is on a six-month leave from the magazine.



ADVERTISEMENT

NEW YORK SHOPS!

MORE CHOICES
MORE SHOPPERS
MORE SALES

FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, *NEW YORK* MAGAZINE WILL PUBLISH A NEWSSTAND ONLY EDITION OF *NEW YORK SHOPS*— THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE TO SHOPPING IN THE BIGGEST SHOPPING PARADISE IN THE WORLD.

NEW YORK MAGAZINE®

PUBLICATION DATE: 9/15 ADVERTISING CLOSE: 8/7

FOR MORE INFORMATION, CALL PUBLISHER ALAN KATZ AT 212.508.0874

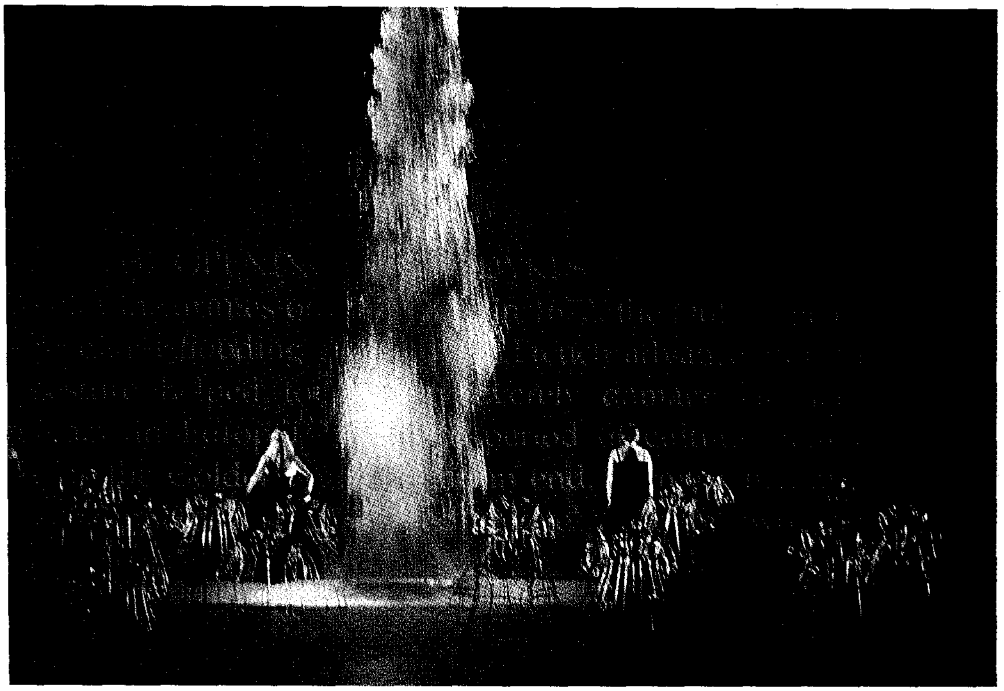
100,000 COPIES
ON NEWSSTANDS FOR 3 MONTHS

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOE SCAFURO

PETER G. DAVIS

Delft Blues

'Writing to Vermeer' refracts a moment in Dutch history through Peter Greenaway's perverting eye; 'Poème Électronique' is beautifully revived.



Take note: Greenaway and composer Louis Andriessen based *Vermeer* on eighteen letters to the artist from the women in his life.

THERE MAY HAVE BEEN MORE CONSEQUENTIAL events at this summer's Lincoln Center Festival, but **Writing to Vermeer** made the biggest splash—literally. At the end of this 100-minute opera, words by British film director Peter Greenaway and music by Dutch composer Louis Andriessen, gallons of water fell on the cast, cascaded off the stage, and (one hopes) narrowly missed conductor Reinbert de Leeuw and the musicians of the Asko/Schönberg Ensembles. The opera's action takes place in the fateful year of 1672, and this spectacular liquid finale presumably represents a last desperate measure by Dutch patriots to stave off marauding French invaders by opening the dikes and flooding the countryside. The tactic worked, but it also ruined Holland's economy, ended a century of prosperity, and brought bad luck to Jan Vermeer, that most cozily domestic of Dutch portrait painters, who died of a stroke after his own finances collapsed as well.

Other traumatic historical moments are depicted on the way to this final catastrophe: the crash of the tulip market, the gunpowder plot that destroyed much of Vermeer's hometown of Delft, the bloody mob lynching of the treasonous De Witt brothers—even the accidental swallowing of varnish by one of the artist's ten children. But, says Greenaway, all this is incidental to what he and Andriessen really wished to convey. *Writing to Vermeer* was actually intended to be a meditation on the painter (who never appears) as revealed in eighteen letters written to him and read to us by the three most prominent women in his life: his doting wife (Susan Narucki), wryly observant mother-in-law (Kathryn Harries), and chaste model (Barbara Hannigan). These chatty epistles are meant to reflect, at least in part, the idyllic nature of Vermeer's paintings, which invariably depict women with dignity and respect as they go about their daily tasks.

Well, that is what we are told by Greenaway, not always the most sympathetic observer of women in his films and perhaps for a moment feeling a bit sheepish. I wonder, though. The stage is so busy that the gentler written messages as sung by the three women often seem to be drowned in lurid spectacle. Even the letters themselves are turned into visual coups as we watch them being written out on screens at the back of the stage or rolling over the steeply raked acting area. If Andriessen's music accomplishes nothing in the way of character revelation or dramatic development, that's because the text calls for neither. I did enjoy listening to the score as a musical abstraction—this composer has enriched his language considerably since he was labeled a Dutch minimalist, and one day I hope he writes a *real* opera. Here, for better or worse, he is little more than Peter Greenaway's humble obedient servant in piling on one self-indulgent effect after another.

THE FESTIVAL'S OTHER BIG MUSICAL ATTRACTION, A FIVE-part series entitled **Electronic Evolution**, seemed more like a random sampler than a focused survey of how technology has affected the composition and performance of music over the past half-century. The individual concerts all contained much music of value, but only the big retrospective at Columbia University managed to put this important and complex trend into a useful or instructive context.

In the opening concert, Reinbert de Leeuw and his sterling Asko/Schönberg Ensembles gave a breathtaking performance of Olivier Messiaen's *Trois petites liturgies de la Présence Divine*. This is an impressive score, even to ears normally allergic to the composer's characteristic blend of birdsong and Catholic mysticism, but the mere presence of a wailing Ondes Martinot in the orchestra hardly makes it a major landmark in electronic music. At least Messiaen wrote music of substance, which is more than can be said for Ron

Photograph by Jack Vartoogian.

Ford, whose *Salome Fast* (1996) gives that naughty New Testament teenager the full electronic treatment but only succeeds in turning her into a frantic Looney Tunes cartoon. The third item on this oddly assorted program was a legendary oldie from 1954: Edgard Varèse's *Déserts,* a pioneering score for chamber orchestra and electronic taped interludes that has not aged well. Forty years ago, when I first heard it under the composer's direction, a bewildered audience seemed unsure whether to snicker or protest such avant-garde weirdness. Today the bleeps, bloops, and blats just sound quaint.

Four years later, though, for the Brussels World's Fair in 1958, Varèse finally found the technical means to realize the all-electronic masterpiece that had probably been in his head for decades: *Poème Électronique.* That amazing piece of organized sound—which must have made an extraordinary effect when first heard, distributed over 400 loudspeakers—appropriately opened a generous program of multichannel-tape music in the Low Library rotunda at Columbia University. The event reminded me of what an exciting place Columbia was for a composition student in the early sixties. In those days the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center was being outfitted with what were then state-of-the-art facilities, and the lively concerts organized by Vladimir Ussachevsky and Otto Luening in the old Miller Theater at Columbia could always be counted on to generate heated arguments.

Before the formal program got under way, those who wished could peruse a fascinating exhibition of photographs and illustrations showing the composers at work, the equipment they used, and the technical procedures that they were developing at the time. The Ampex tape recorders and other machinery on display have already taken on the patina of ancient musical history, period instruments as authentic as the Baroque lute or viola da gamba. Also available for inspection were interactive installations to demonstrate present and future possibilities for electronic music, along with audiovisual introductions and visual mapping analyses of the pieces on the program. And all six selections were choice, major works, from Karlheinz Stockhausen's seamless fusion of the human voice and electronically generated sound (*Gesang der Jünglinge,* 1956) to Paul Lansky's uncanny transformation of speeding autos on a four-lane highway into an eerie bit of Mahlerian poetry (*Night Traffic,* 1990). Here, at least, was a genuine festival event. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

FULFILL
AN
INNER
CITY
CHILD'S
WILDEST
DREAMS.
please give

You can make a real difference in a child's life by supporting The Fresh Air Fund. The Fund sends thousands of inner-city children to the country to visit volunteer host families or experience life at camp. You can help. For only $490 you can send a child to the country for two weeks. Give a child the priceless gift of summertime fun and hope.

The Fresh Air Fund
1.800.367.0003
The Fresh Air Fund, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018
Visit us at www.freshair.org to find out more.

A COPY OF OUR ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE FRESH AIR FUND, 1040 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, NY 10018 (212-897-8900), OR THE OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL, DEPARTMENT OF LAW, CHARITIES BUREAU, 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NY 10271.

© 2000 The Fresh Air Fund

TELEVISION **JOHN LEONARD**

Dixie Chicks

'A House Divided' is 'Show Boat' without songs, 'Amistad' with the same level of outrage—plus sex appeal; Meat Loaf survives a VH1 biography.

ON A REGULAR BASIS IN ANTEBELLUM GEORGIA, Sam Waterston and LisaGay Hamilton chat about plantation business. He owns the place. She keeps the books. Never mind that Sam is the master and LisaGay a slave; that he raped her when she was 14 years old; that the child of this seignorial privilege, Jennifer Beals, grew up thinking she was a perfect daughter of the Confederacy—until the truth came out when her fair-skinned hand was sought in marriage, after which she left home in a huff. Less like a practiced married couple than like an older brother and a younger sister, knowing the worst yet stuck with each other, Sam and LisaGay chat, and bicker, and stamp their feet, and bite their tongues.

For whom the belles toil: Jennifer Beals (left) and LisaGay Hamilton play daughter and mother in Showtime's *A House Divided.*

Except, of course, we can't "never mind" the violence and the servitude. **A House Divided** (Sunday, July 30; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime), based on an actual nineteenth-century court case, wants to be Shakespearean, with race as the tragic flaw. But it's really psychotic. It's more about those crazy chats than about who will inherit the Dickson plantation after the Civil War—the mundane as a screen for the monstrous. David Dickson (Waterston) seems to have loved his only child, Amanda (Beals). And perhaps decided that he also loved her mother, Julia (Hamilton). And surely knew he couldn't leave his properties to a former chattel. And so probably sought to signify his true feelings with a last will and testament requiring an all-male, all-pale Georgia jury to meditate in the 1880s on the niceties of estate law rather than on the morality of the peculiar institution. But the trial we sit through on cable television, from the original court transcript, is as crazy as the master-servant chat—another screen.

What peasants they were, these landed gentry, drenched in perfume, an aristocracy every bit as fraudulent as the northern industrialists—those stock swindlers, price fixers, slumlords, copper kings, and union busters who specialized in horses and chorus girls and had to be taught to eat with a fork—they despised. See Sam slaver before he discovers scruple. It's an amazing performance, and must also have been a relief after too many episodes of *Law & Order* in which he is asked to threaten perps with the needle in a bag and a strapping-down on gurneys. He is a rustic lunatic when he rapes LisaGay. He later on gave himself Agamemnon airs, as if just asking to get stabbed in the tub. He will wind up a tortured existentialist, although maybe this is intended to be Faulknerian, or even Jeffersonian. If you can't speak the truth about yourself till you're dead, you aren't much of an improvement on the racist lawyer (Sean McCann) who tries to break your will in court.

Meanwhile, LisaGay is noble and reticent. Jennifer is lugubrious and unforgiving. Tim Daly, as her resourceful young lawyer, is callow but clever. Shirley Douglas, Sam's mother in the movie and Kiefer Sutherland's in real life, is all-knowing and not-saying, a Hefty bag of family secrets. John Kent Harrison directs (how else?) as if there were something sick about the Old South. And Paris Qualles's screenplay, adapted from Kent Anderson Leslie's biography *Woman of Color, Daughter of Privilege: Amanda America Dickson, 1849–1893,* seems to have consulted both Robert Penn Warren and, if not Edna Ferber in person, then Ava Gardner in the movie version of *Show Boat.* At least on this plantation, nobody sings till the closing credits.

For all its predictability, *A House Divided* has surprising power, and I think that power derives from what it doesn't say behind its screens—those screams of denial. Steven Spielberg's version of *Amistad* had something of this same reserve: Despite the bullying of its soundtrack, the kneeling camera's excessive worship of Cinqué's heroic postures, and the shameless hamming of Anthony Hopkins as John Quincy Adams, *Amistad* was also subversive. At that trial, too, they argued obscenities of contract law and property rights, the ownership of souls and sinew. The secret history went unspoken—shackled, gagged, or drowned; coded into sorrow songs.

(continued on page 62)

Photograph by Ben Mark Holzberg

HAL RUBENSTEIN

Downtown Under

Authentic Australian dishes like emu and kangaroo are rare even in Sydney these days—who would ever expect to find them on Mulberry Street?

YOU NEVER WAIT AT PASTIS. WHEN YOU CALL Babbo at the last minute, they don't say, "Sorry—all we have available is 6 or 10:30"; they say, "Would you prefer upstairs or down?" So how come you've been thinking about seeing the movie *Loser*? Because you can't get into Ducasse, damn it. Every connection you *thought* you had short-circuited. What's worse, everyone you know thinks you're his "in." You've weighed leaving town for the summer. For the year. It's not like you care about the money. But what are you going to tell your friends when they find out you can't get their butts—or yours—into any of those 65 seats?

Okay, try this before you pull out the Samsonite. First, suggest that a ceremonial pen selection to sign a credit-card slip is even goonier than two-tone wing tips, or, say, David Bouley's crumb-trail-dropping bread cart. Then imply that even though getting into Ducasse is child's play, you prefer a downtown boîte that barely accommodates 25, where the menu goes *beyond* eight-star one-of-a-kindness. In fact, it's *Australian*. Ducasse may offer wild salmon, black truffles, veal sweetbreads. But come on, how many times are we going to go back to that old well? Who's for savoring emu, kangaroo, or skate wing dusted with bunya nut? Talk about being first on your block.

Ironically, dine at **Eight Mile Creek** and you could be the first on many a block in Sydney and Melbourne as well to sample these critters. Last year, I was in Australia for nearly two weeks and not one kangaroo I saw came within 40 hops of a hot plate. For the past few years, the host country of what will probably be the friendliest, sexiest Olympics ever (Aussies can't help themselves, which is why they captivate everyone who visits) has been caught up in wolfing down Mod Oz, its version of fusion cooking, a piquant, at times even acidic variation on Pacific Rim cuisine marked by an absence of fiery peppers and mustards and a partiality for passion fruit.

Despite the country's unique resources, local chefs admit that their desire to acquire classic French technique and interpret global trends has left them unsure as to how to incorporate such indigenous ingredients as quandong and lemon myrtle. In fact, the most fervent torchbearer of native Australian cooking, Jean-Paul Bruneteau, is in Paris, where his new place, Woolloomooloo, is a big hit. With a restaurant name like that, you can bet Bruneteau ain't wasting a lot of time garnishing cod quenelles.

Happily, there are now two more champions of pre–Mod Oz cooking, though their winner's circle wound up 10,000 miles from home. I doubt that Will and Frank Ford meant their railroad-flat-narrow, burnt-orange-painted, tin-wrapped space to be a bastion of nationalism. Talk to either of these easygoing charmers for five minutes, and politics does not spark their interest. Making the best margarita in town—and they are simply sensational—now, *that's* a priority. So is filling Eight Mile Creek with the food they've always found comforting. (And should you fancy Australian grapes—if you don't, you don't know them—their canny wine list will make you regret that the brothers don't sell bottles by the case.) Luckily, they have found an able ally in Ken Addington, who obviously learned a lot about balancing potent ingredients working under the underrated Geoffrey Zakarian at Patroon.

The result is a small but incredibly smart, incredibly unthreatening menu where each dish featuring an unfamiliar centerpiece is tempered by familiar surroundings, while each dish highlighting something soothing is framed by spirited kicks and quirks. Ubiquitous seared tuna is delightfully spiffed up with a wonderful marinade of sour orange atop seaweed noodles smacked with ginger. A dark, rich emu carpaccio, however, is bathed in a silken black-truffle vinaigrette. You swore kangaroo wasn't going to be this tender. It's briny spiciness is a treat, but that it tears like tenderloin is the sweet surprise. For so urbane a seafood, oys-

Eight is enough: Will Eight Mile Creek usher in a new era of haute Aussie dining?

Photograph by Magdalena Caris.

EVERY DAY I THINK ABOUT SUICIDE!

And it makes me feel good about myself.

I'm a volunteer on The Samaritans of NY's 24-hour suicide prevention hotline. I donate one morning or afternoon a week and respond to people who are depressed, in crisis and need someone to talk to.

The work is challenging. The training intensive. And though you cannot solve everyone's problems, it's satisfying to know that when someone reaches out for help....You're there!

If you want to become a volunteer

Call (212) 673-3041

If you or someone you know is in crisis, call The Samaritans 24-hour suicide prevention hotline at (212) 673-3000

First Rate Italian Food in Tribeca

Ecco! The Italian Salon

124 Chambers St. (Bet. Church & W.B'Way) NYC 227-7074

A Greenwich Village Tradition

Tio Pepe

Classic Spanish & Mexican Cuisine

"A wonderful place to meet, eat and have a great time, all at a reasonable price." Mary McCoy, MOR

www.tiopepe nyc.com

168 West 4th Street (212) 242-9338

Les Pyrenees

distinctive French specialties

Lunch • Cocktails • Dinner

PRIVATE PARTY FACILITIES

251 W. 51st St. (opp. Gershwin Theatre)

Res: 246-0044 / 246-0373

Jean Claude Pujol, Owner - Open 7 Days

Bombay Palace

ESTD. 1979

30 West 52 St. (bet 5th & 6th Ave)

•212•541•7777

WWW.BOMBAY-PALACE.COM

ter "Meat Pie" sounds leaden, but a thick, unapologetically gooey sauce of salsify and leeks, sharpened with tarragon, inspired almost childlike satisfaction. Avocado-and-cucumber soup is neither too velvety nor too sharp, and the sprinkle of Thai basil leaves a refreshing aftertaste. Unfortunately, bunya nut is so dense a layering that skate could just as easily be flounder. But the tartness of quandong fruit keenly balances the sweet lacquer on a barbecued quail.

In too many places now, confit of duck approaches the commonplace. But braised in consommé with wood ears and a ring of foie gras dumplings, the dish gets a tender reawakening. Striped bass is frisky in a black-vinegar reduction, but it should have come with at least a pound more of duck-confit mashed potatoes. No one could get enough of them. Rib eye is neatly stung by sherried peppers. The heavy taste of char is counterbalanced by a light dried-shrimp risotto. A luscious lamb is encrusted in an herb polenta that's just a bit too thick, but what fragrant wonders lemon myrtle can do to a chicken! And how clever to pair it with a leg that's been stuffed sausagelike with dark meat and livers.

I don't like dates. Unless it's chocolate, I don't like pudding. But whatever you do, order the sticky date pudding (it's really like cake). The pink-peppercorn pavlova looks superb. Once the meringue is broken, it's really a mess. Don't let that stop you. No way were the blithely swaggering Ford brothers weaned on rose-water panna cotta. But don't hold that against it. And the chocolate-macadamia-praline tart is just uncandylike enough to make you glad you are too civilized to share.

Now, mind you, elegance here doesn't go far. There are no twee tables expressly designed for the ladies to put their purses. And the revelry of the late-night bar crowd could make you long for those hushed tones bouncing off thick uptown upholstery, though if you've downed more than one of those margaritas you may not care until the sun comes up, when, yeah, you're still going to want to go to Ducasse. If only for your ego, and the production number with the pens. Not that Frank or Will won't offer you one. It's just that theirs are usually behind their ears.

Eight Mile Creek, 240 Mulberry Street (212-431-4635). Dinner only, Tuesdays through Sundays, 5:30 P.M. to 11:30 P.M. Appetizers, $8 to $13; entrées, $17 to $25. (Bar is open seven days a week, from 5:30 P.M., with its own bar menu.) All major credit cards. ▬

Hal Rubenstein's 1998–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Leonard

continued from page 60

LIKE THE NEW YORK *TIMES*, I'VE ALWAYS called him Mr. Loaf. And I am happy to report that the TV movie **Meat Loaf: To Hell and Back** (Wednesday, July 26; 9 to 11 P.M.; VH1), while not quite as compelling as the various *Behind the Music* and *Storytellers* documentaries on the same subject on the same cable channel, is conscientious enough to include a mention of his brief but indelible appearance in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, and to include it so cleverly that I can't tell whether the Loaf we see is Meat himself or W. Earl Brown superimposed like Zelig.

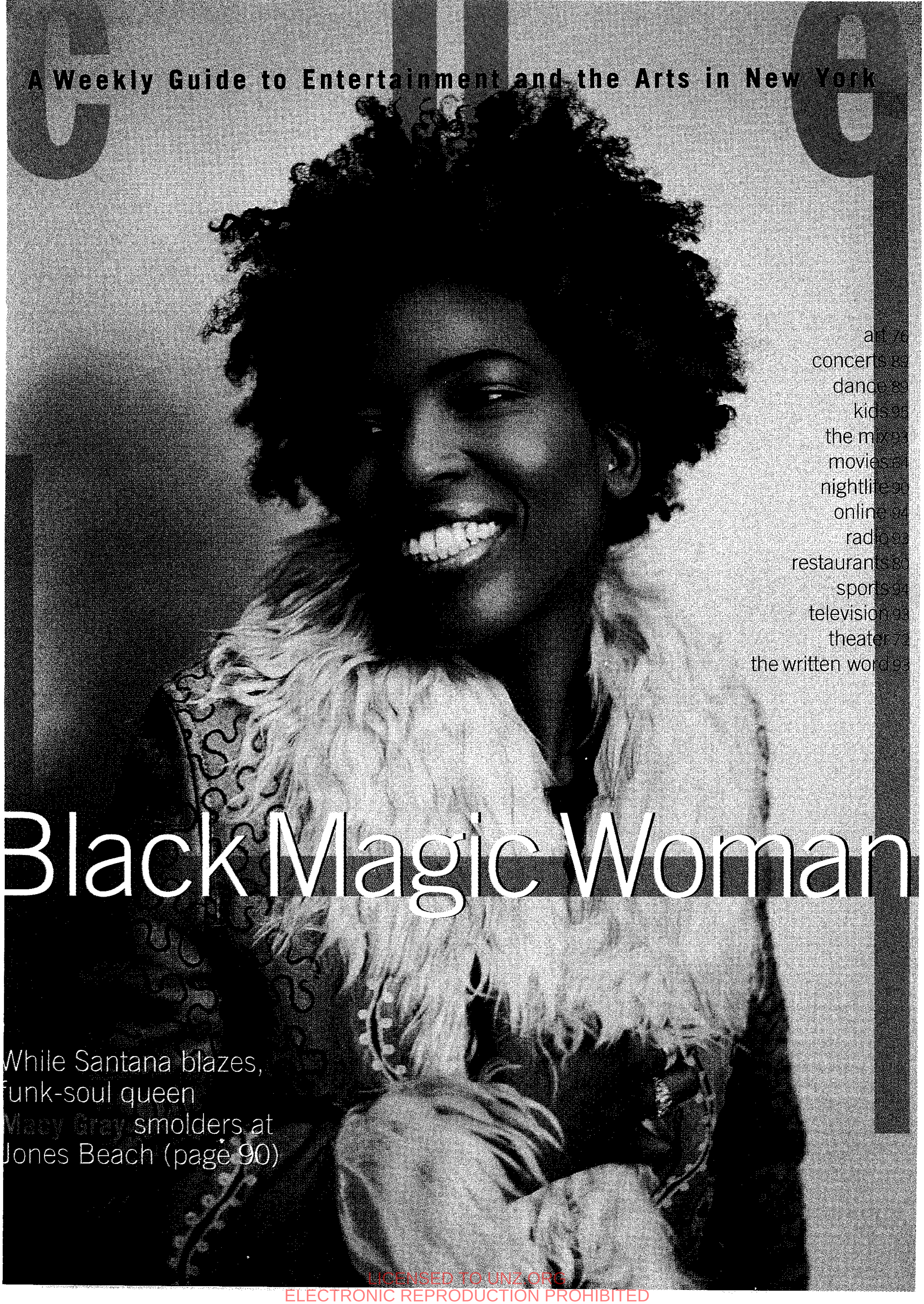
Anyway, Brown, who has been impressive in everything from *Vampire in Brooklyn* and *Scream* to *There's Something About Mary* and *Being John Malkovich*, was born for the part of Pot Roast, for whom I harbor more affection than for almost any other over-the-hill male rocker with a sob story that I can think of. And he would actually seem to deserve someone as loyal as Dedee Pfeiffer's Mrs. Loaf, even when she changes the color of her hair. And there is enough music in this biopic, from *Hair* to Jimmy Steinman (Zachary Throne), to make up for the sad fact that there's not much story beyond the usual alcoholic father, the long hard road to a record contract and a Grammy, the substance abuse, the bankruptcy, and the triumphant comeback. It can't be an accident that Jim McBride directs. He also made Dennis Quaid a lot more interesting than I would have thought possible, as Jerry Lee Lewis in *Great Balls of Fire*.

FINALLY, FOR THOSE MASOCHISTS AMONG you, there is **They Nest** (Tuesday, July 25; 8 to 10 P.M.; USA). I will not claim that Thomas Calabro (*Melrose Place*) as the alcoholic surgeon who chooses to recover from the shakes and a divorce on an island off the coast of Maine, or Kristen Dalton (*A Night at the Roxbury*) as the conveniently single proprietor of a tackle-and-bait shop, or Dean Stockwell (*Quantum Leap, Blue Velvet*) as the unbelieving sheriff, or John Savage (Spike Lee's *Summer of Sam*) as the noisiest of the moronic locals who don't leave town in time to save themselves from paralyzing stings and egg infestation, is much to be preferred, certainly not in the acting department, to any one of the plague-killing African armadillo bugs that are so hard to distinguish from look-alike Madagascar cockroaches—but they are all of them equally creepy. Your move. And loath as I am to suggest anything big-screen instead of small, you're better off seeing terrible things happen to Michelle Pfeiffer in *What Lies Beneath*. ▬

John Leonard's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



art 76
concerts 89
dance 89
kids 95
the mix 93
movies 84
nightlife 90
online 94
radio 93
restaurants 80
sports 94
television 93
theater 72
the written word 93

Black Magic Woman

While Santana blazes,
funk-soul queen
Macy Gray smolders at
Jones Beach (page 90)

movies

Girl on the Bridge...The Wind Will Carry Us

New Films

The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle—Mildly enjoyable live-action and animation big-screen update of the Jay Ward TV show, featuring Jason Alexander, Rene Russo, and Robert De Niro, who looks like he's on a much-needed actor's holiday. (Rainer; 7/17/00) (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) *Clearview's 59th Street East; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Alice and Martin—See Rainer, page 51. (2 hrs.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza.*

American Pimp—The Hughes brothers' first feature-length documentary examines the wide and not-so-witty world of pimps: the expensive clothes, the flashy automobiles, the fat bankrolls—not to mention the multitude of women they exploit. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

American Psycho—Christian Bale plays the designer serial killer and Wall Street hotshot Patrick Bateman in this overconceptualized movie adaptation of Bret Easton Ellis's controversial, overconceptualized novel. (Rainer; 4/24/00) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Loews State.*

The Big Blue: The Director's Cut—Luc Besson's 1988 film returns to the theaters as it was originally intended. Rosanna Arquette plays the love interest of handsome Jacques Mayol, who stars as an eccentric diver who has more rapport with porpoises than with human beings. (2 hrs. 43 mins.; R) *Clearview's First & 62nd St..*

Big Momma's House—*The Nutty Professor* meets . . . *The Nutty Professor* in this Martin Lawrence vehicle, which finds the would-be funnyman playing an FBI agent who has to dress up as an obese southern grandmother in order to nab some crooks. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG-13) *Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Blood Simple—The Coen brothers' audacious debut, about a green-eyed Texas bar owner who puts a contract out on his wife and her lover, returns in a trimmed-down director's cut. Starring John Getz, Frances McDormand, and Dan Hedaya. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Boricua's Bond—Love, death, and racial discord run rampant through this South Bronx tale, which features cameos by the late Big Pun as well as Method Man, Treach, Stickyfingaz, and model Tyson Beckford. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

But I'm a Cheerleader—The tale of a teenage girl (Natasha Lyonne) whose high-school friends become convinced she's a lesbian after learning she likes Georgia O'Keeffe, hates kissing her boyfriend, and doesn't eat meat. (1 hr. 24 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Butterfly—This film—a huge hit at the Sundance Film Festival and the recipient of thirteen Goya (Spanish Oscar) nominations—stars Spanish megastar Fernando Fernán-Gómez as a kindly schoolmaster who helps a timid new student adapt both to his campus and to the world around him. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre.*

★Chicken Run—The Bristol, England–based Aardman Studios has fashioned its first feature-length claymation effort, and it's a pip: a prison-break movie starring chickens, a kind of egglayer *Stalag 17*. The concept itself is funny, but co-directors Nick Park and Peter Lord bring in a lot more, including an assortment of hens who together make up a panorama of British spinsterhood. Mel Gibson is the voice of the Rhode Island rooster who helps with the rescue, and he's jauntier here than he is in *The Patriot*. (7/10/00) (1 hr. 33 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

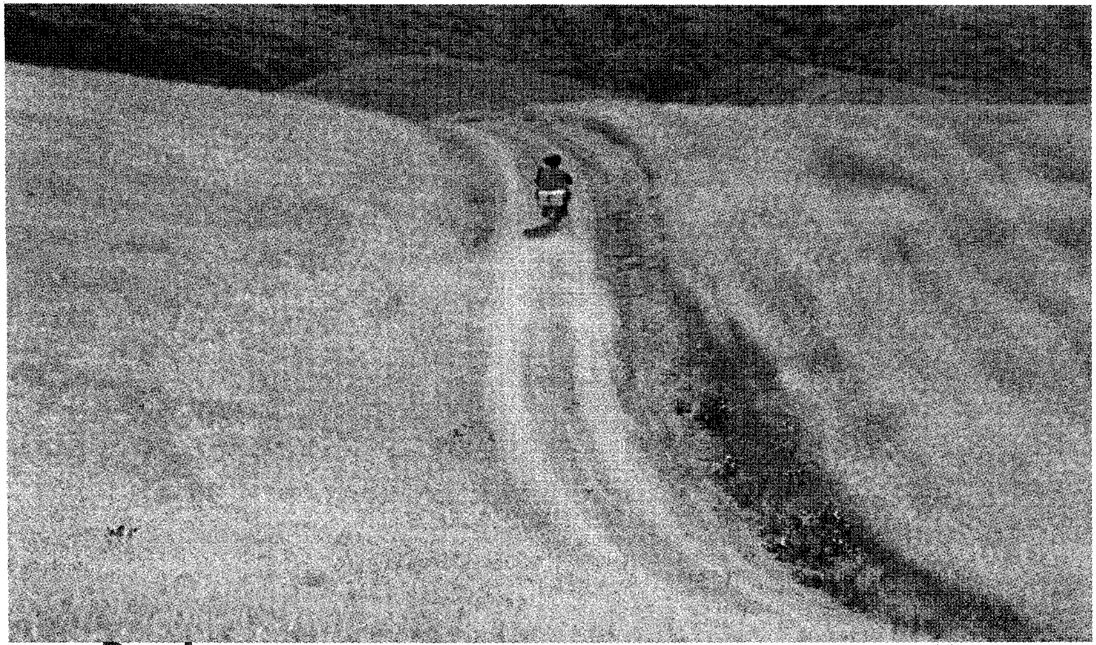
Chuck & Buck—Buck (Mike White) is a 27-year-old man-child who sucks lollipops and listens to old LPs; Chuck (Chris Weitz), his childhood friend, is a successful L.A. record executive. When Chuck attempts to reunite with his old chum by moving close to him and stalking him and propositioning him, the film turns into a demento erotic thriller. Unfortunately, Chuck is the inner-child hero of the piece, and what's disturbing about him soon dissipates. It's as if we were meant to take dear old Norman Bates as Huck Finn. (Rainer; 7/24/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

★Croupier—Mike Hodges, the much underrated English director, teams with screenwriter Paul Mayersberg in this sharp, cool drama about a would-be novelist, smashingly played by Clive Owen, who works as a croupier in a posh London casino. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (1 hr. 29 mins.; NR) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; The Screening Room; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Decalogue—Krzysztok Kieslowski's ten-part mini-series, each episode cheekily based on one of the Ten Commandments. (NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Dinosaur—This latest Disney animated feature uses digital techniques against mostly live-action backdrops, and the cost of the whole shebang is said to top $140 million. The visual expressiveness of the dinos is expert, but the script is the usual Disney dishwater. Thankfully, it's not a musical. May be too scary for little kids. (Rainer; 5/29/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Loews State; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Disney's The Kid—Bruce Willis stars as a caustic, snide image consultant who magically connects with himself as a chubby 8-year-old (Spencer Breslin) in this gooey, homiletic movie that's all about the virtues of locating one's inner child. Hollywood would be better off trying to locate its inner adult. (Rainer; 7/17/00) (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II;*



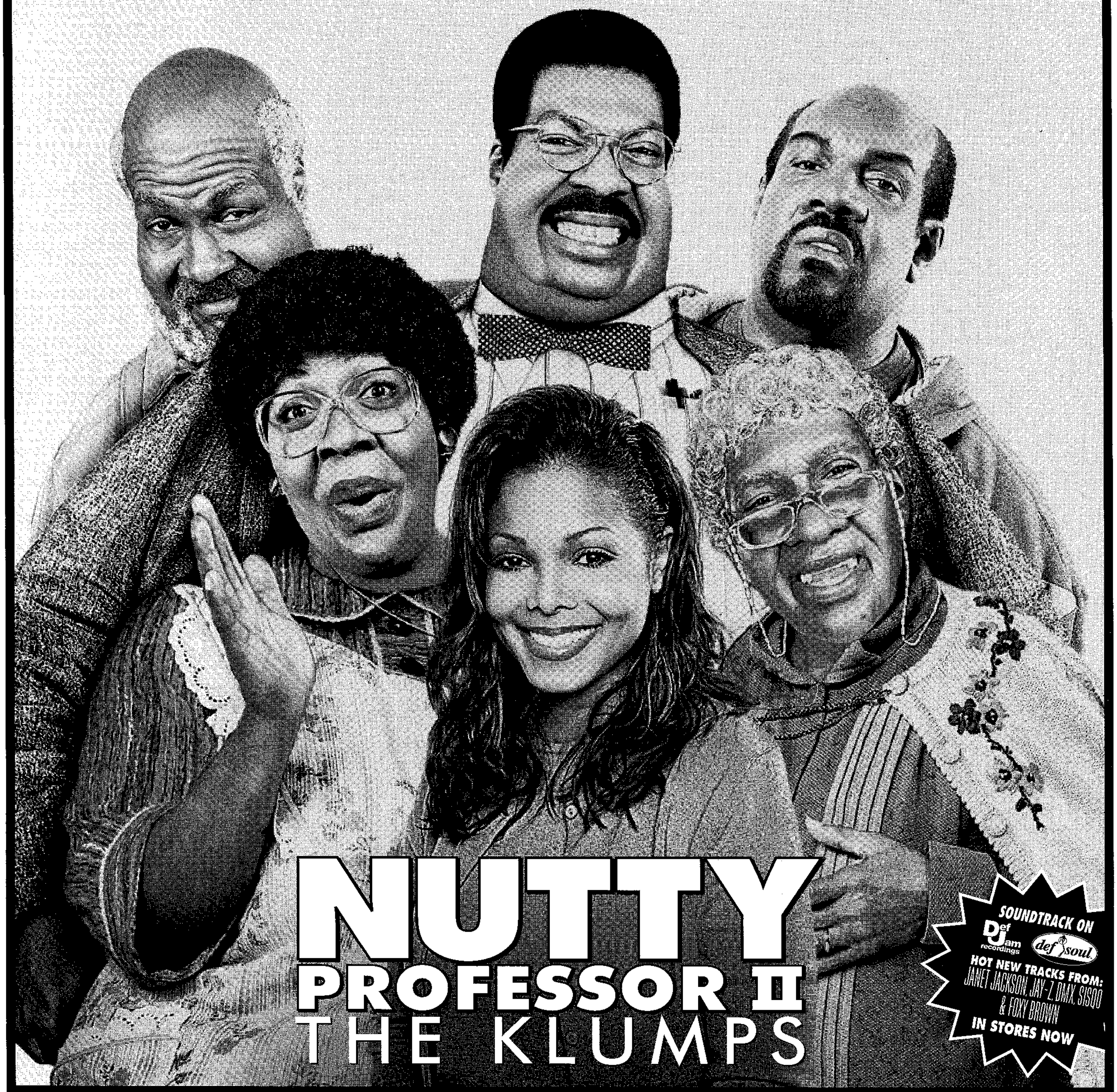
Premiere

Mysterious Stranger

Iranian filmmaker Abbas Kiarostami is often compared to Ingmar Bergman and Akira Kurosawa for his stylized meditations like *Through the Olive Trees* and the Cannes Film Festival Palme d'Or winner *Taste of Cherry. The Wind Will Carry Us,* his latest, is the tale of a man who arrives by Land Rover at a small town in Kurdistan. At first, he tells the visitors he's there to do a survey. We soon learn that this is not the case. Opens July 28 at Lincoln Plaza and Quad Cinemas.

'Cue' cover photograph by Jill Greenberg/Corbis Outline.

EDDIE MURPHY



NUTTY PROFESSOR II
THE KLUMPS

SOUNDTRACK ON Def Jam recordings def soul
HOT NEW TRACKS FROM:
JANET JACKSON, JAY-Z, DMX, SISQO
& FOXY BROWN
IN STORES NOW

UNIVERSAL PICTURES AND IMAGINE ENTERTAINMENT PRESENT A BRIAN GRAZER PRODUCTION A PETER SEGAL FILM EDDIE MURPHY "NUTTY PROFESSOR II: THE KLUMPS" JANET JACKSON LARRY MILLER MUSIC BY DAVID NEWMAN MUSIC SUPERVISORS GARY JONES HAPPY WALTERS SPECIAL MAKEUP EFFECTS BY RICK BAKER VISUAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR JON FARHAT CO-PRODUCERS JAMES WHITAKER MICHAEL EWING EDITED BY WILLIAM KERR PRODUCTION DESIGNER WILLIAM ELLIOTT DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY DEAN SEMLER ACS, ASC EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JERRY LEWIS EDDIE MURPHY KAREN KEHELA TOM SHADYAC JAMES D. BRUBAKER STORY BY STEVE OEDEKERK AND BARRY W. BLAUSTEIN & DAVID SHEFFIELD SCREENPLAY BY BARRY W. BLAUSTEIN & DAVID SHEFFIELD AND PAUL WEITZ & CHRIS WEITZ PRODUCED BY BRIAN GRAZER DIRECTED BY PETER SEGAL A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

SDDS DOLBY DIGITAL DIGITAL dts SOUND

SOUNDTRACK ON DEF JAM
DEF SOUL RECORDINGS

IMAGINE

PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13
For rating reasons, go to www.filmratings.com

UNIVERSAL

© 2000 UNIVERSAL STUDIOS

www.nuttyprofessor.com www.defjam.com America Online Keyword: Nutty Professor

STARTS FRIDAY, JULY 28TH

LOEWS
✓42ND STREET E WALK®
42ND ST. AND 8TH AVE. IN TIMES SQ.
50-LOEWS #572

LOEWS
✓84TH STREET
B'WAY & 84TH ST.
50-LOEWS #701

LOEWS
✓CORONET THEATRE
3RD AVE. & 59TH ST.
50-LOEWS #608

LOEWS
✓ORPHEUM
86TH ST. & 3RD AVE.
50-LOEWS #964

LOEWS
✓KIPS BAY THEATRE
2ND AVE. & 32ND ST.
50-LOEWS #558

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS
♦CHELSEA CINEMAS
23RD ST. BET. 7TH & 8TH AVE.
979-CLVW #597

UNITED ARTISTS THEATRES
✓UNION SQUARE STADIUM 14
13TH ST. & B'WAY 777-FILM #777

CLEARVIEW CINEMAS
♦OLYMPIA CINEMAS
B'WAY AT 107TH ST.
979-CLVW #613

MAGIC JOHNSON THEATRES
✓HARLEM USA
125TH ST. & FREDERICK
DOUGLASS BLVD. 665-8742

CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT
***NOVA CINEMAS**
B'WAY BET. 147TH & 148TH ST.
862-5728

CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT
***COLISEUM CINEMAS**
703 WEST 181ST ST.
740-1541

♦ PRESENTED IN DIGITAL dts SOUND ✱ PRESENTED IN DTS STEREO DOLBY DIGITAL SDDS Sony Dynamic Digital Sound™

NO COUPONS OR DISCOUNT TICKETS ACCEPTED

AND AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU

FOR SHOWTIMES AND TICKETS CALL 777-FILM or visit moviefone.com
AOL Keyword: MovieFone

UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★**East Is East**—The great Indian actor Om Puri towers in this jagged, well-made comedy about a Pakistani father in England trying to cope with his unruly family and his own fundamentalist ways. It could have come across as a mixed-race *Life With Father*, but the complexity of Puri's performance transforms it. (4/24/00) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Sutton; Kew Gardens Cinemas; North Shore Towers.*

★**East-West**—A hokey, melodramatic, enjoyable Cold War drama from France about a Russian émigré physician (Oleg Menchikov) who returns to Stalin's postwar police state with his French wife (Sandrine Bonnaire) and pays the price. Catherine Deneuve plays the French actress who helps save the day, and her cheekbones and lip gloss have never seemed so politically correct. In French and Russian with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Clearview's Beekman; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Eyes of Tammy Faye—A mocking, self-satisfied documentary about the weepy evangelist/mascara maven. (1 hr. 19 mins; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Final Destination—A young man gets a premonition and tells his friends that their plane is going to crash. They don't get on, but they die anyway. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

The Five Senses—Canadian director Jeremy Podeswa's American feature-film debut examines a series of intertwining relationships that are all inexorably tied to taste, touch, hearing, smell, and vision. No, it's not a prequel. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas—Prequels being all the rage, the Flintstones take us back to Fred and Barney's youth, when they were courting their future wives. Mark Addy and Stephen Baldwin star as Fred and Barney, respectively. Features Alan Cumming in dual roles. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) *Main Street Cinemas.*

Frequency—Jim Caviezal plays a Queens cop who, courtesy of a rip in the space-time continuum and an old ham radio, communicates with his firefighter father (Dennis Quaid), who perished in a blaze in 1969. The radio isn't the only thing that's ham in this misguided hunk of heartfelt mumbo-jumbo. (Rainer; 5/8/00) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai—Forest Whitaker gives a resonant and affecting performance as a hit man who pores over ancient samurai texts in this allusive Jim Jarmusch movie that is by turns irritating and inviting. (Rainer; 3/20/00) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

★**Gladiator**—Ridley Scott's latest is an attempt to make a Roman epic on the scale of *Spartacus* or *Ben-Hur* while at the same time presenting us with a hero, Russell Crowe's Maximus, who is monumentally withdrawn. Crowe's intensity holds the film together. As the Roman general who becomes a slave and then a gladiator and a folk hero, he radiates a force-field thicker than any armor. Richard Harris, Joaquin Phoenix, and, in his last role, Oliver Reed contribute some entertaining moments. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews New York Twin; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Gone in Sixty Seconds—Nicolas Cage stars in this update of the 1974 classic about a thief who has to pull off one final heist—stealing 100 cars—in order to save his younger brother's life. (1 hr., 45 mins.; PG-13) *Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Groove—Greg Harrison's sweet, disposable movie about the San Francisco rave scene appears at times to be a cross between a sixties American International picture like *The Trip* and a seventies disco flick. Despite all the drugs ingested, not to mention bottles of distilled water, lurking within all the techno-thump is a standard boy-meets-girl scenario. (Rainer; 6/19/00) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

★**Hamlet**—Michael Amereyda's overconceptualized nouveau version of Shakespeare's high-body-count classic is set in a present-day fortresslike New York and features the youngest and most grad-student-ish Hamlet in memory, affectingly played by Ethan Hawke. (Rainer; 6/19/00) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *CC Crown Gotham.*

Humanité—This achingly slow film, which, despite its pace, garnered three awards at Cannes last year, involves a dim-witted police detective (Emmanuel Schotté) who's investigating the rape and murder of an 11-year-old girl. (2 hrs. 28 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The In Crowd—Wealthy college students, all members of an upper-crust East Coast country club, take "the new girl" (Lorie Heuring) under their wing—and she soon realizes that there's a *very* dark side to the clique's leader. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; Loews 84th Street; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

I Was Made to Love Her—Chris Rock stars as a struggling Brooklyn-based comic who dies and returns to life as a wealthy white man whose wife and lover are conspiring to murder him. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R). *Opens 7/28.*

★**Jesus' Son**—Billy Crudup and Samantha Morton are marvelous in this uneven adaptation of Denis Johnson's episodic novel about a saintly stoner. The director, Alison Maclean, has a fine, intuitive way with actors and a gift for portraying poetic disarray, but much of the movie has a seventies-era scruffiness that often tails off into sentimentality and oh-wow-ness. (Rainer; 7/3/00) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews State; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Loser—Amy Heckerling directs this tale of a college student (Jason Biggs) who's shunned by his classmates and kicked out of his dorm. Beyond that, he's falling in love with a coed who's too busy trying to sleep with her professor. (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; UA East; Loews 84th Street; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

★**Me, Myself & Irene**—Not as many classic bad taste moments as previous Farrelly brothers outings, but Jim Carrey, playing a Rhode Island cop with a split personality, is at his frenzied near-best. Half Milquetoast, the other half insanely bullying, he's a whirling dervish of a performer who probably could have added on another four personalities to the mix without breaking a sweat. Renee Zellweger is his comic foil, and she's a bit bland. (Rainer; 7/10/00) (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Whitestone; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; North Shore Towers; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

Mission: Impossible 2—Tom Cruise is back in this James Bond-ish sequel with mythic overtones courtesy of director John Woo. The mythologizing, the slo-mo ceremoniousness of the action scenes, the hero/villain dualisms, the flutterings of doves isn't really supported by the mostly standard-issue thriller-movie tropes. Cruise is pretty much the whole show, and he's all business. The humorlessness of the enterprise, and of his performance, is wearing. Thandie Newton co-stars as the love interest, and she's touching without having much more to do than your average Bond Girl. (Rainer; 6/5/00) (2 hrs., 6 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 84th Street; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me—The screen adaptation of David Drake's incredibly successful 1992 one-man show. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

The Patriot—Mel Gibson is the widowed Colonial patriarch who at first opposes fighting the British and then practically becomes a Revolutionary War ninja in this melodramatic battle epic that, in tone, at times resembles a cross between *Little House on the Prairie* and *Gladiator.* The plotting is basic: Someone is killed, then revenged, followed by more killing and more revenging. It works fitfully, but turning the anthem of American liberty into a battleground fit for a Sega computer game is a bit much. The British come across about as bad as they ever have in this film, while the French, usually a bunch of Pepe Le Pews in our movies, are the good guys. (Rainer; 7/10/00) (2 hrs. 40 mins.; R) *Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

The Perfect Storm—Wolfgang Petersen's epic based on the Sebastian Junger nonfiction best-seller has an impressive assortment of computer-generated waves and lots of men yelling to be heard above the sound of those waves. George Clooney plays the skipper of a swordfishing ship that heads out from Gloucester into perhaps the worst nautical storm ever recorded. His thin dark beard goes grayish as the waves hit. Except as spectacle, the film isn't much. The mythic-heroic stuff lacks an undercurrent, and you keep asking yourself why these men are risking so much

Premiere
Canadian Rocky

Wondering what Andrew McCarthy's been up to since *Mannequin*? In the Canadian hit *New Waterford Girl*, he co-stars as a kindly teacher out to help Mooney (Liane Balaban, pictured), a wickedly morbid 15-year-old who's fallen for Lou (Tara Spencer-Hairn), a boxer with a stellar southpaw. This high-school-hating black comedy will have its U.S. premiere on a double bill with *When the Day Breaks*, an Oscar-nominated animated film about a chicken and a pig that . . . but you're already out the door. Begins July 26 at Film Forum.

when there's an easy way out. Mark Wahlberg, Diane Lane, and John C. Reilly co-star. (Rainer; 7/10/00) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Pokémon The Movie 2000—Those ubiquitous Japanese action figures make their inevitable move to the big screen. (1 hr. 54 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Praise—Based on Andrew McGahan's novel of the same name, this Australian fare focuses on two lovers—one, a chain-smoking, asthmatic alcoholic; the other, an ex-heroin addict with a bad skin condition and compulsive need for sex—who fall in love, immediately move in together, and waste little time in smashing things up. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

RiFiFi—All but unseen since its 1955 release, Jules Dassin's triumphantly amoral crime thriller boasts, among other things, a 30-minute robbery scene sans music or dialogue. (1 hr. 58 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Road to El Dorado—Dreamworks' animated movie has some thrilling, swoopy visual sequences, lots of corn, and enough shimmering gold surfaces to make you think the Yucatan is an adjunct of Trump Tower. Actors voicing the animated characters include Kenneth Branagh, Kevin Kline, and, unmistakably, Rosie Perez. (Rainer; 4/10/00) (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG) *Centre Sunnyside.*

Rules of Engagement—In yet another movie about military discipline, a colonel turned lawyer played by Tommy Lee Jones must defend his friend (Samuel Jackson) who saved his life in Vietnam but is now accused of killing civilian demonstrators. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

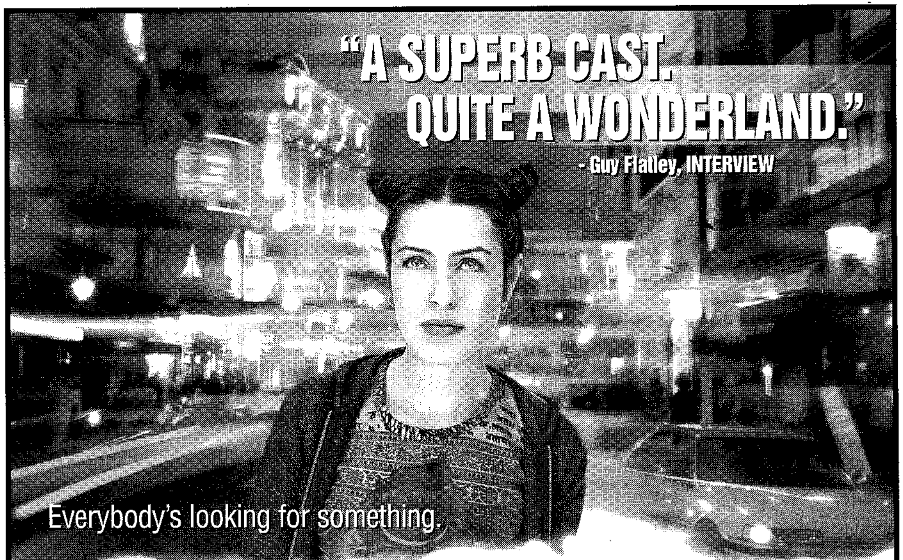
Scary Movie—A half-baked satire of modern teen splatter flicks from Keenan Ivory Wayans. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Shadow Hours—Balthazar Getty stars as an ex-druggie who befriends the chic and mysterious Stuart Chapell (Peter Weller), a sinister figure who introduces the youth to L.A.'s lurid nightlife circuit, complete with dastardly raves, S&M dens, and fight clubs. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

Shaft—John Singleton's new version of the seventies blaxploitation hit stars Samuel L. Jackson in the Richard Roundtree role. Like its predecessor, the film seems to really be about stylishness as a form of militancy. Jackson is so burned up about everything that he never has time to be a sex machine, and so the Isaac Hayes theme song sounds more like a taunt

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.


"A SUPERB CAST.
QUITE A WONDERLAND."
- Guy Flatley, INTERVIEW
Everybody's looking for something.

wonderland
a Michael Winterbottom film
R
©2000 UNIVERSAL STUDIOS
USA FILMS
Exclusive Engagement Starts Friday, July 28th
CITY CINEMAS
ANGELIKA FILM CENTER
CORNER HOUSTON & MERCER STREETS 777-FILM #531

NEW YORK
READER SERVICES

MOVING?

Please give us four to six weeks' notice of a change of address. Please check the appropriate box.
Even if you have notified the post office about your change of address, please fill out and mail this form to us to ensure accurate delivery of your magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIPTION OR RENEWAL?

Fifty issues of *New York*, only $42.00.
Please check the appropriate box.

UNLISTING SERVICE?

***New York* Magazine makes available to other quality publications and carefully screened companies the names of its subscribers. If, however, you do not wish to have your name made available, please check the appropriate box.**

- ☐ New subscription.
- ☐ Renewal.
- ☐ Payment enclosed.
- ☐ Bill me later.
- ☐ Change of address: Please note new address.
- ☐ Please do not make my name and address available to other publications or companies.

NAME

ADDRESS APT. NO.

CITY STATE ZIP

Attach mailing label here and send to:
NEW YORK MAGAZINE
P.O. BOX 54661
BOULDER, COLORADO 80322-4661

Solutions to last week's puzzles

	F	A	C	T	O	R		A	R	C	H	E	S	
	E		R		D		M		A		A		C	
H	A	R	O	L	D	M	A	C	M	I	L	L	A	N
	T		S		B		N		P		L		N	
T	H	E	S	E	A		A	N	A	C	O	N	D	A
	E				L		N		R		W		A	
I	R	O	N	C	L	A	D		T	H	E	O	L	D
			O								E			
T	E	N	N	I	S		D	I	S	U	N	I	O	N
	Y		P		O		U		U				V	
R	E	P	A	I	N	T	S		F	A	L	L	E	N
	B		R		A		T		F		O		R	
E	R	N	E	S	T	H	E	M	I	N	G	W	A	Y
	O		I		A		R		C		I		L	
	W	A	L	E	S	A		P	E	N	C	I	L	

C	O	N	A	N		A	S	S	A	M			W	O	V	E		P	E	W
E	R	A	S	E		S	C	A	R	A	B		E	R	I	E		E	L	I
N	E	U	K	E	D	S	H	O	N	D	A	B	L	O	C	K		R	I	P
T	O	T	S		W	E	N				N	E	L				S	I	Z	E
		N	I	C	E	T	O		E	S	T	A	T	E		A	T	L	A	S
C	H	A	N	E	L		Z	I	P	A	U	D	I	D	U	D	A			
H	A	S		O	T	T		M	I	R			M	A	H	A	T	M	A	
A	L	A	I			R	A	P		O	R	N	E		F	R	I	E	R	S
		S	N	A	F	U	S		S	N	E	A	D	S			C	X	I	I
	B	A	N	T	U	M	W	E	I	G	H	T		A	D	D		I	S	L
P	E	R		R	E	P	E	A	T		E	T	C	H	E	R		C	E	L
A	G	A		I	L	E		T	U	D	A	Y	I	A	M	A	M	A	N	
P	O	L	S			T	A	M	P	E	R		T	R	I	T	O	N		
P	O	E	T	I	C		N	E	S	S		B	Y	A			W	H	I	P
	D	E	A	D	P	A	N			I	D	O		N	R	A		A	B	E
			P	L	A	Y	I	T	T	C	O	O	L		H	I	D	I	N	G
R	A	L	L	Y		N	E	A	R	A	T		A	D	O	R	E	R		
A	L	O	E				H	B	O				N	E	D		S	L	A	W
J	I	G		A	S	S	A	U	L	T	A	N	D	B	A	T	T	E	R	Y
A	V	A		S	O	I	L		L	A	R	I	A	T		A	R	S	O	N
H	E	N		H	U	R	L			B	P	L	U	S		T	Y	S	O	N

than like a tribute. Christian Bale, in what amounts to a recap of his *American Psycho* sicko, plays a racist murderer, and Jeffrey Wright is effective as a Dominican druglord. (Rainer; 7/3/00) (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart; UA Astoria.*

Shanghai Noon—Director Tom Dey attempts to make a wacky Western by casting Jackie Chan as a klutzy imperial guard to the emperor of China who's trying to rescue a kidnapped princess, with the help of a petty thief/big dreamer (Owen Wilson). (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Loews State.*

Shower—A bittersweet examination of Chinese culture taking place in a public bathhouse about to be closed down by a young entrepreneur—who happens to be the son of the man who owns it. (1 hr., 32 mins.; PG-13) *Quad Cinema; CC Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Small Time Crooks—Woody Allen's new movie isn't just minor, it's minuscule. It harkens back not to the early classics like *Bananas* and *Sleeper*, but even further back to the Milquetoast humors of *Take the Money and Run*. Allen and Tracey Ullman are a working-class Manhattan couple on the shady side of the law who strike it rich. Allen plays up the comedy of nouveau riche bad taste, but his comic affinities are elsewhere; most of what we see here is labored. Best reason to go: Elaine May's marvelous turn as a holy-fool dimwit. (Rainer; 5/29/00) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's 59th Street East; Loews State.*

★**Sunshine**—Istvan Szábó's highly uneven, sprawling yet schematic epic encompasses three generations of a Jewish-Hungarian family, as well as most of the political horrors of the twentieth century. Szábó's movies, most famously *Mephisto* and *Colonel Redl*, are all about the bloody confluence of politics and matters of the heart. He's fascinated by the fatalism of history, and by the ways in which people fight the inevitability of their fate. His new film carries on these themes on an even broader canvas, but often he seems to be inflating the usual recriminations and capitulations of a family by placing it against the Holocaust and the gulags. Ralph Fiennes plays three separate roles, but he's too refined, too Dirk Bogarde–ish, to hold this behemoth of a movie together. (Rainer; 6/19/00) (3 hrs.; NR) *UA Union Square; Loews 72nd St. East; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Time Regained—The disembodied voice of Marcel Proust (Patrice Chereau), speaking, apparently, from his deathbed, guides us through key moments in his life, gradually interweaving elements of his fiction into the narrative until fantasy completely wins out. Co-starring Catherine Deneuve, Vincent Perez, and John Malkovich. (2 hrs. 35 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Up at the Villa—Enervated adaptation of the Somerset Maugham novella about murder and romance set in Fascist Tuscany and starring Sean Penn and Kristin Scott Thomas as unlikely conspirators. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

The Virgin Suicides—The material—five suburban adolescent girls kill themselves off, poetically, inexplicably—is perhaps too woozy for the rueful, mythological treatment it gets here, but debut director Sofia Coppola has a fine, fresh eye and a way with actors, among them Kirsten Dunst, James Woods, and Kathleen Turner. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

Water Drops on Burning Rocks—The tale of a smug 50-year-old businessman who seduces a fresh-faced 19-year-old boy. It's all smooth sailing until a buxom blonde enters the picture and seeks out the boy's affections. (1 hr., 39 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**What Lies Beneath**—See Rainer, page 51. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Wisdom of Crocodiles—Jude Law plays Steven Griscz, an oversensitive young man who manages to be quite lucky with the ladies—until the bodies of his ex-girlfriends start piling up. Timothy Spall plays the busybody detective snooping around for clues. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

★**X-Men**—Bryan Singer's cinematic transcription of the Marvel Comic mainstay has intermittent, balled-up power. It's a rarity, a comic-book-derived movie with a satisfying visual style and protagonists you want to watch. The X-Men include Wolverine (Hugh Jackman), Rogue (Anna Paquin), Cyclops (James Marsden), and their fearless leader Xavier (Patrick Stewart), while their supermutant antagonists include Ian McKellan's Magneto and Toad (Ray Park), who can flick his twelve-foot tongue like it was a lasso. Adolescents, and probably not a few adults, will appreciate the film's celebration of being different. We're not dorks, after all—we're the next stage in evolution. (Rainer; 7/24/00) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Chelsea West; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave. (212-929-3350) *Gladiator; Shanghai Noon.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *But I'm A Cheerleader; Butterfly; Chuck & Buck; The Five Senses; Groove ; Shadow Hours; The Wisdom of Crocodiles.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) *Disney's The Kid; East Is East; The In Crowd; The Virgin Suicides; X-Men.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *American Pimp; Time Regained; Two Women.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave. (777-FILM#603) *The Patriot; Scary Movie.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *Grass; Humanité; RiFiFi; Water Drops on Burning Rocks.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave. (50-LOEWS#952) *Mission: Impossible 2; The Perfect Storm; Shaft; What Lies Beneath.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Blood Simple; Criminal Lovers; The Eyes of Tammy Faye; Shower.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) *Croupier; The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me; Praise.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *Chicken Run; Gladiator; Jesus' Son; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Sunshine.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *The In Crowd; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; X-Men.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *But I'm A Cheerleader; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *X-Men.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *The In Crowd; The Perfect Storm; What Lies Beneath.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *Chicken Run; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Shaft; What Lies Beneath.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Disney's The Kid; Scary Movie.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and

Previews

Belly Laughs

Lately, it seems, moviegoers just can't get enough of big-screen superstars strutting around in fat suits. It's starting to feel like 'Big Momma's House' will never leave theaters, and 'Nutty Professor II: The Klumps' is about to make its way to a cineplex near you. Once again, Eddie Murphy (pictured) stars as a whole family of fatties. Janet Jackson is the dewy-eyed ingenue surrounded by all this funny flab. Begins July 28.

Photograph courtesy of Universal Studios.

58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *Hamlet.*
CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *Shower.*
CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *East Is East; Mission: Impossible 2.*
Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Small Time Crooks.*
Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *X-Men.*
CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Boricua's Bond; Final Destination; Frequency; Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; Love and Basketball; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement.*
Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Shaft.*
Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *What Lies Beneath.*
Loews Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Perfect Storm.*
Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Psycho; Dinosaur; Jesus' Son; Shanghai Noon; Small Time Crooks.*
Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Butterfly.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

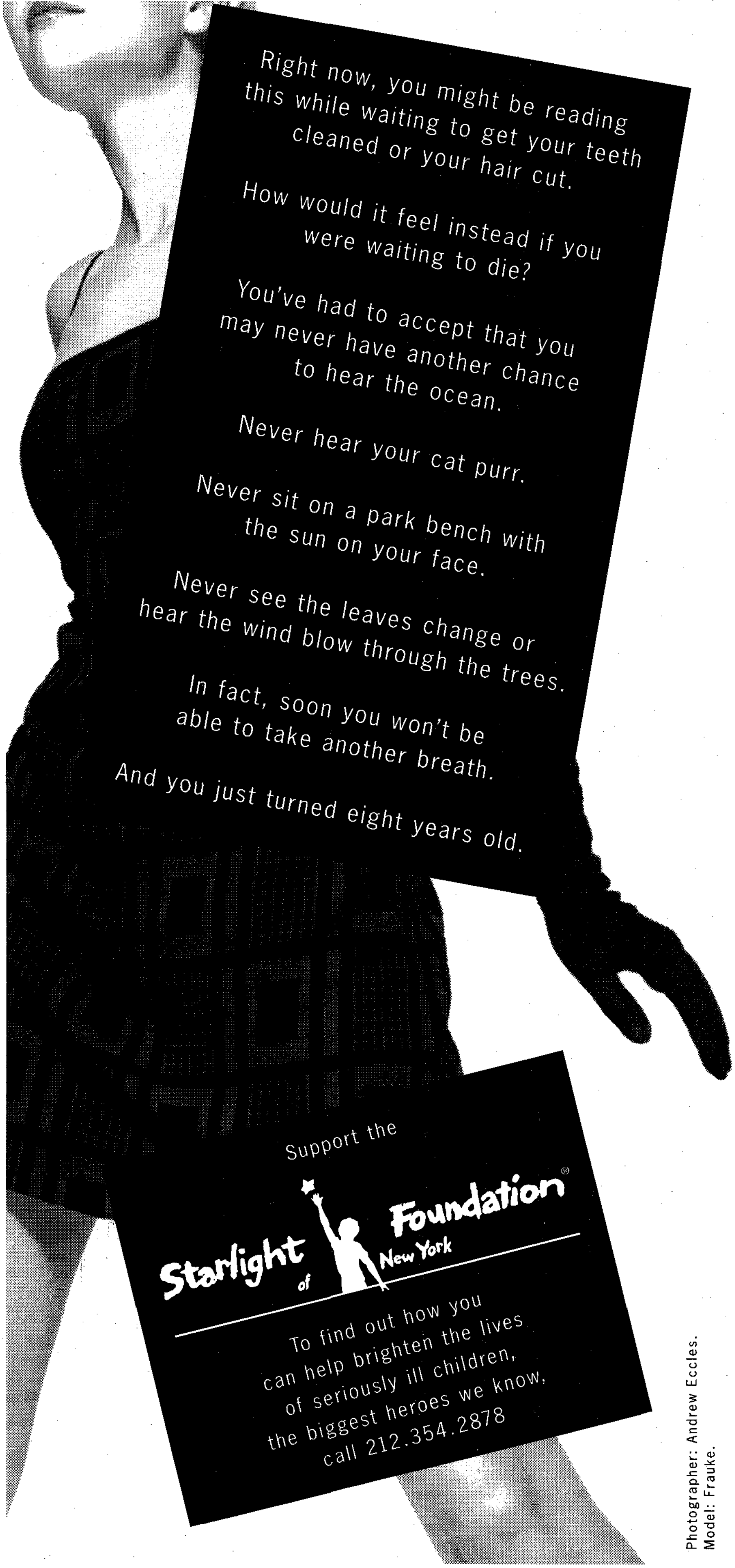
CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Disney's The Kid; East Is East; The In Crowd; Me, Myself & Irene; The Virgin Suicides.*
Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *East-West.*
Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; The Big Blue: The Director's Cut; Chicken Run; Croupier; Gladiator; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene.*
Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *X-Men.*
Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Sunshine.*
Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Gladiator; Shaft.*
Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Chicken Run; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Shaft; What Lies Beneath.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *Loser.*
UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *The Patriot; Pokémon The Movie 2000; X-Men.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Me, Myself & Irene.*
Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie.*
Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *The Patriot; What Lies Beneath.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *Alice and Martin; Blood Simple; Croupier; East-West; Shower; The Decalogue; Time Regained.*
Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *The In Crowd; Loser; Mission: Impossible 2; Scary Movie; Shaft.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*
Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; What Lies Beneath.*

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Shaft; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*


Right now, you might be reading this while waiting to get your teeth cleaned or your hair cut.
How would it feel instead if you were waiting to die?
You've had to accept that you may never have another chance to hear the ocean.
Never hear your cat purr.
Never sit on a park bench with the sun on your face.
Never see the leaves change or hear the wind blow through the trees.
In fact, soon you won't be able to take another breath.
And you just turned eight years old.
Support the
Starlight Foundation of New York
To find out how you can help brighten the lives of seriously ill children, the biggest heroes we know, call 212.354.2878
Photographer: Andrew Eccles.
Model: Frauke.

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Shaft; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Me, Myself & Irene; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Shaft; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *Blood Simple; But I'm a Cheerleader; Croupier; Sunshine.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Disney's The Kid; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Up at the Villa.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Shaft; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *Chicken Run; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *Chicken Run; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Queens

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Disney's The Kid; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; The Road to El Dorado; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *Disney's The Kid; Mission: Impossible 2; Scary Movie; Shaft.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Chicken Run; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Shaft; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; The In Crowd; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Blood Simple; But I'm a Cheerleader; Croupier; Dinosaur; East Is East; East-West; Jesus' Son; Sunshine.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Disney's The Kid; The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *East Is East; Joe Gould's Secret; Me, Myself & Irene.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Me, Myself & Irene; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Shaft.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *The Perfect Storm.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *The In Crowd; The Perfect Storm; X-Men.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *Chicken Run; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; Pokémon The Movie 2000; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; X-Men.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

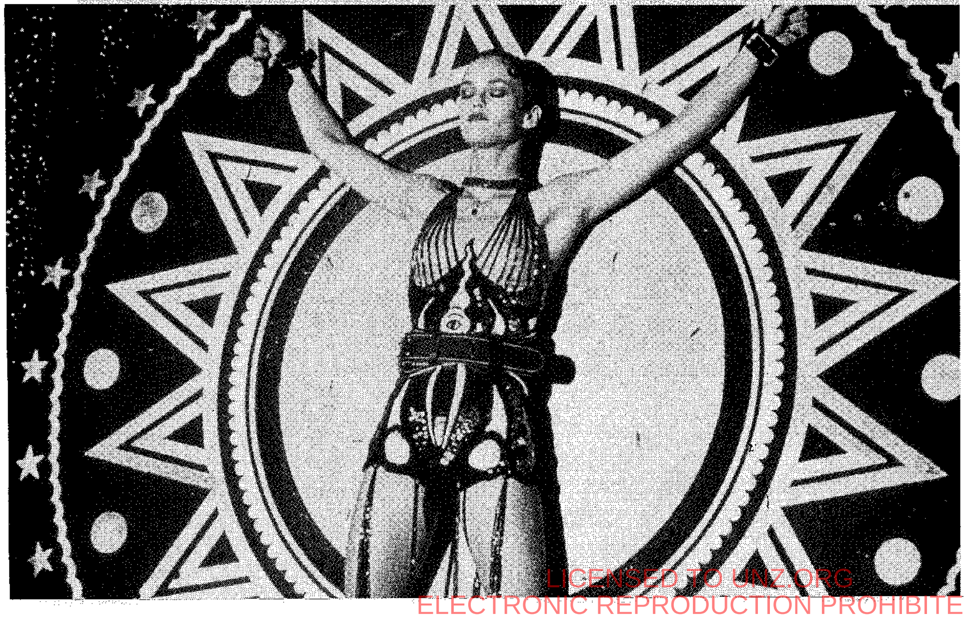
UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken*

Premiere

Wheel of Misfortune

"All films are love stories!" the French director Patrice Leconte loudly proclaims through a translator. "No matter how you look at it, all movies break down to boy-meets-girl." Okay, maybe not *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle*—but rarely in boy-meets-girl vehicles is the boy a professional knife-thrower or the girl a suicidal hedonist. In *Girl on the Bridge,* the beautiful Vanessa Paradis (pictured) plays Adele, a young woman who's just about to jump into the Seine when she's found by Gabor (Daniel Auteuil), an at-the-end-of-his-rope circus performer who seduces her into being the target in his dangerous knife-hurling act. Within a matter of days, the two are swept up by an otherwordly strain of good fortune, except for the fact that Adele, now transformed into a confident entertainer, seems willing to sleep with anyone except Gabor—who, of course, has fallen head-over-heels gaga for her. Leconte says that he and screenwriter Serge Friedman "never write a film with a theme or subject in mind. The screenwriter's job is to make the characters come alive. I'd like it when I'd ask Serge, 'Where did Adele and Gabor go today?' and he'd reply, 'I don't know—I've lost them!'" That said, the characters wind up entrenched in the occasional run-in with libidinous contortionists, persnickety midgets, and brides left at the altar, not to mention more than a few knives that miss their intended mark. "Beyond anything else," says Leconte, "this is a film about chance, risk, and luck." After a pause, he adds, "I'd like to thank you for being the first reporter not to ask why I filmed in black-and-white—but I'm going to tell you anyway. The idea was to make a film that was nostalgic, and yet, paradoxically, to make a film that was very modern in spite of its appearance." Sorry, I didn't ask. *Girl on the Bridge* opens July 28.

Derek de Koff



Photograph courtesy of Paramount Classics.

Festivals

Pushing the Manila Envelope

Although major motion pictures have been made in the Philippines since the twenties, it's unlikely that the average American filmgoer can name more than . . . none. Through August 8, the Film Society of Lincoln Center presents 'Celebrating Philippine Cinema: New Directions 2000,' a showcase of contemporary Filipino films that examine issues of gender, class, and relationships. Fare includes 'Pila Balde' (Fetch a Pail of Water), the tale of an 18-year-old girl desperate to flee the slum in which she lives, and 'Hubad Sa Ilalim Ng Buwan' (Naked Under the Moon), the jet-black tale of an ex-priest turned family man who's nonetheless racked with guilt over betraying his vows. Begins July 28.

Run; Disney's The Kid; The In Crowd; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 9/3: "Behind the Mirror: American Films in the 1950's." 7/29: *The Bad and the Beautiful* (1952); *Some Came Running* (1958). 7/30: *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1956); *Them!* (1954). 7/22–7/23: "Repertory Nights: New Prints of Classic Movies." *Only Angels Have Wings* (1939). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—7/26: *Battle for the Tiara* (1999); *Francheca Page* (1996); *Movies for the Blind III* (1997). 7/27: "Sound and Vision." *Listening to You: The Who at the Isle of Wight Festival* (1970); *Monterey Pop* (1969). "Fresh Film." *Jennifer Reeder: Video and Selections* (1996–2000). 7/28: "Sound and Vision." *Listening to You: The Who at the Isle of Wight Festival*; *Monterey Pop*; *Wattstax* (1973). "Essential Cinema." *Diaries, Notes & Sketches (Walden)* (1964–1968). 7/29: "Sound and Vision." *Jazz on a Summer's Day*; *Monterey Pop*; *Thelonious Monk: Straight, No Chaser* (1988). "Essential Cinema." *Marie Menken Programs 1–2* (1955–1967); *Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania* (1971–1972). 7/30: "Essential Cinema." *The Great Blondino* (1967); *Bleu Shut* (1970); *Sunrise* (1927). "Sound and Vision." *Jazz on a Summer's Day*; *Listening to You: The Who at the Isle of Wight Festival*; *Thelonious Monk: Straight, No Chaser*. 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—7/25: "The World According to Shorts." 7/26: *Scarface: The Shame of a Nation* (1932). 7/27: *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* (1970). 7/28: *Fargo* (1996). 7/29: *Dead Man* (1995). 7/30: "Village Voice Best of the '90s." *Exotica* (1994). 7/31: *Sans Soleil* (1982). 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Cinema Classics—6/13–6/15: *Visions of Light* (1993). 6/16: *The War Zone*; *The Wizard of Oz*. 332 E. 11th St. (212-675-6692); $5.

Film Forum—Through 6/15: "Sapph-O-Rama!" 6/13: *Calamity Jane* (1953); *Queen Christina* (1933). 6/14: *The Hunger* (1983); *Personal Best* (1982). 6/15: *The Brandon Teena Story* (1998); *Hide and Seek* (1996). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 7/27: "The New York Video Festival." 7/25: *Electronic Unconscious*; *Secrets of the Shadow World* (1989–1999); *Space Exploration*. 7/26: *6 Easy Pieces* (2000); *Through the Looking Glass*. 7/27: *6 Easy Pieces*; *Space Exploration*; *Through the Looking Glass*. Beginning 7/28: "Celebrating Philippine Cinema: New Directions 2000." 7/28: *Hubad Sa Ilalim ng Buwan (Naked Under the Moon)* (1999). 7/29: *Bata…Bata…Paano Ka Ginawa (Lea's Story)* (1999); *Kriminal ng Baryo Concepción (The Criminal of Barrio Conception)* (1999); *Naked Under the Moon*. 7/30: *Lea's Story*; *Naked Under the Moon*; *Sidhi (The Story of Ah)* (1998). 7/31: *The Criminal of Barrio Conception*; *The Story of Ah*. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $8.50, $5 members, $4.50 seniors, $3 "Movies for Kids."

Museum of Modern Art—7/25: *The African Queen* (1951); *Laura* (1944); *North by Northwest*; *Woman in the Window* (1944). 7/27: *An American in Paris* (1951); *Carmen Jones*; *The Personals* (2000); *Pinky* (1949). 7/28: *An American in Paris*; *Dreams That Money Can Buy*; *Insomnia*; *No Fear, No Die* (1990). 7/29: *The Disenchanted* (1990); *Henry V* (1945); *The Watermelon Woman* (1997). 7/30: *Criminal Pirate* (1952); *Desert Fury* (1947); *Strangers in Good Company* (1990); *Y la Peor de Todas (I, The Worst of All)* (1990). 7/31: *The Band Wagon* (1953); *Henry V*; *Insomnia*; *Leila*. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult.

The Screening Room—"Midnight Blaxploitation Film Series." 7/28–7/29: *Blacula* (1972). "Weekend Classics." 7/30: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961); *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* (1971). 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday-brunch patrons).

Two Boots Pioneer Theater—7/4: *The Filth and the Fury*; *The Interview* (1999); *Live Virgin* (2000). 155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300); $9, $6 for seniors.

YWCA Cine-Club—Through 7/30: "The Surreal World of Luis Buñuel." 7/29–7/30: *The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz (Ensayo de un Crimen)* (1955). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Photograph courtesy of the Film Society of Lincoln Center.

NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S STRICTLY PERSONALS

Where do smart, interesting and fun people meet? Strictly Personals of course! We have been making great matches for over 15 years. What are you waiting for? Call (212) 463-0024 and get in on the fun.

theater

Richard Chamberlain...Philip Seymour Hoffman

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Man Who Came to Dinner—Nathan Lane and Jean Smart star in this comedy about a snooty writer who wreaks havoc on the happy home of some plain Midwesterners. By Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. $50–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 7/27 opening. Through 10/1. *American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).*

Now Playing

Aida—The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Robert Falls with a book by Linda Woolverton and David Henry Hwang. Sets and costumes by Bob Crowley. $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays Annie Oakley, the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back (no, not the mouse). Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—So many ways to skin a cat—but none of them seem to work! $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. Through 9/10. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now featuring Vicki Lewis and Charlotte D'Amboise $20–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Copenhagen—A major hit in London, Michael Frayn's heady play about what might have happened when German physicist Werner Heisenberg visited Niels Bohr in 1941 stars Philip Bosco, Blair Brown, and Michael Cumpsty. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

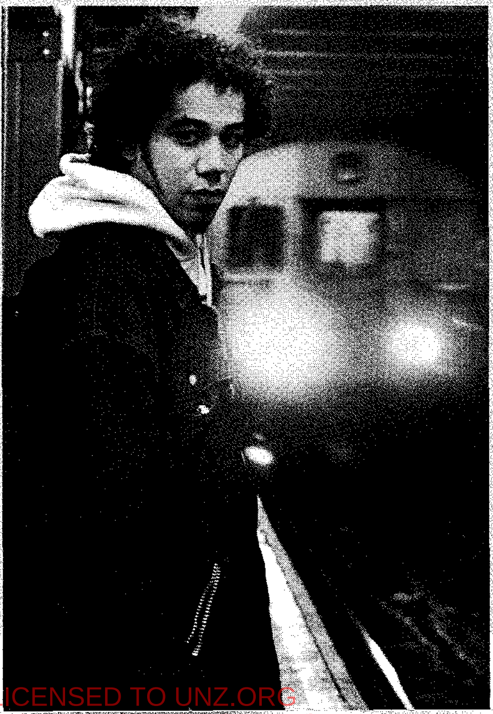
Dirty Blonde—Brash actress-author Claudia Shear stars in her new play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, sampling delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." $55–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jackie Mason—Much Ado About Everything—Jackie Mason is not so funny as Dame Edna (who is?) but still damned funny. He is politically incorrect,

Onstage
The Receptionist

Halfway through a phone interview at the Center Stage theater, over the loud ringing of another telephone in the background, Philip Seymour Hoffman, Tony-nominated for his recent role in *True West,* is describing his commitment to *Jesus Hopped the A Train* (starring John Ortiz, pictured). It's the second play he's directed for the tiny Off Broadway LAByrinth Theater Company, which he proudly describes as "the real deal," using the same language critics have used to praised his acting in films like *Magnolia* and *Happiness.* "These are very real people: real-looking people, real-acting people, people you'd see walking down the street. It's—it's—this phone is driving me nuts!" Hoffman pauses, then answers, in polite crescendo, "Center Stage? . . . Yeah, just a second. Uh . . . excuse me . . . Jill? . . . Jill?" Hoffman's voice recedes. If answering a phone here and there is the price Hoffman has to pay to work onstage, it's all worth it. Unlike most actors who launched Hollywood careers on New York stages, only to return for the occasional dose of stage cred, Hoffman says he'll never stop working in the theater. "It's just a happier place," he explains. "I've got nothing against film, but I think people are involved in the theater because they really want to be here, whereas there are a lot of weird reasons why people get involved in film." Lately, Hoffman's been stretching, learning how to direct, and, he says, "I'm interested in producing too. I want to help make things happen." He regards this new play by Stephen Adly Guirgis, an old friend, as a "workshop, where we'll be revising the play up until the final night." It's a raw play, he says, about two convicts on Riker's. One has tried to kill a religious-cult leader; the other has found God in jail after killing eight people. "They need validation," he says. "They need to expose what they really are." Not unlike Hoffman. (See "Off-Off Broadway.") LOGAN HILL



Photograph by Jamie Mullians.

and glories in it with ecstatic gloat. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $65–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/30. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jesus Christ Superstar—Yeah, he's the Messiah, but what he really wants to do is sing in Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical. $26–$81. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/3. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. Through 12/31. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Music Man—Back in 1957, Meredith Willson's *The Music Man* made a star out of Robert Preston; the current revival should do the same for Rebecca Luker. As she has steadily demonstrated, she is blessed with the voice, the looks, and the acting talent of a musical-comedy diva. As Marian Paroo, the librarian of River City, Iowa, who goes from tight-lipped spinster to glowing inamorata in this happy show, Miss Luker gives a performance as detailed, nuanced, and cherishable as ever turned a performer into a legend. Susan Stroman's production has other assets as well, but Craig Bierko, the incumbent Harold Hill, gives an impersonation of Preston rather than a performance. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $40–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Real Thing—The clever Tom Stoppard tells a fairly simple story as trickily, as cleverly as possible. He has lots of fun with his assorted adulteries, and his dialogue suitably sparkles. The current revival is less pleasurable than the 1984 American premiere, which had the proper sets and was better directed. Still, Stoppard is one of our few brainy and literate dramatists and once again warms up Broadway's intellectual climate by several balmy degrees. (Simon: 4/24/00.) $35–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/13. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).*

Riverdance—This revamped version returns to New York with a more global feel, featuring flamenco and South African vocals, along with Irish singer Brian Kennedy and dancers Pat Roddy and Eileen Martin. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! $30–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

True West—Josh Brolin and Elias Koteas, replacing Philip Seymour Hoffman and John C. Reilly, smash typewriters and burn toast as Sam Shepard's dysfunctional brothers. Matthew Warchus (*Art*) directs. $65–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, W. 50th St., West of Broadway (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Avow—Jack Hofsiss (*The Elephant Man*) directs Bill C. Davis's new play about same-sex marriage, an unwed mother, and a priest. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 7/27 opening. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

High Infidelity—*Falcon Crest* alum Morgan Fairchild and John Davidson star in John Dooley's new comedy about a senator and his wife. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for an 8/3 opening. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jerusalem Syndrome—Comedian Mark Maron riffs on his pilgrimages to Hollywood, a Philip Morris factory, and Israel. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8. In previews for a 7/27 opening. Through 8/26. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (212-307-4100).*

Spinning Into Butter—As part of the Lincoln Center Festival, Daniel Sullivan (*A Moon for the Misbegotten, Dinner With Friends, Proof*) directs Hope Davis in Rebecca Gilman's new play about a racial controversy at a small Vermont college. $50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 7/27 opening. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Now Playing

Anonymous—A novelist who works in advertising is set up with a batty nutritionist and a mafioso in Glen Merzer's new comedy. Directed by Pamela Berlin (*Steel Magnolias, Crossing Delancey*). $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).*

Opening
Summit Fatigue?

For a break from all this serious talk about Israel and Palestine, check out comedian Marc Maron's one-man show, 'Jerusalem Syndrome,' a romp through Israel and other spiritual spots like Jack Kerouac's grave and a Philip Morris plant. Opening July 27. (See "Off Broadway.")

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

The Comedy of Errors/The Iliad: Book One—The British and American Aquila Theatre Company returns with two performances in repertory. $20–$35. *Errors:* Thurs. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 9. *Iliad:* Fri. at 7 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Hemmerdinger Hall, 100 E. Washington Square Pl. (212-307-4100).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle of John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $40–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-997-1780).*

The Crumple Zone—A new comedy by Buddy Thomas about five men during a holiday weekend. $35. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 8/13. *Rattlestick Theatre, 224 Waverly Pl. (212-532-8887).*

The Dance on Widows' Row—A new comedy about four rich widows by Samm-Art Williams (*The First Breeze of Summer, Home*). Produced by New Federal Theatre. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/30. *Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (212-353-1176).*

De La Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dinner With Friends—Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

The Director—In Nancy Hasty's new play, a once-famous director has fallen from grace and is working as a janitor, until a young playwright enlists his

Photograph by R.K. Saha.

skills—theatrical, that is, not custodial. $37.50–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. *Arclight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (212-279-4200).*

The Donkey Show—A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. Very fun. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

Eat the Runt—Audience members pick which roles the eight Mefisto Theatre company members will play in this surreal story about the hiring of a grants manager at an art museum. $35. Tues.–Sun. at 8. *Altered Stages, 212 W. 29th St. (212-760-5940).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

The Flame Keeper—Amos Kamil's new play about a Jewish professor's return to Berlin in 1946 is directed by Charles Goforth. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

for colored girls who have considered suicide/when the rainbow is enuf—The twenty-fifth-anniversary production of Ntozake Shange's work stars Jackée and is directed and choreographed by George Faison (*The Wiz*). $45–$49. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. Now featuring the disco hit "Stayin' Awake." $49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

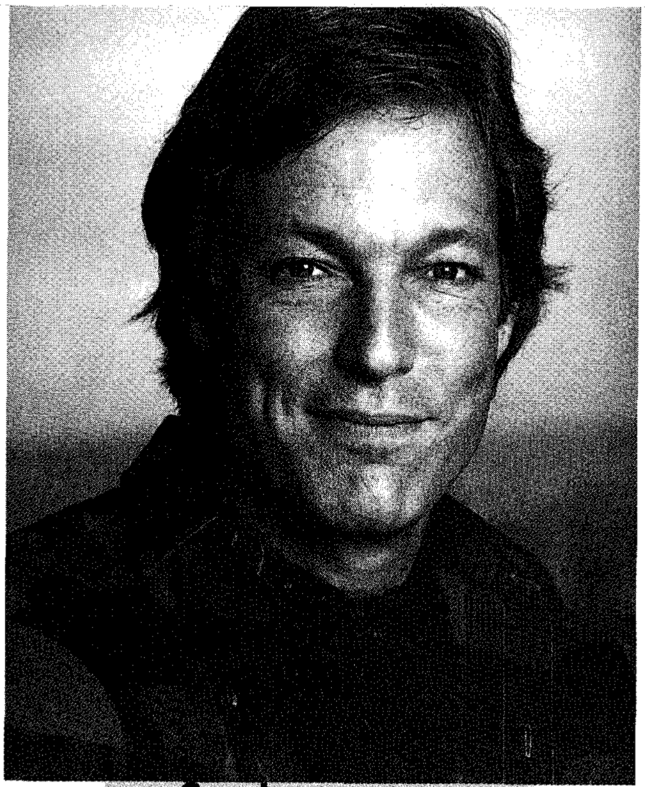
Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, and exuberantly enacted by Mark Setlock, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

Great Black One-Acts 2000—Woodie King presents one-acts by Amiri Baraka, Ed Bullins, Ben Caldwell, Alice Childress, Charles Fuller, Langston Hughes, and others. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/6. *Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (212-353-1176).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.



Photograph courtesy of the Berkshire Theater Festival.

Opening

The Hills Are Alive

Last seen on Broadway in *The Sound of Music,* Richard Chamberlain will headline Gary Socol's new play, *The Shadow of Greatness,* at the Berkshire Theatre Festival. Chamberlain's Alan Perry is a playwright who's so excruciatingly famous that he's hounded by as many fans as a mediocre soap-opera star. When he invites three of them into his house, he opens up a scabrous debate on the nature of fame. Opening July 26. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

It Ain't Over 'Til the First Lady Sings—Hailing from that most unfunny city, Washington, D.C., the cornball political-comedy troupe Capitol Steps brings jokes about Hillary, Rudy, etc. to our punchline-starved city. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30. Through 9/2. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Jitney—This is the revised version of August Wilson's first play, the start of what became a ten-part series, still in progress, about African-American lives, one play per decade. Here the seventies are viewed through the goings-on in the office of a gypsy-cab company in the Pittsburgh of 1977. It is so vividly written, acted, and directed (by Marion McClinton, a Wilson specialist) that it keeps you steadily amused, concerned, and moved. All performers are flawless. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $51. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/3. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).*

Joe Fearless (A Fan Dance)—*Sports Night* onstage: a rabid fan tracks his b-ball obsession in Liz Tucillo's new play. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kiki & Herb: Playing for Time—The downtown duo open their first open-ended Off Broadway run, after practically reinventing cabaret theater with renditions of crooner classics and slightly less Algonquin tunes by the likes of Patti Smith, Suicidal Tendencies, and Christina Aguilera. $12–$15. Fri.–Sun. at 7:30. *Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

The Laramie Project—The Laramie Project, presented by Moisés Kaufman's Tectonic Theater, is a terrific piece of theater, history, and life in the heartless heartlands, concerning the horrific death of young Matthew Shepard at the hands of two very young Laramie gay-bashers. You will be held in rapt attention by this in-depth examination of just about every aspect of the background and foreground of the event, as seen and heard through the eyes and mouths of numerous witnesses, neighbors, indifferent or impassioned fellow citizens, media persons, family members, direct and indirect participants. Nowadays, when every piece of dreck receives standing ovations, you should not miss a theatrical and human event that deserves standing up for, with applause or, better yet, silently, taking an important lesson profoundly to heart. (Simon: 5/29/00.) $25–$55. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).*

Late Night Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $40. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Michigan Impossible—Robert Christophe's new comedy tracks a part-Irish, part-African-American, part-Native American man's search for identity. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 9/22. *John Houseman Studio A, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Murdered by the Mob—Interactive off-line entertainment with a three-course dinner, door prizes, death, dancing, and acting awards for best audience participation. $55. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 7. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (800-687-3374).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Neil Simon's Hotel Suite—This collection of Neil Simon one-acts set in hotels promises more tiny bars of soap than Broadway has seen in a long while. *Hotel* manager is John Tillinger. Guests include Helen Carey, Randy Graff, Leigh Lawson, and Ron Orbach. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 9/10. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Never Swim Alone—Winner of an overall excellence award at last year's Fringe Fest, Daniel MacIvor's bizarre play pits two friends against each other in a thirteen-round verbal boxing match, as a mutual friend acts as referee. $27.50. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10. *SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).*

Off the Meter—John Ahlers directs Peter Zablotsky's new play about a cabdriver and an investment banker who concoct a get-rich-quick scheme together. $35. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. *Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. (212-279-4200).*

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, now transferred from a successful run at the Algonquin Hotel. Featuring Eric Comstock, Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. $50–$80. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy by Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. $49.50. Mon.–Wed., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—The long-running thriller. $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).*

Proof—Manhattan Theater Club does it again! David Auburn's Proof is what Copenhagen ought to be: a play about scientists whose science matters less than their humanity. Here, those of us who want their dramatic characters to be real people need not feel excluded. Robert, a world-famous mathematician who went crazy; Catherine, his mathematically brilliant but too-depressed-to-work daughter; Hal, a young math teacher going through Robert's hundred-plus confused notebooks; and Claire, Robert's older daughter and a successful actuary, are above all fascinating individuals. The performances are perfect. As for Mary-Louise Parker, her Catherine is a performance of genius. (Simon: 6/5/00). $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Through 7/30. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

antos & Santos—Two Mexican-American lawyers and brothers become embroiled in narcotics smuggling when their younger brother returns to their El Paso law firm, in Octavio Solis's new play. $15. Wed.–Sun. at 7. Through 8/10. *Studio Theatre, 416 W. 42nd. St. (212-971-1074).*

tomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. $29.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).*

abletop—Rob Ackerman, a playwright who has worked on television commercials for ten years, takes his audience into the twisted world of product promotion in his new play, the tale of an ambitious ad agency and its precious product: a fruity drink with a swirl. $20–$25. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 8/5. *DTW's Bessie Schönberg Theatre, 219 W. 19th St. (212-924-0077).*

ony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. Now starring Domenica Cameron-Scorcese, daughter of Martin. $67.50–$80. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(212-239-6200).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fanny-boos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Off–Off Broadway

Baal—The Ontological Theatre presents a new Fovea Floods production of Bertolt Brecht's drama. $12. Through 7/30 at 8. *Ontological Theatre, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).*

Baal—This bop-era adaptation features a new translation by Peter Mellencamp. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 10. 7/27–9/2. *Flea, 41 White St. (212-226-2407).*

Big Kiss—Self-deprecation isn't just for big stars. Here, unknown actors unearth the terror of their most humiliating auditions for your enjoyment. $5. Mon. at 7. Through 8/14. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (212-268-9829).*

Chekhov Vaudevilles—Aaron Beall, the new director of Nada Show World, presents eleven of Chekhov's vaudevilles in the renovated porn palace. $15–$20. Call for schedule. *Nada Show World Theater, 42nd St. and Eighth Ave. (212-586-7829).*

Chicago City Limits Turns 20—Celebrating twenty years of shtick. $20. Wed–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *City Limits Theater, 1105 First Ave., near 60th St. (212-888-5233).*

Classical Theatre of Harlem Shakespeare Festival—A modern adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet* set and performed outdoors in Harlem. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 8/6. *Harlem School of the Arts Courtyard, 645 St. Nicholas Ave. (212-539-8828).*

Eh Joe—Negative Antelope presents a new version of the Samuel Beckett teleplay, in which the off-screen Woman's Voice is onstage. $15. Thurs.–Mon. at 8. Through 8/13. *Kraine Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. (212-777-6088).*

Emerging Artist Series 2000—The Wooster Group presents new talents. 7/27–7/30: Multimedia group Radiohole. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (212-966-3651).*

Hot! Ninth Annual Celebration of Queer Culture—A full slate of queer-riffic performances. Highlights include Paul Bowde and Murray Nossel's unusual autobiographical performance about AIDS and friendship. 7/25: Coco Frio. 7/26: Ken Bullock, Scotty the Blue Bunny, James Ferguson. 7/27: Paul Browde and Murray Nossel. 7/28: Jess Dobkin, Utopia Roaming. 7/29: Timothy Levitch. 7/31: Timothy Levitch, Jess Dobkin, Utopia Roaming, Forward. Most shows $7–$15. Performances at 8. *Dixon Place at Vineyard 26, 309 E. 26th St. (212-532-1546).*

Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival—Pack a picnic basket and brush up on your Shakespeare. *Measure for Measure* runs through 7/30. *The Taming of the Shrew* runs in repertory through 8/27. $19–$30. Wed. and Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 6. *Boscobel Restoration, Garrison (914-265-7858).*

Ice Factory 2000—Soho Think Tank presents a series of performances and works-in-progress. $12. Call for schedule. Wed.–Sat. at 7. Through 8/12. *Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (212-966-4844).*

Jesus Hopped the A Train—Toto, I don't think we're in *Oz* anymore: Philip Seymour Hoffman (*True West, Magnolia*) directs a new play by Stephen Adly Guirgus about two prisoners in Riker's, starring John Ortiz, David Zayas, and Ron Cephas Jones. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8. In previews for a 7/28 opening. Through 8/12. *Center Stage, 48 W. 21st St. (212-929-2228).*

The Judson House Project—7/27–7/30: Artists and performers pay homage to Judson House, in honor of the building's demolition on August 1. $15. *Judson House, 237 Thompson St. (212-529-3626).*

Macbeth—An all-female production by Queen's Company. $15. Fri.–Mon. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/20. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-206-1515).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, etc. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-307-4100).*

Savage in Limbo—John Patrick Shanley's new play. $15. Fri.–Sun. at 8. Through 8/6. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (212-647-0202).*

The Shadow of Greatness—Richard Chamberlain stars in Gary Socol's drama about a playwright who gets too much attention. $22–$36. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Thurs. at 8, Sun. at 3. 7/25–8/12. *Berkshire Theatre Main Stage (413-298-5536).*

Shakespeare in the Park(ing) Lot—A free (!) Mod and R&B production of *As You Like It* presented by Expanded Arts. Wed.–Sat. at 8. *Located in the municipal parking lot across the street from 85 Ludlow St. (212-358-5096).*

Sistah Supreme—An autobiographical one-woman show by Bronx-born Liza Colon-Zayas. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Fri. and Sat. at 10. Through 8/26. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).*

Summer Camp 6—The SoHo Rep presents new plays by emerging playwrights. Through 8/13. *SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. (212-334-0962).*

Surface Transit—Talented spoken-word performer, actress, and playwright Sarah Jones presents her superb new one-woman show. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 11. Through 8/26. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).*

Venus & Adonis—The Shakespeare Project presents a puppet adaptation of the Bard's comic poem *Venus & Adonis.* Free. Thurs.–Sun. at 6:30. Through 8/13. Call for locations *(212-387-2051).*

Williamstown Theatre Festival—7/19–7/30: *Hedda Gabler.* 7/26–8/6: Simon Gray's *The Late Middle Classes,* directed by Roger Rees. 8/2–8/13: *The Skin of Our Teeth,* directed by Darko Tresnjak. 8/9–8/20: Eduardo de Filippo's *Christmas in Naples,* directed by Dylan Baker. 8/16–8/27: Moss Hart's *Light Up the Sky,* directed by Christopher Ashley and starring Eric Stolz. Call for schedule. $18–$40. *Williamstown, Mass. (413-597-3400).*

Onstage

Baal Bearings

Downtown theaters are really having a 'Baal.' In fact, they're having two this week—one version of Bertolt Brecht's poetic drama runs at the Ontological Theatre through July 30, while another, bop-era, production with a new translation by Peter Mellencamp bows at the Flea on July 27. Meanwhile, Judson House, a wing of the seminal performing-arts space Judson Church, prepares for the wrecking ball with 'The Judson House Project,' tours and performances celebrating the House's history by Laurel Jay Carpenter (pictured), Funkopolis, and others, from July 27 to July 30. (See "Off–Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Darla Khazei.

art

Art Goes Online... Augustus Washington

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

James Lee Byars—Three installations by the American artist (1932–1997) from the past three decades, two of which have not been previously exhibited in the United States; through 8/14. Werner, 4 E. 77th St. (212-988-1623).

Peter Dayton—Color laser Xerox collages of flowers; through 8/16. Winston Wächter Mayer, 9 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

Herman Maril—Paintings and drawings of landscapes on Monhegan Island, Maine, from the sixties and seventies; through 8/31. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

57th Street Area

Robert Arneson—Bronze self-portrait sculptures and related drawings from the eighties and nineties; through 8/8. George Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (212-644-5665).

Richard Long—An outdoor sculpture, *Brownstone Circle*, and photograph and text works; through 8/10. Seagram, 375 Park Ave. (212-572-7379), Mon.–Fri. 9–5.

Robert Emmett Owen—Paintings of the New England countryside by the American Impressionist (1878–1957); through 9/2. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (212-832-0208).

Betsabeé Romero—New works by the Mexican artist that combine themes derived from Mexican folklore, history, and popular culture, including a Volkswagen Beetle that the artist has transformed into an artwork, a car installation of objects from a junkyard, and a gridlike painting that reproduces Mexico City's historic downtown district; through 9/2. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Anh Duong—New paintings; through 9/16. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (212-274-9300).

Vanessa Beecroft—Photographs of the artist's staged performances from the series VB39 and VB42; through 9/16. Deitch, 18 Wooster St. (212-343-7300).

Raoul Hague—Five large-scale, carved wood sculptures made between 1969 and 1978; through 7/29. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (212-941-0012).

Chelsea

John Ahearn—Painted cast-plaster portraits of the artist and members of his community on New York's East 100th Street; through 7/28. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474).

Deborah Butterfield—New cast-bronze sculptures of horse forms; through 7/30. Thorp, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-6565).

Janine Gordon—Photographs and videos that draw on the artist's involvement in New York's subculture; through 7/28. XL, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-462-4111).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Castelli—59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470). Works on paper by Colson, John, Morris, Ruscha, Starns, Therrien, Weiner; through 8/4.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767). "Fluid Flow," works that investigate fluid systems by 2 artists, among them Arm, Bolande, Bradshav Derges, Fuss, Kalymnios, Obrosey, Parlotto, Sien Wright; through 8/25.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810 "New York-Classicism-Now," works that embod the characteristics associated with the art of classical antiquity—among them harmony, clarity, restraint, and universality—by Akutsu, Collin Croak, Drake, Gilje, Moore, Parrish, other through 9/15.

57th Street Area

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (212-246-2205). "Blow Away," ceramic works with a menacing edge b Fekete, Katleman, Krafft, Notkin, Suro; throug 8/12.

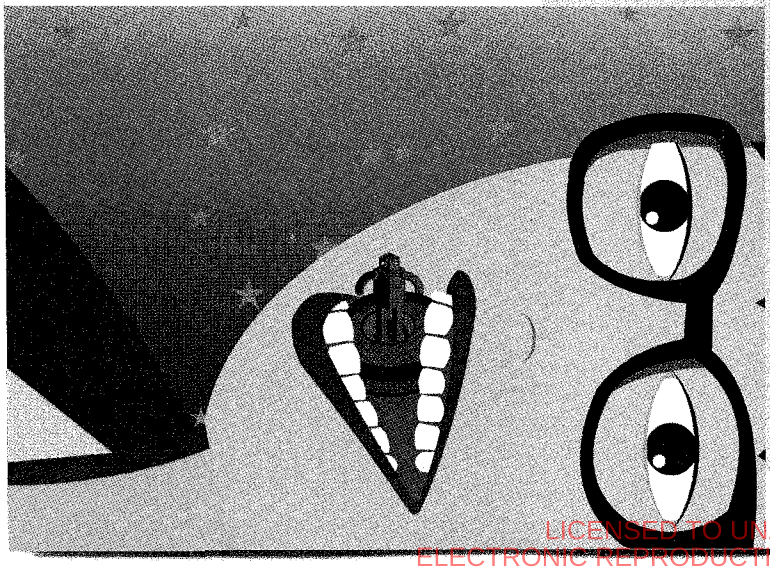
Cohan—41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171). Works tha use the ball or sphere as an object of rumination by Chiappa, Feher, Hammons, Hirst, Majore Oursler, Wegman, others; through 8/18.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (212-759-2345). "Gon Fisching: Selected Paintings of Summer," work

On View

Flash Forward

It's late July, and the art world is sleepy. Collectors and gallery owners have fled to far-flung vacation spots, armies of tourists have captured the city's museums, and high-profile openings are few and far between. So now's the time to stay in the air-conditioned privacy of your home and boot up the computer; it's been a banner year for Internet art in New York. Pioneering Websites like Fakeshop and RTMark were included in the Whitney Biennial for the first time this year (still online at www.whitney.org); digital design firms like Agency.com have flourished; and Channel 13's "Reel NY" series (www.thirteen.org/reelnewyork5) is honoring Gotham Web designers like Matt Owens and Joshua Davis. Despite the tech industry's recent layoffs, the boom has given digital artists the freedom to pursue their noncommercial projects, and some of the results have been both strange and delightful. Mumbleboy, a site that Astoria-based Kinya Hanada maintains, is a case study. "Most of my income comes from freelance jobs," he says, "like the work I just did for a corporate mortgage company." But on Mumbleboy (www.mumbleboy.com), Hanada's playful work ranges from pastiche portraits of the site's fans to brilliantly whimsical short animations—part Keith Haring, part Sanrio. His latest work, *Pamplemousse 2* (pictured), depicts an alien creature who flies out of a chimney and a cheery robot who rides a buttery doughnut into a woman's mouth (the green strawberry-carrying squirrels come later). At the Rhode Island School of Design, Hanada says, "I studied painting, but I was never satisfied with the outcome." Now he works with Shockwave's popular Flash, a digital animation format that's attracted high-profile auteurs like Tim Burton, David Lynch, Stan Lee, Trey Parker, and Matt Stone. "I like the crisp look, the straight lines and solid colors," he explains. "A painting has to be perfect, but now I can be as wild as I like—if one thing doesn't work, I can just do another version." As Carl Goodman notes in his "Reel NY" curator's statement, "Being digital means never having to say you're finished." **LOGAN HILL**



Photograph courtesy of Mumbleboy.com

that depict images of summer leisure by 27 gallery artists, among them Brown, Dodd, Holland, Kraft, Nick, Rickert, Sullivan, through 8/31.

Forum—745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545). Drawings by Bluemner, de Kooning, Feininger, Guston, Matisse, Picasso, others; through 9/1.

Littlejohn Contemporary—41 E. 57th St. (212-980-2323). "Information, Interpretation, Revelation," works by Heffernan, Hogin, Marten, Moritsugu, Sisto; through 8/18.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2000). "The Morris Museum: A Collected Century." Works from the collection of the Morris Museum in Morristown, N.J., among them fine and decorative arts, costumes, toys, ethnographic objects; through 9/8.

Perlow—41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171). Works by Dingwall, Ferren, Irwin, Nevelson, Rivers, others; through 8/31.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082). Works by 72 American artists illustrating the various movements in American art from 1910 through 1975, among them Burchfield, Castellon, Dove, Gottlieb, Porter, Ryan, Tobey, von Wiegand; through 8/10.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). Recent acquisitions of works by Expressionist and self-taught artists; through 9/8.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Blum—99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441). "Lux et Tenebrae," a selection of print portfolios published by Peter Blum Edition over the past twenty years, including works by Baldessari, Bourgeois, Cucchi, Fischl, Katz, Rabinowitch, Turrell, Yanagi, others; through 9/9.

Bridgewater/Lustberg & Blumenfeld—560 Broadway (212-941-6355). Works by gallery and invited artists, among them Bruggeman, Connell, Fitzpatrick, Gerber, Talasnik, Wexler. Through 8/25.

Brownstone—39 Wooster St. (212-334-3455). Works by Buege, Goldstein, Hale, Hergenhahn, Kruse, O'Neill, Scott, Wagner, others; through 8/5.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). "Neo," works by 22 emerging artists working in the New York area selected by the directors and cofounders of Exit Art, Jeanette Ingberman and Papo Colo; through 8/19.

Chelsea

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727). "Opulent," paintings and sculpture that emphasize sumptuous textures, physical density, and richness of color, by Benglis, Burton, Cemin, Milhazes, Ofili, Perrone, Taaffe, Uslé; through 9/1.

Eller—526-30 W. 25th St. (212-206-6411). "Back to Nature," works by Bhabha, Dupuis, Ostendarp, Reeves, Rudolph, Zeller, others; through 8/4.

Feigen Contemporary—535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500). "Maximal Minimal," abstract paintings by Blake, Bovasso, Gwyn, Kaneda, Lyon, Rosmarin, Uglow, others; through 8/4.

Folin/Riva—529 W. 20th St. (212-242-3434). Works by Chir, Kuwayama, Mancione, Mitchell, Odita, Segond, White, Victoria; through 8/5.

Foster—529 W. 20th St. (212-229-0044). "Elbow Room: Manhattan's Public Spaces in Recent Art," works by Hirakawa, Landers, Norman, Petracca, Tunick; through 8/4.

Gladstone—515 W. 24th St. (206-9300). "OO," drawings by Acconci, Baldessari, Barney, Bourgeois, Celmins, Kapoor, Lewitt, Kusama, Marden, Peyton, Serra, Tiravanija, Walker, others; through 8/30.

Kasmin—293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474). Unique photographs by Bucklow, Derges, Hutcheson, McClelland, Miller, Rose; through 8/18.

Klagsbrun—526 W. 26th St. (212-243-3335). Works that make use of the urban landscape, by Arden, J. Craig-Martin, Colson, Ess, Graham, Greenaway, Korty, Maher, Struth, others; through 8/18.

Morris—465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752). Photographs by Boberg and Schabel, an installation of lifelike "weeds" cast in PVC by Matelli; through 8/18.

Sikkema—530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262). "The Magic City," works that explore cultural identity by Banerjee, Evans, Gray, Hendricks, Mutu, Visani; through 8/18.

Team—527 W. 26th St. (212-279-9219). Recent video projections by Hans Op de Beeck; group show of works by Heist & Genesis P-Orridge, Lucy, Violette; through 8/4.

Tibet House Cultural Center—22 W. 15th St. (212-807-0563). "Art Treasures From the Land of Snows: Selections From the Tibet House Repatriation Collection," gilt bronzes, *thangkas* (paintings), ritual objects, and photographs; through 9/22.

Photography

Benrubi—52 E. 72nd St. (517-3766). Photographs of interiors by Abranowicz, Alpern, A. Arbus, Casebere, Devine, Imes, Maul, Morell, Polidori, Turyn, others; through 8/31.

Louise Dahl-Wolfe/Farooz Zahedi—Portraits, still-lifes, and fashion work by this photographer (1895–1989) who worked for *Harper's Bazaar* from 1936 to 1958/Mural-size Iris prints of botanical forms arranged in compositions. Through 9/1. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482). Images of the sea by Italian photographers, including works by Bernardi, Bruno, Gucci, Migliori, Stravisi, Vasco, Vitaliano, others; through 9/9.

Elliott Erwitt—Photographs of museumgoers from the fifties to the present; through 8/11. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-70070).

Greenberg—120 Wooster St. (212-334-0010). "Made for America," vintage photographs from the *Time-LIFE* photo archive that were taken for *LIFE*, *Time*, and *Fortune* magazines by Bourke-White, Capa, Evans, Parks, and other photographers; through 8/12.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "A Durable Memento: Portraits by Augustus Washington, African American Daguerreotypist." The first exhibition of the work of one of a small group of African American daguerreotypists whose work has been identified; through 9/24.

Klotz—22 E. 72nd St. (212-327-2211). Works by Atterberry, Denny, Folberg, Halverson, Perkis, Shapiro, Scheer, Tuempling, Tytla; through 8/18.

Mann—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600). Works exploring personal identity and family by Baden, Guarino, Miesenberger, Millet, Rubinfien; through 8/25.

Miller—20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930). "Alternative Realities," works by Aziz + Cucher, Berger, Campus, Castonguay, Costa, Geerlinks, Taylor, Weiss; through 8/18.

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (212-317-7596). "The Pulitzer Prize Photographs: Capture the Moment," featuring more than 100 Pulitzer Prize–winning photographs taken between 1941 and 1999; through 9/23.

Pace/MacGill—32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999). "Photographs for Summer Reading," works that use the written word as a subject by Acconci, Attie, Bourdin, Brassai, Callahan, Cumming, Evans, Frank, Gowin, Michals, Siskind, others; through 8/30.

Ricco/Maresca—529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819). Recent photographs by Chapman, McKenna, Ruiz i Altaba. Through 8/18.

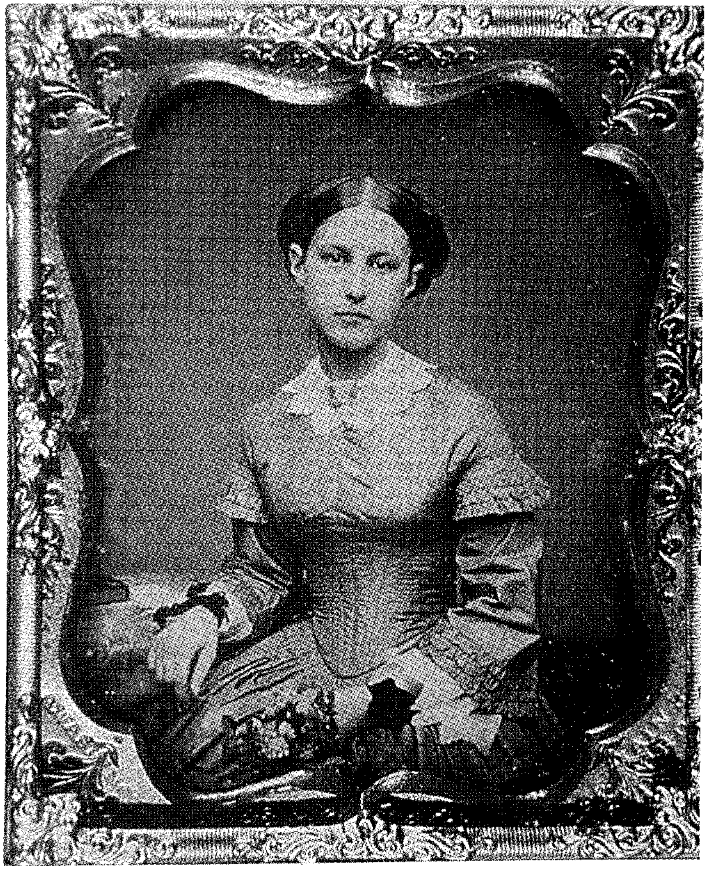
Saul—560 Broadway (212-431-0747). Staged and constructed photographs on the theme of architecture by Asymptote: Rashid and Couture, Boberg, Casebere, Groover, Kasten, Nicosia, Voita, Wood, others; through 8/18.

W. Eugene Smith—Vintage photographs from Smith's 1948 *Country Doctor* essay for *LIFE* magazine; through 8/12. 292, 120 Wooster St. (212-431-0292).

Photography

Washington Monuments

One of the few African-American photographers of his day—indeed, one of the few photographers—Augustus Washington (1820–1875) captured the likenesses of such contemporaries as the abolitionist John Brown, members of the Liberian senate, and scores of unknown sitters who hailed from locales ranging from Hartford, Connecticut, to West Africa. More than 30 of his daguerreotypes (below, Sarah Taintor Bulkeley Waterman, circa 1853) are on view at ICP's "A Durable Memento" (1130 Fifth Avenue, at 94th Street; through September 24).



Photograph courtesy of the Connecticut Historical Society, Hartford.

Wilhelm von Gloeden—Portraits of young male nudes posed alongside ancient ruins in Sicily, taken between 1878 and 1914; through 9/9. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

Wessel + O'Connor—242 W. 26th St. (212-242-8811). "Cool," works by Anderson & Low, Cratsley, Dugdale, English, Flynt, Halliday, Hawkins, Horst, Van Dongen; through 8/25.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Judy Chicago: Resolutions: A Stitch in Time." A millennium project that is a collaboration between Chicago and a group of needleworkers using a variety of techniques; through 9/3. . . . "Sandy Skoglund: Breathing Glass." An installation in the museum's atrium space consisting of thousands of miniature, mechanized dragonflies; through 9/3. . . . "Tommy Simpson: Garden of the Heart." The sculptor and furniture designer's own life-size version of an ancient Persian garden; through 9/3. . . . "Peter Chang: A Visionary." Jewelry and sculptural objects by a Glasgow-based jewelry designer; through 9/3. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., and Fri.–Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Fighting Dinosaurs." Fossils of dinosaurs locked in combat that were recently discovered in the Gobi Desert; through 10/29. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society at Midtown—"Dancing Demons: Ceremonial Masks of Mongolia." Masks, costumes, headdresses, ritual aprons, and ceremonial implements used for "Devil Dances," the traditional Lamaist Buddist dance ceremonies of Mongolia; through 9/17. 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-288-6400), Mon.–Sat. 10–6; $4, $2 students and seniors (free Mon.–Fri. 12–2).

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"William Merritt Chase: Modern American Landscapes, 1886–1890." Paintings of outdoor scenes in Brooklyn and Manhattan by the American landscapist; through 8/13. . . . "Maxfield Parrish, 1870–1966." The first critical survey of the works of the American artist, including paintings, drawings, prints, photographs, artifacts, and ephemera; through 8/6. . . . "Vivian Cherry: A Working Street Photographer 1940s–1990s." Photographs documenting social conditions in the Lower East Side garment industry, Depression-era Harlem, Brooklyn neighborhoods, and Times Square, as well as images showing the 1950s demolition of Manhattan's Third Avenue El; through 8/6. . . . "African Masterworks From the Collection of Beatrice Riese." African art collected by the painter Beatrice Riese, who has lived in New York since 1949; through 9/10. . . . "Urban Glass." A collaboration between Urban Glass, the New York Center for Contemporary Glass in downtown Brooklyn, and the Brooklyn Museum of Art, consisting of works by contemporary glass artists that were inspired by objects in the museum's collection; through 9/3. . . . "Passages: Photographs in Africa by Carol Beckwith and Angela Fisher." Color photographs documenting customs, rites of passage, and aspects of ceremonial life; through 9/24. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"National Design Triennial: Design Culture Now." Works by 83 American designers and design firms; through 8/6. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"In the Footsteps of Goethe: Paintings and Drawings From German Collections." Plein-air sketches and finished paintings of the Italian landscape by Achenbach, Böcklin, Ittenbach, von Schadow, and other German artists who trained at the Düsseldorf Academy between 1826 and 1859; through 8/19. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

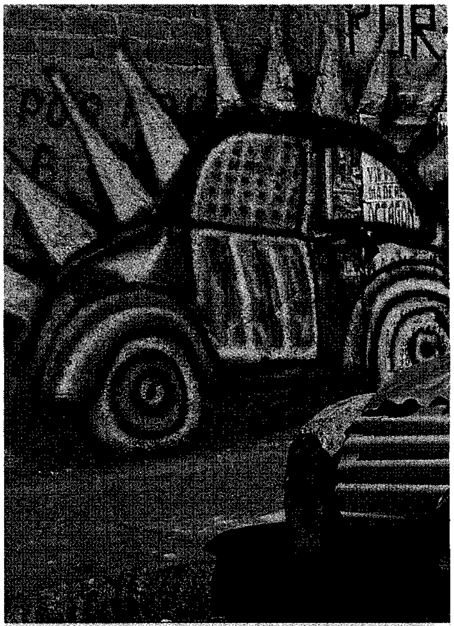
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"1900: Art at the Crossroads." An exhibition organized in collaboration with the Royal Academy of Arts, London, offering a radical reassessment of artistic cross-currents at the turn of the century, featuring works by Balla, Bouguereau, Degas, Eakins, Kandinsky, Matisse, Mondrian, Picasso, and others; through 9/10. . . . "Project for a New Guggenheim in New York City." Models and other works developed by the museum in collaboration with architect Frank Gehry; through 9/15. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Anni Albers." The first comprehensive New York exhibition of the Bauhaus-trained textile designer's work, including more than 200 works created between 1924 and 1978, among them unique wall hangings and weavings, drapery and upholstery fabrics, wall coverings, fabric swatches, texture studies, room dividers, jewelry, prints, and drawings; through 8/20. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late-nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. till 8 (Tues. after 5, free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Chardin." A major loan exhibition of works by the French still-life and genre painter Jean Siméon Chardin (1699–1779), known for his lifelike portrayals of animals, birds, and fruit; through 9/3. . . . "Vernacular Photographs From the Thomas Walther Collection." Anonymous photographs dating from the twenties through the sixties; through 8/27. . . . "American Modern: 1925–1940—Design for a New Age." More than 100 objects from the museum's collection and from the John C. Waddell Collection, including furniture, clocks, appliances, lamps, posters, and textiles; through 1/9/01. . . . "Painters in Paris: 1895–1950." Paintings by Bonnard, Braque, Chagall, Léger, Matisse, Picasso, and other artists who worked in Paris; through 12/31. . . . "Perfect Documents: Walker Evans and African Art, 1935." Photographs by Evans depicting the African sculpture exhibited in MOMA's groundbreaking 1935 exhibition of African art; through 9/3. . . . "The Beginning of Baroque: Carracci at the Metropolitan." Paintings, prints, and drawings made between 1580 and 1610 by Annibale, Agostino, and Ludovico Carracci from the museum's collection; through 9/17. . . . "Max Beckmann Prints." A selection of recent acquisitions of early drypoints created by the German artist between 1914 and 1922; through 1/7/01. . . . "Parks and Promenades: Maurice Prendergast in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings, watercolors, and prints by the New England modernist (1858–1924); through 10/22. . . . "The World of Scholars' Rocks: Gardens, Studios, and Paintings." More than 30 scholars' rocks from the collection of the Richard Rosenblum family; through 8/20. . . . "David Smith on the Roof." A selection of stainless-steel sculptures displayed on the Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Roof Garden; through 11/30. . . . "Fireworks!: Four Centuries of Pyrotechnics in Prints and Drawings"; through 9/17. . . . "John Singer Sargent: Beyond the Portrait Studio, Paintings and Drawings From the Collection." Works made by the artist during his travels in Europe and America; through 9/10. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

Morgan Library—"Treasures From the Royal Tombs of Ur." An exhibition organized by the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archeology and Anthropology comprising jewelry, musical instruments, tools, weapons, cylinder seals, human remains, and other objects and artifacts from the ancient Sumerian city-state of Ur; through 9/10. . . . "Saint-Exupéry's Little Prince." A selection of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's original preparatory drawings for *The Little Prince*, as well as pages from his revised handwritten manuscript; through 8/20. . . . "Sacred Songs: Illuminated Choir Books." Music manuscripts used in the liturgy of the Catholic church during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; through 10/15. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"The S-Files/The Selected Files." Works by U.S.-born Latinos and New York City–based Latin American artists who submitted work to the museum for review over the past year; through 9/24. . . . "Ernesto Pujol: Conversion of Manners." A site-specific installation that incorporates photographs and vintage Carthusian, Franciscan, and Jesuit habits; through 9/24. 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.



On View **Mexican artist Betsabeé Romero blends her native country's folklore and urban myths with a decidedly ironic take on contemporary Western culture's influence south of the border. Romero debuts in New York with "Road Show," which includes her whimsical deconstruction of the Volkswagen "Beetle" (*N'est Pas Une Voiture*, above), the most popular car among the Mexican middle class and a frequent choice of taxi-cab drivers in Mexico City. At Galeria Ramis Barquet, 41 East 57th Street; through September 2.**

Photograph courtesy of Galeria Ramis Barquet.

Museum for African Art—"Beads, Body, and Soul: Art and Light in the Yorùbá Universe." The historic section of a two-venue exhibition shared with the Studio Museum in Harlem (see listing), consisting of crowns, thrones, coronets, necklaces, slippers, and other beaded objects made by the Yorùbá in Nigeria and the Republic of Benin; through 8/27. . . . "Africa by Africans: A Photographic Essay." Images of Africa from the colonial era to the present taken by African photographers; through 8/27. Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Art of William Edmondson." The first major New York retrospective of sculptures by the self-taught American sculptor since 1937, when he was the first African-American artist to have a one-person show at the Museum of Modern Art; through 8/27. Two Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Making Choices," the second cycle of MOMA2000 exhibitions: "The Marriage of Reason and Squalor." A survey examining opposites as they occur in single works of art; through 9/19. . . . "The Raw and the Cooked." Works by unschooled, outsider, and naïve artists; through 9/19. . . . "Useless Science." The efforts of artists who mimic the methods and conventions of artists; through 9/19. . . . "The Dream of Utopia/Utopia of the Dream." Abstract and Surrealist works by Dalí, Ernst, Malevich, Mondrian, others; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Living 1." Post–World War I designs from the de Stijl, Bauhaus, and Constructivist movements; through 8/22. . . . "Walker Evans & Company." Photographs by Evans and by photographers who influenced him or were influenced by him; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Art Despite Modernism." Works by Albright, Balthus, Cadmus, Freud, Hopper, Rivera, others; through 8/22. . . . "Art Is Arp." Works from the twenties, including wood reliefs, string reliefs, cardboard cutouts, prints, illustrated books, collages, and sculpture; through 8/22. . . . "Giorgio Morandi Etchings"; through 8/22. . . . "War." Works created in response to the threats and effects of mass mobilization and violence; through 8/22. . . . "Graphic-Photographic: The European Revolution in Graphic Design and Photography in the 1920s"; through 8/22. . . . "Anatomically Incorrect"; through 9/26. . . . "Home Movies"; through 9/26. . . . "How Simple Can You Get?"; through 9/26. . . . "Ideal Motif: Stieglitz, Weston, Adams, and Callahan"; through 9/26. . . . "Modern Living 2"; through 9/26. . . . "New York Salon." A cross-section of painting and sculpture that marked the beginning of the New York School's rise to prominence; through 9/26. . . . "The Observer: Cartier-Bresson After the War"; through 9/26. . . . "Paris Salon"; through 9/26. . . . "The Rhetoric of Persuasion"; through 9/26. . . . "Seeing Double." An exploration of the theme of pseudoscience through artworks that mimicked scientific methods, and of the absurd as a philosophical, literary, and artistic concept; through 9/26. . . . "Project 70: Jim Hodges, Beatriz Milhazes, Faith Ringgold." Banners by each artist displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 10/31. . . . "Collection Highlights." More than 45 masterworks from the museum's permanent collection of painting and sculpture; through 1/28/01. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. till 8:15 (4:30–8:15, pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Renewing a Block and the Spirit of its People: Photographs of Carmel Hill, Harlem, by Bill Foley; through 11/12. . . . "Under the El." Images of New York City life in prints, watercolors, and drawings from the museum's collection; through 12/3. . . . "New York Now: Contemporary Works in Photography." Images of New York and New Yorkers from the museum's collection; through 10/15. . . . "Elegant Plate: Three Centuries of Precious Metals in New York City." Objects of silver, gold, and other metals from the museum's collection that were used in or near New York from the early eighteenth century through the twentieth; through 9/24. . . . "New York: Songs of the City." More than 50 pieces of lavishly illustrated sheet music for songs celebrating New York; through 9/10. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Louise Dahl-Wolfe, The American Image." A full-scale retrospective of the noted fashion photographer's work, including still-lifes and portraits of Mae West, Cecil Beaton, Eudora Welty, and others; through 8/12. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design—"American Spectrum: Paintings and Sculpture From the Smith College Museum of Art." A traveling exhibition drawn from one of the foremost institutional collections of eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century American art, including works by Albers, Homer, Inness, Kline, O'Keeffe, Sargent, and others; through 9/10. 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 10–6; $5.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Martha Rosler: Positions in the Life World." A retrospective of the artist's videos, installations, and photographs; through 10/8. . . . "Tiborocity: Design and Undesign by Tibor Kalman." A retrospective of the late designer's work in print, film, video, and product design, including more than 200 pieces from his personal collection; the archives of M&Co., the design firm he founded in 1979; and his contributions as editor-in-chief of the Benetton-sponsored magazine *Colors*; through 8/7. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"Manhattan Contrasts: Twentieth-Century Paintings of New York From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society." Works by Chesley Bonestell, Theresa Bernstein, Colin Campbell Cooper, Martin Wong, and others; through 8/27. . . . "New York Inside Out." A juried exhibition of photographs by New Yorkers documenting their own lives at home; through 8/20. . . . "Stork Club." An exhibition tracing the history of New York's legendary nightclub through letters and business records, photographs, menus, and accessories bearing the nightclub's logo; through 10/1. . . . "Without Sanctuary: Lynching Photography in America." Photographs documenting lynchings in America from the 1870s through the 1950s; through 8/13. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Drawings by Charles Addams." A rotating selection of drawings by the *New Yorker* cartoonist; through 6/30/01. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center—"Around 1984: A Look at Art in the Eighties." Works by a selected group of artists who were practicing in the eighties, among them Basquiat, Bickerton, Clemente, Cragg, Calle, Halley, Holzer, Kapoor, Koons, Salle, Schnabel, Steinbach, Sherman; through 9/30. . . . "Volume: Bed of Sound." Works by approximately 80 sound artists presented through headphones and a room designed with speakers for individual and group sound-art presentation; through 9/30. . . . Projects by Jonathan Bepler, Christian Marclay, Pipilotti Rist, and Ugo Rondinone; through 9/30. . . . "Max Neuhaus: Drawings." Drawings that complement the artist's sound works; through 9/30. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art—"Art at Work: Forty Years of the Chase Manhattan Collection." More than 120 contemporary artworks from the bank's collection, by Acconci, Barney, Clemente, Close, Gober, Nauman, Prince, Sherman, Wegman, others; through 10/1. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Beads, Body, and Soul: Art and Light in the Yorùbá Universe." The contemporary section of a two-venue exhibition shared with the Museum for African Art (see listing), consisting of works by African and African-American artists drawing on the decorative traditions of the Yorùbá of Nigeria and the Republic of Benin, including beaded paintings, banners, and sculpture; through 8/27. . . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence 1999–2000." Works by Nicole Awai, Sanford Biggers, and Terry Boddie; through 9/17. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed. and Thurs. 12–6, Fri. 12–8, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Barbara Kruger." The first major museum retrospective of the artist's work, including billboards, photographic prints on paper and vinyl, etched metal plates, installations, and sculptures that use text and image to raise questions about values, taste, and the material world; through 10/22. . . . "The Art of Alice Neel." A retrospective exhibition of paintings by the American artist (1900–1984) known for her unflinching portraits of her friends, family, neighbors, and fellow artists; through 9/17. . . . "Synapsis Shuffle." A project by Robert Rauschenberg that comprises 52 silk-screened paintings intended to be reassembled into compositions of between three and seven panels by longtime friends or colleagues of the artist; through 10/8. . . . "Tony Oursler: *The Darkest Color Infinitely Amplified*." A new work commissioned by the museum that allows three-dimensional projections to appear in free space; through 10/31. . . . "Carnival Strippers: Photographs by Susan Meiselas." Photographs of women who perform strip tease for a living taken at rural New England fairs in the seventies; through 9/10. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–9 (pay what you wish every Thurs. 6–9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Pastoral Pop!" Site-specific commissioned works by Katrin Asbury, Rob de Mar, Rachel Feinstein, Peter Gould, Jason Middelbrook, Lisa Ruyter, and Alyson Shotz; through 12/15. . . . "Expanding Horizons: Landscape Photographs From the Whitney Museum of American Art." Works by Gregory Crewdson, Sally Gall, Sally Mann, Richard Misrach, Stephen Shore, and others; through 10/6. 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). 7/26 at 10: "Contents of Abandoned Safe Deposit Boxes." On view from 7/21. 8/3 at 10: "Fine Furniture, Decorations and Paintings." On view from 7/31. 8/17 at 10: "End of Summer Sale." On view from 8/14.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710). 8/2 at 2: "Vintage Posters." On view from 7/29. 8/23 at 2: "Shelf Sale." On view from 8/19. 9/14 at 10:30: "The New York Sale." On view from 9/9. 9/21 at 10:30 and 2:30: "Nineteenth & Twentieth Century Prints & Drawings." On view from 9/16. 9/28 at 10:30: "Art & Architecture Books." On view from 9/23. 10/5 at 10:30: "Early Printed Books." On view from 9/30.

Ground Rules:

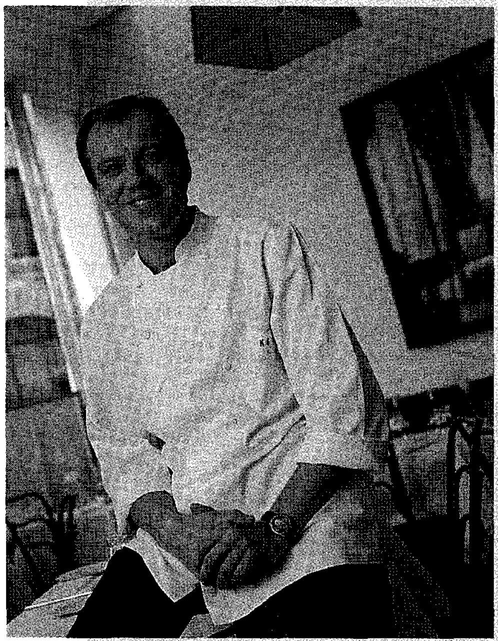
Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

restaurants

State of Grapes...Dessert Duo...New Miss

First Taste
Vienna Wallsé

Kurt Gutenbrunner and David Bouley might be the Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele of Austrian cooking in New York, but which is which? If Schiele was Klimt's spiritual heir, what does that make Gutenbrunner, until three years ago a Bouley underling? After all, Gutenbrunner was the one born outside Vienna, the one who cooked at that city's acclaimed Tantris restaurant, the one Bouley tapped to helm Danube before the TriBeCa titan had his very public spat with money-man Warner LeRoy. Tired of waiting for someone else's ship to come in, Gutenbrunner went his own way, eventually landing in the far reaches of the West Village, where he and Austrian architect Constantin Wickenburg transformed the old Black Sheep space into Wallsé, which opened last week with much less fanfare than its grandiose Austrian antecedent. "This is exactly what I had in mind," says Gutenbrunner (pictured), who named the restaurant after the fifteenth-century village where he grew up. "Much more casual, more relaxed, with very simple, straightforward food." Don't get the wrong idea. The pair of whitewashed dining rooms might have a clean, minimalist feel, but with their artfully unfocused photographs, reproductions of Josef Hoffmann mesh light sconces, and graceful Adolph Loos chairs, they're as sophisticated and tasteful as Gutenbrunner's food. Who knew veal goulash could be *elegant*? Gutenbrunner's is, an artful mound of tender meat you regret (for a moment) toppling. And though dishes like tafelspitz (boiled beef), wiener schnitzel, and rostbraten (grilled sirloin) seem like a culinary memoir, Gutenbrunner's touch is much subtler than, for example, countryman Arnold Schwarzenegger's accent. The guiding principle, in fact, is less goulash than Greenmarket; Gutenbrunner has spent his career forging relationships with local farmers who supply lemon thyme for his pike, heirloom tomatoes for his lamb salad, and the miraculously sweet strawberries that garnish his elderflower sorbet. His opening menu reads "Summer 2000," and he intends to continue in that seasonal vein. But regardless of the time of year, there's one source that won't dry up. "My mom sends me bread crumbs from Austria," he confides, proving that you can take the boy out of Wallsé, but you can never take Wallsé out of the boy. (344 West 11th Street; 212-352-2300.) ROBIN RAISFELD



Photograph by Bruce Katz.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—The jewel-toned Financial District branch of the popular Turtle Bay bar and lounge serves the same extensive selection of wine and beer, and a similar menu of appetizer-size plates they call "international tapas." Typically creative selections include a barbecued-buffalo sandwich, shrimp satay with hoisin sauce, and a wild-mushroom quesadilla. *55 Liberty St., second fl. (212-791-WINE). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers, curious club kids, and the inevitable tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. Live music Tuesday through Saturday. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gubbio—Decorated with imported tapestries and pottery meant to evoke a medieval Umbrian hill town, this spacious TriBeCa restaurant features a seasonal Italian menu that strives to avoid culinary clichés. Choices include pork medallions with stewed cabbage and smoked ricotta, and lamb carpaccio with olive pesto. *223 W. Broadway (212-334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Omen—Step off this quiet SoHo side street, and you're suddenly transported to Kyoto—a feeling that's reinforced by the traditional menu and decorative calligraphy and ceramics. *113 Thompson St. (212-925-8923). (M–E) AE.*

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Spring Street Natural—Before SoHo was *SoHo*—and aeons before anyone even conceived of NoLIta—this health-food hub was turning out mostly organic, life-sustaining fare, very similar to its present menu of grilled fresh fish, free-range poultry, and soy every which way. As befits a natural-food haven, there's lots of greenery, big windows, high ceilings, and a generally wholesome vibe. Plus delivery, and such intriguing daily specials as yuca fritters with jalapeño-tomato relish, roasted salmon with creamy vegetable risotto, and scrambled tofu with brown rice. *62 Spring St. (212-966-0290). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. *The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows:* (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wild Blue—In an intimate room that's warm and plushly comfortable but doesn't try to compete with the famous view, chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steakhouse. Exceedingly moist chicken gets a Med-rim treatment with olives and preserved lemons, and buttermilk fried oysters with chipotle cream and spoon bread are an inspired take on an American classic. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Telephone Bar & Grill—This East Village fixture was serving classic pub grub like shepherd's pie and fish and chips long before anyone thought of British comfort food as trendy. A youngish crowd gathers here for happy hour (Mondays through Fridays, 4 to 7 P.M.) and for a typically hearty Irish breakfast on weekends. *149 Second Ave. (212-529-5000). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm

Eat at the places
supermodels
drink water.
Get inside restaurants.
Foodline.com
Restaurant reservations, reviews and more.

You know the Shelly that owns Redeye Grill.

Same Shelly.

ENJOY MANHATTAN CUISINE AT

Shelly's New York

104 W. 57th. 212.245.2422

evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a hint of the tropics on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry. The relaxing, palm-fronded dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces. *243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of such French-influenced American fare as foie gras French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal with Swiss chard. *42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (212-679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metro Fish—Hearty fish dinners with all the fixin's in a "nautical townhouse" setting. Live lobsters, crabs, and other fresh seafood platters are simple, satisfying, and reminiscent of the sort of shore dinners served in seaside towns along the Northeast coast. Those with more of a culinary wanderlust can sample the house-special bouillabaisse. *8 E. 36th St. (212-683-6444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—This 10,000-square-foot Flatiron space is especially well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner (or foursome) will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with goat cheese, and za'atar-crusted rack of lamb, prosciutto, and Brie over herb risotto—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mi—A talented team of cooks with impressive-sounding résumés (Mercer Kitchen, Hatsuhana) collaborate on a menu including sushi and sashimi, pad Thai, Malaysian spare ribs, and Korean bibimbob at this four-flavor pan-Asian restaurant. *66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

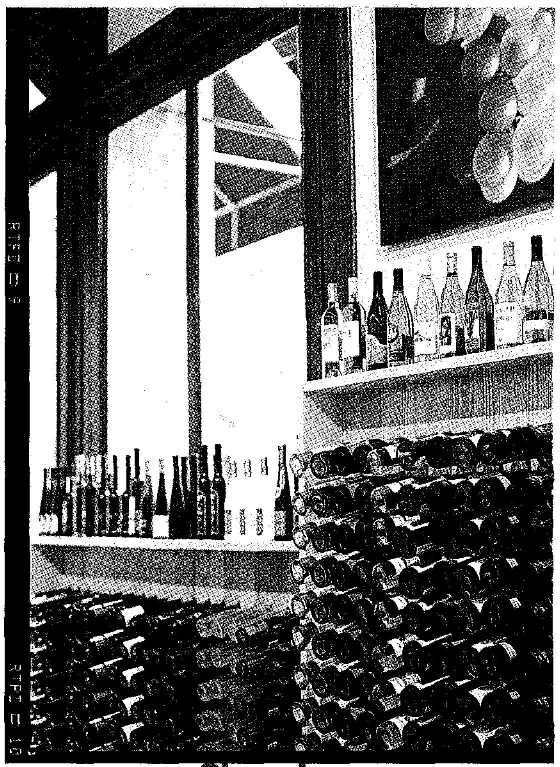
Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (212-683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tivoli Bar and Grill—This midtown restaurant aspires to attract a hip, young crowd. Thus, live music on Thursday night, a D.J. on Saturdays, and a menu heavy on seafood like raw shellfish, fish and chips, and lobster ravioli in seafood broth. There's also a happy hour, with all its attendant grub: chicken wings, mozzarella sticks, nachos, and a complimentary appetizer of the day. *515 Third Ave., nr. 34th St. (212-532-3300). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut



Photograph by Joe Scafuro.

Shopping
Grape Nuts

There are 140 wineries in New York State, but you'd never know it by the hegemony California and the Continent seem to have over local liquor stores. Vintage New York, the new SoHo wine shop opened by Rivendell Winery founder Robert Ransom and the serendipitously named Susan Wine, takes a refreshingly homegrown approach with its inventory of 150 wines from the Finger Lakes, Hudson Valley, and Long Island, all available for sampling at the shop's tasting counter. And if you're wondering what to serve with that Wolffer rosé or Dr. Konstantin Frank Gewürztraminer, consider the selection of regional foods like artisanal Hudson Valley cheese from Egg Farm and Coach Farm dairies, Catskills smoked fish, and Long Island duck. Best of all, since the store is an extension of a farm winery, it's open Sunday—an Empire State loophole Robert Mondavi hasn't snuck through yet. (482 Broome Street; 212-226-9463.)

squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

he Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (212-683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

pplebee's Neighborhood Grill & Bar—This national chain invades Manhattan's freshly scrubbed and reinvented 42nd Street with an eager-to-please, affordable menu heavy on burgers, steak, and fajitas. Out-of-towners will feel right at home. *234 W. 42nd St. (212-391-7414). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

helsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

usion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese vegetable spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

ush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu, served in shareable portions. *17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

imply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. *120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Vorld Yacht Dining Cruises—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: a collaboration with some of the city's biggest culinary talents, featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown, Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson, and Montrachet's Remi Lauvand and dessert creations from Payard Pâtisserie, all prepared by World Yacht's executive chef Wayne Tuman. Jacket required. Reserve. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

afé Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ella Femina—Jerry Della Femina tapped Kevin Penner, the very talented chef from the adman's Hamptons hot spot, to supervise the stoves at his Manhattan outpost. His city food places the same premium on high-quality ingredients in dishes like day-boat halibut, langoustines with black truffles, and rib-eye steak. Sit at the bar, converse with the very able and accommodating bartender, and try to guess the identity of every A- and B-list celebrity in the collage of caricatures. *131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

more culture
less fat

metro ARTS
thirteen

Check your cable MetroLearning and MetroGuide Channels
Program listings at www.thirteen.org/metroarts

You know the
Shelly that owns
Cafe Fiorello.

Same Shelly.

ENJOY MANHATTAN CUISINE AT
Shelly's New York
104 W. 57th. 212.245.2422

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (212-983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Hatsuhana—One of Manhattan's pioneering sushi sources, and still an enduring option for a reliable midtown business lunch. All the raw-fish bases are covered, as are the now-familiar realms of teriyaki and tempura. Or sample one of the house specialties, like cucumber-wrapped broiled eel, ostrich carpaccio, and ultraluxurious Kobe beef baked in a salt pouch *and* a bamboo leaf. *17 E. 48th St. (212-355-3345). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions—and, as demonstrated by its sushi bar, other countries. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings, or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (212-682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Opening
Picky, Picky, Picky

For a fast-food chain with nearly a hundred branches, Pret a Manger, the leading British purveyor of prepackaged sushi, salad, snacks, and sandwiches, is remarkably committed to fresh, high-quality, profit-margin-be-damned foods. So before the company opened its first overseas outpost steps away from the Stock Exchange this month, it conducted an exhaustive and ongoing search for the absolute best we colonists have to offer. To supplement their Belgian croissants, Parisian baguettes, and Danish danishes, they found a suitable local organic milk to be poured into their truly excellent coffee; hickory-and-applewood smoked bacon from Ohio for their BLTs; creamy yogurt from Peekskill's Egg Farm Dairy; and Steve's Authentic "fresh-squeezed" Florida key lime pies from Brooklyn. Harder to sign up was an equally wholesome staff: A spokesman for Pret was quoted in the London press as finding local job applicants "rude and unhelpful," if you can believe it. (60 Broad Street; 212-219-2366.)

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Christian Delouvrier's masterful classic French cooking. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (212-339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Maloney & Porcelli—A midtown steakhouse with something extra, courtesy of consulting chef David Burke's contributions—including something called "angry lobster"—plus whole leg of lamb, an extensive wine list, and an innovative menu of American classics. A second-floor party room has a fireplace and skylights. *37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porterhouse for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. There's a private dining room and a private smoking room. And if you (or your progeny) so desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip to the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-themed paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones. *23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by David Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dining room with new spirit by way of inspired new dishes like coriander crusted duck breast with Bartlett pears, onion tar with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gras ravioli. Plus a special cocktail hour canapé menu, to be enjoyed in the monkey mural bar with nightly piano music. *60 E. 54th St (212-838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhoo restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while th kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheate menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private part room available. *120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447) (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import ha taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's clul charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave. at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This sprawling Italiar restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wid array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's Positano—As is the wont of upscale Italiar restaurants, this one—a more serene, mural-painted version of Nino's uptown—specializes in th food of a certain region, in this case, the south, anc Positano in particular. But the menu still manage to read like the greatest hits of the Italian kitchen with appetizers like Caprese salad, truffle-butterec asparagus with Parmesan, and lemony fried artichokes. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main course traverse similar territory. Whole roasted branzinc is filleted tableside, making it almost as dramatic a Nino's famous lobster fra diavolo for two. *890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M) AE, DC DS, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive anc excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romanti evenings alike. The upstairs bar is a perfect retrea for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *5 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oscar's—This contemporary American brasserie i named for the Waldorf-Astoria's longtime maîtr d', Oscar Tschirky, creator of such legendary dishes as the Waldorf salad and veal Oscar. The men leans toward updated classics like yellowfin-tun tartare and smoked Hudson Valley foie gras with truffled red-wine marmalade. Designer Adam Tihany transported the history-laden dining roon into the twenty-first century with a much-needed face-lift. *Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (212-872-4920). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras the Waldorf's posh dining room has broken with mealtime tradition. Rather than offer straightforward appetizers and entrées, Gras divides his men into categories like ocean/river (lobster soup flavored with chestnuts), field/forest (seaweed anc field greens), black truffle (Venetian pasta), anc farm (rabbit chop wrapped in pasta). And rathe than price each individual dish, he charges by th number of courses one selects: $54 for three, $6 for four, and up. The sommelier's suggested win pairings are available for an additional price, anc jackets are required. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popula steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has th look of a private club, the noise of a locker room and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St (212-753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in a the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropi

Photograph by Lenora Gim

Opening

Miss You

Yes, it takes more than a little chutzpa to barge into the cheesecake capital of the world, set up a quaint little confectionery, and call it Martha Frances Mississippi Cheesecake. But as far as Jackson native Jan Boscarino (above) is concerned, it's about time. "Southerners are truly awesome at making sweets," she says. To prove her point, Boscarino showcases the lusciously rich and dense cheesecake she imports from her home state in an alternating roster of eight inspired flavors, including praline, blackberry, caramel crunch, and, of course, Mississippi Mud. Her just-so fourteen-seat café next door to Elaine's is also the place to stock up on southern delicacies like Mississippi cheese straws and, for the culinarily adventurous, a catfish-and-caper Mississippi mousse. Biloxi babka enthusiasts, however, will have to look elsewhere. (1707 Second Avenue, near 89th Street; 212-360-0900.)

When the ceremony is over, give your wedding dress a good home.

Turn your style and good taste into help for New York's neediest children, and get a tax deduction at the same time. Sheltering Arms Childrens Service seeks donations of contemporary and antique wedding dresses, and evening gowns suitable for resale. The IRS allows the fair market value of your contribution to be deducted from your income tax

For more information please call Ms. Geraldine Brower at **(212)252-0661**. Or fax us at **(212)779-4252.**

Sheltering Arms Childrens Service, 122 E. 29th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

Sheltering Arms – A safe haven for children

You know the Shelly that owns Brooklyn Diner.

Same Shelly.

ENJOY MANHATTAN CUISINE AT

Shelly's New York

104 W. 57th. 212.245.2422

Photograph by Joe Scafuro.

cal iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (212-486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of course, gravlax and herring. *13 W. 54th St. (212-307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bar Code—Good clean fun is the revitalized Times Square mantra, and this 24/7 interactive entertainment arcade targeting adults dishes it out. Those who wish to revisit their childhoods—if those childhoods were spent in a high-decibel-level video arcade—celebrate here with chocolate martinis, Mud Slides, B-52s, and the kind of food (wings, pizza, burgers, pot stickers) that doesn't distract too much from the high-tech games. *1540 Broadway, nr. 46th St. (212-869-9397). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Café Fonduta—Fondue is back. But don't worry—if you didn't have the foresight to save your old pot, you can come here for a retro fix of sweet (chocolate, with s'mores-style marshmallows and graham crackers) or savory (a cheese medley) versions. Plus, in a neighborhood nearly bereft of cheap eats, there are affordable salads, pastas, panini, and thin-crust pizzas, all available for lunchtime delivery. *18 W. 56th St. (212-247-5011). (I–M) AE.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ASK GAEL

My mom used to hide the peanut butter.

Let's hope Mom won't take it personally now that you're grown up enough to follow pastry chef Wayne Harley Brachman as he cuts a peanut-butter swath around town from Tapika to Michael Jordan's and soon at Strip House, opening this September in the old Asti's space. Feed your inner child chocolate-peanut-graham cake with peanut-butter ice cream under a toasted marshmallow parasol or a trio of chocolate-ice-cream sandwiches at Tapika whenever you please. And treat the table to homemade cookies and a glass of milk. Or wallow in nostalgia after your lamb chops at Michael Jordan's with sensational butterscotch-banana pudding. I bet even Mom's vanilla wafers weren't homemade like these. Does dark chocolate and peanut-butter ice cream with peanut-butter crunch, hot fudge, and marshmallow cream in a brownie sundae strike you as near overkill? Ah, it's just what the kid craves. (Tapika, 950 Eighth Avenue, at 56th Street; 212-397-3737. Michael Jordan's The Steakhouse NYC, Grand Central Station, 23 Vanderbilt Avenue; 212-655-2300.)

Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jack Rose—Some steakhouses are known for mobsters' having been gunned down outside their doors; others simply prefer to name themselves after gangsters. Such is the case with this modern theater-district steak-and chophouse with a swank lodge-like feel and a comprehensive wine list. Named for the turn-of-the-last-century wiseguy and the cocktail that was also named in his honor, the restaurant specializes in prime steaks, four-pound lobsters, and even a take on that puckery drink, which combines applejack, lemon juice, and grenadine. *771 Eighth Ave., at 47th St. (212-247-7518). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (212-688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a theater-district shrine to the stars of stage and screen. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks and herb-crusted rack of lamb to crab cakes and marinated duck breast. Theatergoers will want to know about the $23.50 prix fixe dinner, and music lovers about the live jazz and blues on Saturday night and the Sunday jazz brunch. *150 W. 47th St. (212-869-5482). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Local—This theater-district American bistro has lots of cozy booths and turns out sophisticated, refreshingly imaginative fare with international accents but doesn't go overboard. Try the pan-seared scallops with Maine crab cake and sweet-corn chowder; the roasted North Atlantic salmon with spring vegetables; and the excellent desserts. *224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—This place is always buzzing, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (212-265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (212-246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Chef Andrea Pace is famous for his open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on his Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops with spinach gnocchi, risotto with baby shrimps, and artichoke hearts stuffed with sun-dried tomatoes and black-olive purée. The dining room is decorated with stills from the Italian cinema, and it leads into an enclosed "secret garden," a warren of private rooms, each designated for a different leisurely activity (wine room, grappa room, cigar lounge). *125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like chicken breast with lentils, roasted vegetables, and polenta. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn Diner USA—"The Finer Diner" serves a gourmet reworking of the foods of everyone's favorite borough, from fragrant chicken soup with challah to a "fifteen-bite hot dog," with refreshments like Penfolds Cabernet and chocolate malts. *212 W. 57th St. (212-581-8900). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant—Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars alike manages to be unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs in a sauce of dark beer and sage with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. *11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (212-754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nascimento—This fun, romantic Brazilian restaurant with a supplement of Italian dishes features live entertainment nightly and Brazilian music on Saturdays. Try the authentic Bahian specialties like moqueca de peixe (fish stew made with dende oil) and Brazil's hearty national black bean dish from Rio, feijoada completa. *1068 First Ave., nr. 58th St. (212-755-6875). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nirvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb fifteenth-floor-view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (212-486-5700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

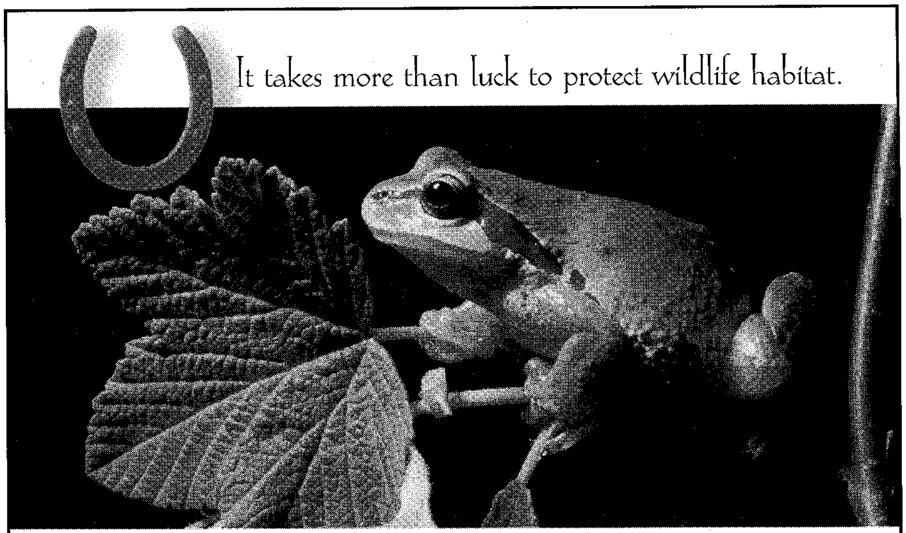
Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

It takes more than luck to protect wildlife habitat.



It takes you.

Help ALC continue to preserve our nation's most threatened lands and waters. Protect and restore our heritage — support ALC.

AMERICAN LAND CONSERVANCY

Call us at 415.403.3850
or visit us at www.alcnet.org — learn how you can help.

A non-profit organization.
456 Montgomery Street, Suite 1450
San Francisco, CA 94104

You know the Shelly that owns Fireman's of Brooklyn.

Same Shelly.

ENJOY MANHATTAN CUISINE AT

Shelly's New York

104 W. 57th. 212.245.2422

for
information
call

NEW YORK

For the latest on restaurant trends, nightspots, Broadway shows, concerts, sporting events, and more, turn to NEW YORK's Information Services Department.

To get information about any articles or reviews that have appeared in NEW YORK, just call 212-508-0755.

Rediscover the world's greatest city by calling the Information Services Department, Monday-Friday, 10:30 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.

The Chelsea, by the way, is hardly the only old-world establishment under pressure. The Carlyle on Madison Avenue, which is in every respect the opposite of the Chelsea, has succumbed to the same forces and is now for sale, its boosters and long-term tenants paradoxically entertaining the very same fears of change and loss expressed by Chelsea residents.

According to Sean Hennessey of PricewaterhouseCoopers, hotels in the city typically command from $250,000 to $775,000 "per key"—that is, per billable unit—upon sale. If the Carlyle falls near the top of that spread, the Chelsea would fall in the bottom half. Even assigning it the lowest per-key rate, given the enormous potential expense of fixing it up, would give the hotel a speculative value of roughly $60 million.

Hotelier André Balazs, owner of the Mercer in SoHo and the Chateau Marmont in L.A., lights up at the first mention of the Chelsea. "I would love to buy it. It would be the perfect sister hotel to the Chateau. The similarities between the Chateau and the Chelsea are remarkable in terms of their relative age, the history that both buildings went through, the long-standing association with the creative part of the world. If one could find a way to enhance it, I think it would have great, great value."

STANLEY BARD IS NOW GROOMING HIS son David and daughter Michelle to take over his mission. He is said to be more wary of accepting artwork from his tenants, although he insists on his right to take gifts of gratitude from whomever he pleases. But any suggestion that he might bow to the inevitable underestimates his emotional investment in his artists colony. "I have an insatiable need to make the hotel what I envision it to be," he insists. "I have a dream. I never want it to be for sale."

Last year, he signed up caterer Serena Bass and her son Sam Shaffer to convert the Chelsea's cavernous basement into Serena, a popular fashionista hangout. Bard hopes that Serena will eventually serve afternoon tea in the Chelsea's lobby and even provide a limited emulation of room service to the hotel, which would be a shocking innovation indeed.

But not a capitulation to the pressures for wholesale change at the hotel. "I spent my life here, building and making it," he says, "and I don't want to see some big corporate giant changing it, especially for greed or profit. I would like to know that my legacy continues." ■

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (212-877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Queens

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

in concert

Mostly Mozart Festival...New York Philharmonic in Central Park

Classical Music

Caribbean Roots—Lincoln Center Festival continues its innovative summer program with a five-part concert series including Mystic Revelation of Rastafari, in its first U.S. appearance in 25 years; Rhythm of Vodou; and Linton Kwesi Johnson, the father of "dub" poetry, with the Dennis Bovell Dub Band. 7/24–29; please call the festival hotline for individual program details, ticket prices, and locations (212-721-6500).

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Celebrates filial bonds with harpsichord sonatas by J. S. Bach, C. P. E. Bach, Alessandro Scarlatti, and Domenico Scarlatti. 7/30 at 2. *Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park near Broadway and Mosholu Ave., Bronx.* Second performance at 4. *McGinley Center, Fordham University, Bronx Rose Hill Campus at Southern Boulevard. (718-601-7399); free.*

St. Bartholomew's Choir—Continues the "Summer Festival of Sacred Music" with William Byrd's haunting *Mass for Five Voices,* composed in 1595. 7/30 at 11. *St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. (212-378-0227); free, although offerings are accepted.*

Mostly Mozart Festival—Enjoy a sneak preview of the festival, which opens August 1. The Festival Orchestra, conducted by its director, Gerard Schwartz, presents Mozart's "Prague" Symphony, Bizet's *Symphony in C,* and Beethoven's *Fidelio* Overture. Jennifer Frautschi is the soloist in Mozart's *Violin Concerto No. 3 in G.* 7/31 at 8. *Damrosch Park, Amsterdam Ave. at 63rd St. (212-875-5399); free.*

New York Philharmonic—Fireworks follow a presentation of Stravinsky's *Firebird* Suite in an alfresco concert that also includes Gershwin's *An American in Paris,* conducted by Mikko Franck. 8/1 at 8. *The Great Lawn, Central Park at 81st St.* 8/2 at 8. *Prospect Park, Brooklyn.* 8/3 at 8. *Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx.* 8/4 at 8. *Westchester Community College, Valhalla, NY (212-875-5709); free.*

Opera

Glimmerglass Opera—On the shore of Otsego Lake, James Robinson presents Puccini's *La Bohème,* his first production with the company. 7/27–8/27, Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, Sundays and Mondays at 1. *Alice Busch Opera Theater, State Highway 80, Cooperstown, N.Y. (607-547-5704); $22–$90.*

Dance

Midsummer Night Swing—Lincoln Center celebrates summer dancing under the stars Tuesdays through Saturdays, 7/11–7/29, at 8:15, dance lesson at 6:30. Please call for programming and rain updates. *Josie Robertson Plaza, Lincoln Center (212-875-5766); $11, six-night pass $62.*

Noche Flamenca—Harnesses the dramatic power of flamenco in a series of premieres, including Martin Santangelo's *La Plaza,* which draws out the tensions between people gathered in a marketplace, and his new *Alegrías,* which tells a traditional love story. 7/12–8/13, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8, Sundays at 5. *The Connelly Theater, 220 E. 4th St. (212-278-4200); $25 Tues.–Thurs., $30 Fri.–Sun.*

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater—Presents two programs of works, both featuring the incomparable *Revelations.* Program A includes the world premiere of a new work by the company's artistic director, Judith Jamieson. Program B revives *Blues Suite* with live music by Taj Mahal. 7/25–7/29 at 8, additional performance at 2 on 7/29. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-875-5928); $20–$75.*

Compagnie Mathilde Monnier—Explores the relationship between Greek tragedy and modern Africa in *Pour Antigone,* for ten dancers and percussion. 7/26, 7/28–7/29 at 8:30. *La Guardia Concert Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5928); $38.*

Eliot Feld's Ballet Tech—Revival of *Circa* (1980), with music by Hindemith, and other signature pieces including *Contra Pose,* set to music by C. P. E. Bach, and *Ion,* with Steve Reich's electronic compositions performed live on three evenings. Mondays through Saturdays, 7/31–8/12, at 8. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $35.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Preview

Calypso Kings

In the nightclubs of Queens, the insistent rhythms of calypso meld with Indian folk songs, bearing witness to the cross-fertilization of cultures. As the J train clatters across the Williamsburg Bridge, journalist Naresh Fernandes describes how, in the nineteenth century, the British recruited laborers from India for sugar plantations in the Caribbean, offering free sea passage in exchange for five years' work. Relations with their new neighbors often verged on hostility, but their musical styles merged, and at Calypsocity, on Jamaica Avenue, we watch their descendants, beautiful Indo-Caribbean girls, "wining"—turning to the music—in a memory of traditional Indian dance. Mungal Patasar (pictured, with sitar), who debuts on July 28 with his group Pantar as part of Lincoln Center Festival's Caribbean Roots series, first heard the sitar as a boy in Trinidad. "All my hairs stood on end; I was transfixed," he remembers. It took him eight years to acquire an instrument, and he moved to India to find a teacher. "Pantar's music is breaking barriers, and it takes time before people get accustomed to that," he says. Fusion music is frowned upon by the Hindu elders of Richmond Hill, leaving many American Indo-Caribbean teenagers negotiating three cultures with little support, according to Fernandes, who has documented the phenomenon. Despite the exuberance of Indo-calypso jazz, its roots lie in dislocation and a struggle to come to terms with a foreign culture. "Something stirred inside me and told me that this is what I need to play to express the feelings I have," Patasar recalls. Returning to Trinidad, he formed Pantar with rock and jazz musicians on guitar, keyboards, saxophone, and steel drums. "Whatever musical background they're from," he says, "they all confess that they are now at home with what they wanted to do all along." (See "Classical Music.") Tara Pepper

nightlife

BT...Santana & Gray...Kelis

Concerts

Def Leppard—7/24 at 7:30. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $29–$39.*

'NSync—7/25–7/28 at 7:30. *Madison Square Garden, 34th St. and Seventh Ave. (212-307-7171); sold out.*

"Rock Steady Anniversary"—7/24–7/30 at various venues throughout the city. Celebrate the legendary break-dancing crew's twenty-third anniversary with some of hip-hop's finest. 7/29 at 1: Free outdoor concert with Doug E. Fresh, Tony Touch, Prodigy, Self-Scientific, Cam'ron, and more. *Pier 54, 14th St. by the West Side Highway.* 7/30 at 1: Emcee battle finals including a special "Rock Steady Worldwide Performance" with Gang Starr, GZA, M.O.P., Heltah Skeltah, Cocoa Brovas, 5th Platoon. *Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. For more information go to www.thefreshestkids.com or www.rocksteadycrew.com.*

Santana—7/29–7/30 at 7:30: *Jones Beach, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); sold out.*

Third Eye Blind—With Vertical Horizon, 7/28 at 7:30. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $19–$29.*

Small Stages

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill—7/24: Rod Piazza & The Mighty Flyers. 7/25–7/26: Alan Holdsworth. 7/27: Mighty Clouds of Joy. 7/28–7/29: The Fabulous Thunderbirds. 7/30: Bobby "Blue" Band. 7/31–8/1: CPR featuring David Crosby. *243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).*

Bottom Line— 7/25–7/26: Moxy Fruvous. 7/27: Quicksilver. 7/28: Chris Hillman–Herb Pederson Band. 7/29: Roger McGuinn. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—7/25: BT. 7/29: Delta 72; Knoxville Girls; The Rapture. 7/30: My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

Brownies—7/24–7/25: "Digital Club Festival" presents Freeheat. *161 Ave. A (212-420-8392). $.*

"Central Park SummerStage"—7/27: Yungchen Lhamo; Lama Gyume & Jean Phillipe Rykiel. 7/30: Beres Hammond. *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St., mid-park (212-360-CPSS). Free, excluding benefit concerts.*

Cooler—The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, Sonic Youth front man Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. 7/24: Ira Cohen. 7/28: Badawi. 7/29: Challenge of the Future. *416 W. 14th St. (212-229-0785). $.*

Fez—Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays: Kiki & Herb: "Playing for Time." 7/24: Mark Kozelek. 7/25–7/26: Toshi Reagon. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Hudson River Festival Presents "River & Blues"—7/27: Cybergarden Blues Band. All concerts are at 7. *Battery City Park, Wagner Park (212-528-2733); free.*

Irving Plaza—7/25: "Digital Club Festival" presents Kittie. 7/26: Sister Hazel. 7/27: Cowboy Mouth. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: "Benefit," a downtown music revue. Tuesdays: "Original Roses" with D.J. Beverly Bond. Wednesdays: Reggae music with "Fever." Thursdays: Editors, scene-makers, and boldface names take their turns spinning their favorite records with the "Personality D.J. Series." Sundays: The deep-house oriented "Love Bazaar" with D.J. MKL. 7/24: Absolute Ensemble. 7/25: Tamar-Kali. 7/30: Ayo. *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—7/26: Elf Power. 7/27: Adult Rodeo; Miss Tammy Faye Starlight. 7/29: The For Carnation; David Grubbs. 7/30: Rob Reddy Octet. 8/1: M'Lumbo. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.*

Makor—7/25: David Broza. 7/26: Lounge Night. 7/27: Anthony Coleman. 7/29: Los Jardinos. *35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000).*

Maxwell's—7/25: "Digital Club Festival" presents Jack Lukeman. 7/26: The Getaway People; The Real Simon Pure. 7/27: The Murder City Devils; Yo Yo's; The Catheters. 7/28: Toshi Reagon; Carl Hancock Rux. 7/29: The Faint; Camera Obscura; The Vue. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—7/25: Skyrocket; The MGB. 7/26: Jack Lukeman. 7/27: Vic Thrill. 7/28: The Sheila Devine; Bottlefly. 7/29: Hank Williams III. 7/30: The Young Turks. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—7/24: "Digital Club Festival" presents Maraca & His Descarga; Yousy Barbara. 7/25: Kelis. 7/28: Les Go. 7/29: Ogans. 7/31: "Digital Club Festival" presents Johnny Pacheco. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 7/25: Rana. 7/29: The Zen Tricksters. 7/31: Mayhem; Hate Eternal; Exhumed. *161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). $.*

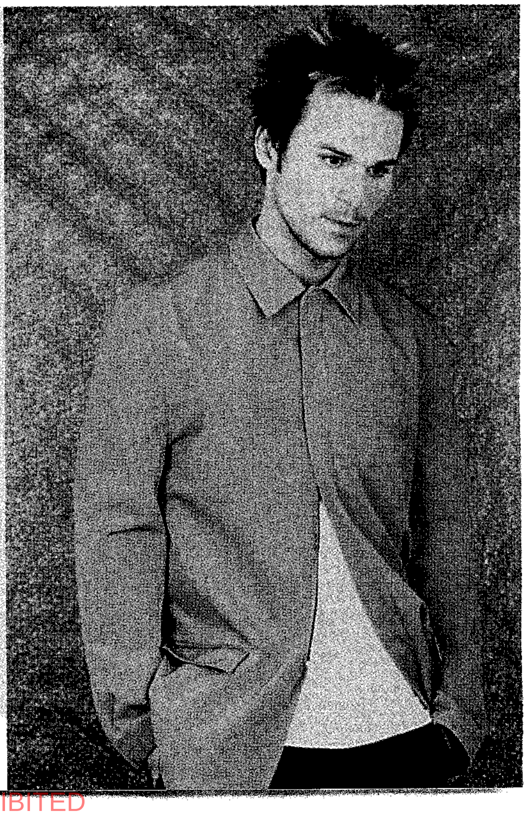
Clubland

Centro-Fly—Like Vinyl, Centro-Fly is hopping with big-name D.J. talent nearly every day of the week. Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo and occasional special guests like

Performance

BT Express

BT (pictured) has made a couple of great electronica albums (*ESCM* and *Ima*), scored two big movies (*Go* and the upcoming *Under Suspicion*), even composed music with Peter Gabriel for Britain's New Year's celebration. But he might be remembered best as the artist who pioneered the fluffy trance currently ruling dance floors worldwide on ethereal, mid-nineties singles like "Blue Skies" and "Flaming June." He's over it. "I think ATB blows," says BT (*née* Brian Transeau) of the trance producer whose massive international hit "9PM (Til I Come)" has crystallized the ecstasy-induced sound of the new millennium. "But I'm not critical of trance per se—just bad music. For example, I love what Sasha does: deep, soulful, progressive house music." Transeau has further distanced himself from the movement he helped create with his eclectic new album, *Movement in Still Life,* which liberates dance music from specific subgenres like house or trance. "This is a record that reflects everything that I love about music," Transeau declares. "There's hip-hop, classical music, drum 'n' bass, and turntablism." But Transeau's hardly an aesthete: He's still inspired by the rave scene, particularly in the U.S. "It's like 1988 in the States right now," Transeau says, referring to the year of Britain's rave renaissance. "I see these wide-eyed kids at raves with tears in their eyes everywhere I go. That's why I'm here." At BT's July 25 show at the Bowery Ballroom, expect to hear that yearning for dance-floor euphoria collide headlong with his ambitions to be an electronica auteur. (See "Small Stages.") **ETHAN BROWN**



Armand Van Helden and "Little" Louie Vega. The second Friday of every month: Long-running house party "N'Ice," which made an exodus from Baktun after more than a year at the meatpacking-district nightspot. Third Friday of every month: House party "Con-fu-sion," also a refugee from Baktun, with big-name D.J.'s like Chicago's Pierre. Saturdays: Energetic house and Big Beat with "Plant." The last Saturday of every month, Plant presents D.J.'s Junior Sanchez and Roger Sanchez (no relation), two of New York house music's finest. Sundays: Dressed-up hip-hop with "VIP Sundays" featuring D.J. Max Glazer and Jessica Rosenblum. Mondays: After a long hiatus, Frankie Inglese's retro soul, funk, and R&B party "Soul Kitchen" returns. *45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).*

Cheetah—A tacky, jungle-themed club with a spacious dance floor and a decent sound system nonetheless. Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy after-work party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Thursdays: "Clique," where the socialite set grooves to hip-hop beats. Fridays: Blokes go crazy to trance and house at "GBH" ("Great British House"). *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

'Destiny"—Saturdays at 10. A great new Saturday-night soulful house party in Brooklyn with a nice roster of guest D.J.'s like Tony Humphries, Nicky Siano, and Fred Pierce. The nightspot's spacious, dancer-friendly floor, no-attitude door policy, and warm, friendly crowd make "Destiny" one of the year's best new club nights. 7/29: "Little" Louie Vega; Carlos Sanchez. *1 Front St., Brooklyn (718-707-1377).*

Frank's Lounge—A bare-bones bar and dance spot, which hosts Lorie and E-Man's frenzied but low-key house-music party "Bang the Party" every Friday. The party, which has been at venues all over town from the 205 Club to Baktun, is just now settling into its own groove. And what a groove it is: On a recent Friday, track-suited break-dancers, baggy-pants-clad dancers, and bare-chested muscle men got down to the ecstatic house of D.J. White Mike with a floor-shaking intensity. *660 Fulton St., at S. Elliott St., Fort Greene, Brooklyn (212-726-1322).*

Halcyon—Yet another excellent, unpretentious outer-borough nightspot with an eclectically minded lineup of house, drum 'n' bass, and electronica. Sundays: D.J.'s spin ambient music at "Undercity." Mondays: "THC: Tech-House Connection." Thursdays: The world-beat-minded "World Records." Fridays: Drum 'n' bass with "Acupuncture." Saturdays: "Abductions," where Halcyon takes the best D.J.'s from well-known parties like "Twelve West" and "Hamsa." 7/26: David Hollands. *227 Smith St., bet. Butler and Douglass, Brooklyn (718-260-WAXY).*

Performance

Caught in There

With its Atari sound effects and punky chorus ("I hate you so much right now!"), Kelis's "Caught Out There" was one of last year's most uncategorizably off-kilter singles. And if the studio wizardry (courtesy of production duo The Neptunes) doesn't translate onstage when she plays SOB's July 25, her rainbow hair certainly will. (See "Small Stages.")

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. *515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.*

Shine—This downtown spot is now host to excellent, enthusiastically received D.J.-oriented nights as well as up-and-coming rock and dance acts. Mondays: "Giant Step Mondays" with the gloriously great D.J. Ron Trent. Tuesdays: "Prohibited Beatz," electronica in all its many and varied subgenres with D.J.'s Swingsett and Yoshi. Thursdays: Reggae and soul with "Mash Potatoes." Fridays: Hip-hop with D.J.'s Stretch Armstrong and Mateo. Saturdays: D.J. Greg Poole's dance-centric "Tremendous." *285 W. Broadway (212-941-0900).*

SPA—The health-and-wellness theme (white walls, bathrooms designed to look like saunas) is thankfully mostly unobtrusive and the crowd is thankfully not overly chic thanks to the club's visionary Steven Lewis, who maintains the kind of balance between office shlubs, club kids, and A-listers he pulled off so nicely in the early days of the now defunct Life. Wednesdays: "Big Bad Dodgy Disco," with New Wave and rock spun by D.J. Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: Superpromoter Erich Conrad's "Glam," with D.J. Jackie Christie. Fridays: Marc Ronson and Grandmaster Flash spin hip-hop and R&B for the A-listers at "Hollywood 2000." *76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays," a low-key alternative to the frenzied Friday nights. Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 7/26: Groove Armada. 7/28: Sasha & Digweed. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: Hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

Jazz

BAMcafé—"Live Summer Season" featuring African funk, jazz, salsa, and more. $10 food-or-drink minimum. 7/28: Choclate Genius & Friends. 7/29: Coati Mundi & His RhumbaPhonic Band. *30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4111).*

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra directed by Paul Ellington. 7/26: Billy Paul. 7/27–7/29: The Lew Tabackin Quintet. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 7/24: Sharp Five. 7/25–7/30: Rachelle Ferrell. 7/31: Bern Nix Trio. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (212-691-6174).*

City Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. *131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).*

Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. The venue is open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. *107 Rivington St. (212-420-2258).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 7/24: George Colligan Quartet. 7/25: Dave Berkman Quartet. 7/26: Tom Christensen Quartet. 7/27: Tom Christensen Quartet. 7/27: Dave Lobenstein Quintet. 7/28: Mike Magilligan Quartet. 7/29: Adam Kolker Quartet. 7/30: The New York

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Ralf Strathmann.

Trombone Conspiracy. 7/31: Larry Corban Trio. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).*

Iridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 7/25–7/30: Ravi Coltrane Quartet. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, jazz greats, and artists on the rise. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 7/25–7/30: Joanne Brackeen Quartet featuring Mark Turner. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. 7/27 and 7/29: Donna Carter Trio. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—Located in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its Crystal Room. Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum *Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 7/26: Marc Ribot y Los Cubanos Postizos. 7/27: Marc Ribot; Doug Wieselman. 7/28: Yuka Honda; Clem Snide. 7/29: Jack Smith. 7/30: Marianne Nowottny. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 7/25–7/30: David "Fathead" Newman. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, *most nights, comedy to match.* Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8,10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum. 7/25: "Hookin' Up With Christine Nagy." 7/27, 7/29, and 7/30: The Sklar Brothers. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 7/24–7/30: Colin Quinn; Tom Papa; Greg Giraldo; Wanda Sykes; Nick DiPaolo; Godfrey; Jim Norton. *117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun.: New Talent Showcase. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 with a $10 cover; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 with a $15 cover; two-drink minimum. 7/26: Robert Klein. 7/27: "Comedy Salsa." 7/28–7/29: Wali Collins; Orny Adams; Ted Alexandro. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 7th Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15 A.M. $12 cover. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—The Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. Through 7/29: The Loston Harris Quartet. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. Sundays at 8: Lisa Asher and Jeff Waxman. Mondays at 8: Steven Lutvak. 7/24 & 7/31: Jim Caruso. *450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. *Carlyle Hotel Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis celebrates her fourteenth year at the Caf Pierre with a special program called "Fascinatin Rhythms: 50 Years of American Popular Song an Jazz." Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and play piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fift Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).*

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books—Friday and Saturdays at 9:30 and 11:00: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin' eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two-drink minimum. *156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare tha some understated cabaret? 7/27: "The Next Bi Broadway Musical!" *343 W. 46th St. (212-757 0788). $.*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein' cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares th room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets ar $60; $50 food-and-drink minimum. Through 9/9 Marc Salem. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307 4100 or 212-339-4095).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrough Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Set Wed.–Thurs. at 9; Fri.–Sat. at 9 and 11. $30 cover $20 minimum. *365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).*

Judy's—This cozy and friendly piano bar feature two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 7/24: "Leer Mondays" wit the Lounge-O-Leers. 7/26: Jon Angrani. 7/28 Julie Reyburn in "Fate Is Kind." 7/30: The Arthu Williams Studio. *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th an 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).*

Performance
"Smooth" Operator

Sure, the recent multi-platinum success of Carlos Santana (pictured) owes something to the brand-name recognition of collaborators like Wyclef Jean and Matchbox 20's Rob Thomas, but at least it exposed the teeny-bop set to the psychedelic Latin funk of *Abraxas.* July 29 and 30 at Jones Beach, he'll be joined by a brand-name opening act: husky-voiced soul singer Macy Gray, who shares his passionate eclecticism. (See "Concerts.")

Photograph by Jay Blakesberg/Retna

the mix

Cover Me...Stephen Ambrose...Miniature Golf

John Leonard's TV Notes

Ngorongoro: Africa's Cradle of Life (7/25; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) is the latest Living Eden, with the volcanic crater of the Great Rift Valley one big bowl of lions, cheetahs, hyenas, vultures, zebras, wildebeests, and a family of golden jackals who have acquired a taste for the nouveau cuisine of flamingo meat. As well as predation, there's a lot of waiting around for rain.

Sammy (7/25; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; NBC) launches an animated sitcom series in which David Spade is the voice not only of Hollywood "It" Boy Jimmy Blake but also his wastrel womanizer of a father, Sammy Blake, with Andy Dick and Maura Tierney as the voices of his agent and assistant, respectively, and Julia Sweeney and Jeffrey Tambor guest-starring as his mother and stepfather, to be followed next week by the voices of Janeane Garofalo and Paulie Shore. It is intolerable.

Cover Me (7/26; 9 to 10 P.M.; USA), the genuinely clever and surprisingly affecting series about a whole family undercover for the FBI in fraught suburbia, moves to a new night of the week with a new batch of episodes, the first of them having to do with an old case, before the Arnos had children, catching up to them. Mom (the wonderful Melora Hardin) has guilt feelings—not for having seduced, entrapped, and arrested a child pornographer but for having enjoyed doing so. If you haven't seen this series, you're missing something unusual.

The Huntress (7/26; 10 to 11 P.M.; USA) brings back Annette O'Toole and Jordana Spiro in a new weekly series as the mother-daughter bounty hunters we first met in a TV movie in March. The surprise here is not that O'Toole, fresh from the death of a husband who left her destitute, should fall in love with the lifelong criminal (James Remar) she tracked down herself, but that she has a real comic talent. And so does Spiro: "Mom, he's not the only murderer in the world." This week, watch them go after Gary Busey, a fellow bounty hunter who happens to have toasted the wrong twin.

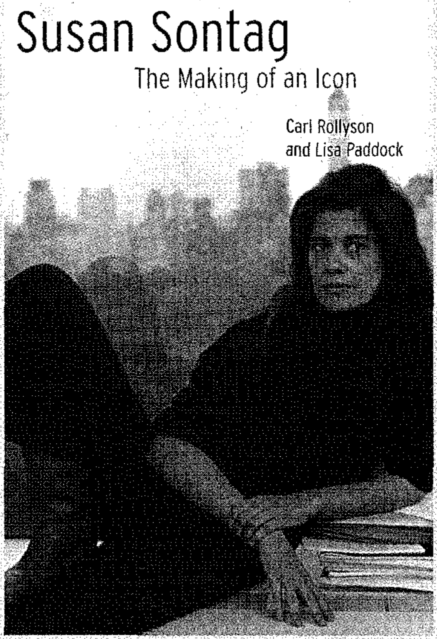
Radio Highlights

"Satchmo: The Wonderful World of Louis Armstrong"—Tuesdays at 7 P.M.: A thirteen-week series dedicated to celebrating the jazz great in his centenary year. WGBO, 88.3 FM.

In Print

Notes on Vamp

**'O*ur manner of appearing is our manner of being. The mask is the face,"* Susan Sontag wrote in 1965. Twelve years and several alluring dust-jacket photos later, Sontag turned around and analyzed the disparity between image and reality in *On Photography*—without which her biographer, Carl Rollyson, may never have gotten into the business. "My first biography, on Marilyn Monroe, was very much influenced by it," says Rollyson, who just wrote *Susan Sontag: The Making of an Icon* with his wife, Lisa Paddock. "It made me take a second look at the way Monroe posed. So I felt I owed a kind of intellectual debt." He paid it by discussing the gap between Sontag's own public image and the private identity she fiercely defends. Sontag didn't appreciate the gesture: She declined to be interviewed, had her lawyers intimidate the book's publisher and eventually tried to use her power lawyer (Martin Garbus) and power publisher (FSG's Roger Straus) to look at the manuscript (her efforts failed). For all Sontag's worry, the result is more tempered criticism than gossipy exposé. Rollyson and Paddock name important lovers like María Irene Fornés, but allude to others only coyly, and deem the exact nature of her relationship with lifelong mentor-publisher-agent Straus "immaterial." Why the tease? "Our publisher's lawyer and I have been over this book many times," says Paddock, a former attorney. "We had to be careful." Besides, she adds, "the working title for the book was never *Susan Sontag: An Intimate Portrait.* The focus was always on Sontag, the icon, and how she got that way." To glimpse her public persona up close, Rollyson and Paddock tirelessly followed Sontag around like a couple of devoted Deadheads. "We don't like to go out every night," says Rollyson, "but she does. She was willing to go to a lot more parties than I ever would to be famous."



BORIS KACHKA

Lectures and Panels

"The Big Picture: Planning the Rebirth of Abandoned Historic Districts"—7/25 at 6 P.M.: A panel discussion preceding the Municipal Art Society's related exhibit (see "Exhibitions"). Speakers will include Peg Breen, president of the New York Landmarks Conservancy; Michael Tomlan, director of Cornell University's graduate program in Historic Preservation; and moderator Brendan Sexton, president of the Times Square Business Improvement District. The Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave. at 51st St. (212-935-3960); free.

"Summer Wednesday Evenings"—Wednesdays through 8/9 at 5:30 P.M.: Concurrent with the exhibition "Without Sanctuary: Lynching Photography in America," the New-York Historical Society screens Ida B. Wells's *A Passion for Justice,* followed at 6:30 by an informal hour-long discussion about the harrowing exhibit. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); free with $3–$5 admission.

"Literary Moonlighting"—7/26 at 6 P.M.: New York *Times* reporters and editors who write books in their spare time discuss time management and the daily writing process. Sports columnist Ian Berkow, Washington correspondent Joel Brinkley, financial reporter Diana Henriques, and city editor Constance Rosenblum will all participate. The New York Times offices, 229 W. 43rd St. (800-340-8370); $25.

John Margolies: Miniature Golf Revisited—7/26 at 6:30 P.M.: The co-author of *Miniature Golf* (1987) discusses his continuing research on courses across the U.S., citing around 100 courses as examples of landscape and recreational design and as sources of popular iconography. The Municipal Art Society Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave. at 51st St. (212-980-3767 for reservations); $7.

The Written Word

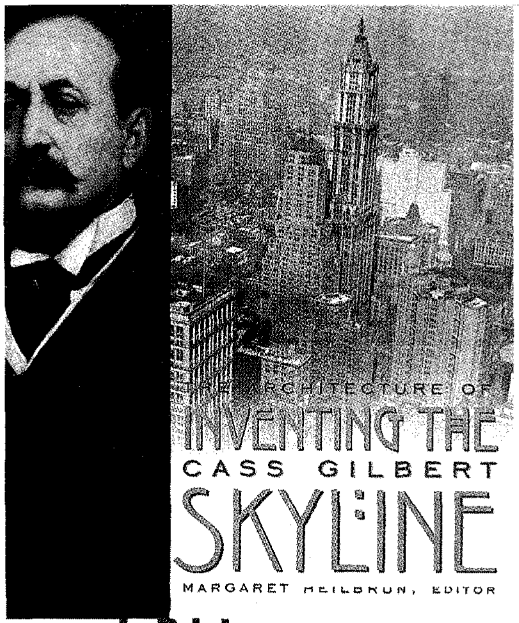
Rhian Ellis—7/25 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from the novel *After Life* at Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

Akhil Sharma—7/26 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his new and much-discussed novel, *An Obedient Father,* at Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free; Daniel Villasenor will also read from his new novel, *The Lake.* Sharma will be reading again on 7/30, at 7:30 P.M., at Temple Bar, 332

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES	BAL MSG 7:35 P.M.	BAL MSG 7:35 P.M.	BAL MSG 7:35 P.M.	MIN FOX 8:05 P.M.	MIN FOX 8:05 P.M.	MIN MSG 7:05 P.M.	MIN FOX 2:05 P.M.
METS		MTL FSNY 7:10 P.M.	MTL FSNY 7:10 P.M.	MTL WPIX 12:10 P.M.	STL FSNY 7:10 P.M.	STL FOX 1:15 P.M.	STL WPIX 1:10 P.M.
METROSTARS							
LIBERTY	WAS ESPN 7:30 P.M.				CHA NO TV 7:30 P.M.	CLE FSNY 7:30 P.M.	
	7/24	7/25	7/26	7/27	7/28	7/29	7/30



In Print

Getting High

In advance of its retrospective this fall, the New-York Historical Society is releasing 'Inventing the Skyline: The Architecture of Cass Gilbert,' a coffee-table essential about the genius who put the 'goth' in Gotham with masterworks like the Woolworth and New York Life buildings.

Lafayette St. (212-925-4242); free with one-drink minimum.

Stephen Ambrose—7/30 at 7:30 P.M.: The historian talks about his new book, *Nothing Like It in the World: The Men Who Built the Transcontinental Railroad,* at Barnes and Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

Tours

St. Marks Place—7/29 at 11:30 A.M.: Tour lesser-known landmarks where resident and visiting artists like Edward Hopper, Andy Warhol, Jack Kerouac, and Lou Reed hung out and performed prior to mainstream co-optation. Meet at the Gap, naturally, on the northwest corner of Second Ave. and St. Marks Pl. (212-777-2173); free.

SoHo—7/30 at 11 A.M.: Discuss the diverse styles of architecture (cast-iron buildings, the Puck Building, etc.) while stopping in at the chic boutiques and art galleries for which SoHo's even better-known. Who knew George Washington was nearly assassinated here? Meet at the southeast corner of Broadway and Houston St. (732-270-5277); $10.

"Upper West Side Artists"—7/30 at 1 P.M.: After visiting the studios of illustrator Patricia Wynne and painter Maceo Mitchell, you'll tour the Mehu Gallery and meet artists exhibited there, before finishing up at the studio of watercolor specialists Donald Mulligan and Jane Volpe. Meet at the northwest corner of Broadway and 88th St. (212-996-1100); $20.

Benefits

"Jesus Hopped the A Train"—7/28 at 7 P.M.: A benefit performance of a two-act drama, directed by Philip Seymour Hoffman, about two convicts in existential crisis. Preceded by a cocktail reception and followed immediately by a party. All proceeds go to the LAByrinth Theater Company, helping fund scholarship programs and discounts for students, senior citizens, and the homeless. Center Stage, 48 W. 21st St. (212-929-2228); $45.

Artists Against Abuse—7/29 at 5 P.M.: The fifth annual auction of plates painted by more than 100 artists and celebrities—including Ralph Lauren, Ross Bleckner, and Rosie O'Donnell—to benefit the Retreat, a domestic-violence nonprofit. The event includes a live band and a cocktail reception. Channing Daughters Winery, Scuttlehole Rd., Bridgehampton. Absentee telephone bids are accepted (631-329-4398); $75.

"Summer Knights and Ladies at the Sunflower Festival"—7/29 at 6:30 P.M.: An evening including cocktails, dinner, dancing, a D.J., and a live auction of "summer knights and ladies," hosted by Henry Buhl at his Southampton home, to benefit the Association of Community Employment Programs for the Homeless and the SoHo and Tribeca Partnerships. For more information, call 212-689-7899 or visit the Website, www.SoHoNYC.org; $75–$500.

Events

"Reggae on the River"—7/27 at 7 P.M.: A massive party on the massive U.S.S. *Intrepid,* featuring two reggae bands, an open bar, local catered food, dancing, and about 2,500 fellow young upwardly mobile professionals. The U.S.S. Intrepid Sea/Air/Space Museum, on the Hudson River at 46th St. (212-463-7787); $65 in advance, $80 after 5 P.M. the day of the event.

"New Sturgeon Moon Drumming Circle"—7/30 at 7:30 P.M.: "Swimming in time with the tides. Going with the flow. Advance reservations required" (at least 24 hours in advance). With Dana Henes, "urban shaman." Mama Donna's Tea Garden and Healing Haven, Brooklyn. Call 718-857-2247; $15.

Exhibitions

"Putting the Pieces Together: The Future of Farm Colony–Seaview Historic District"—7/26 through 9/16: The exhibit explores the sadly neglected Staten Island district, full of turn-of-the-century architecture, terra-cotta tilework, and important wooded areas, through a collection of modern and historical photographs as well as lectures and a tour. The Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave. at 51st St. (212-935-3960); free.

"Drink and Be Merry: Wine and Beer in Ancient Times"—7/30 through 11/30: More than 180 wine-and-beer-related objects, from storage jugs to a lion-headed measuring table, document 5,000 years of boozing in the Mediterranean and Near East. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (212-423-3271); free with $5.50–$8 admission.

Online

***New York* on the Web**—Visit www.nymag.com. "Best of New York" has been serialized on our site along with "52 Weekends," so you can check out Gotham's finest offerings and the best weekend getaways on our site each week. Also online: "The Surf Report" and our Gift Guide, along with extensive back issues and articles and selected content from the current issue.

Sports

Heavyweight Explosion—7/27 at 7 P.M.: The seventh edition of this monthly heavyweight series at the Hammerstein Ballroom features a rematch of February's main event between Sedreck Fields and Brooklyn's Shannon Briggs. Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. Tickets $25–$125; call 212-564-4882 or 212-307-7171 for tickets, or visit www.ckpboxing.com for more information.

Garden State Football League: New York Panthers vs. Brooklyn Mariners—7/28, at 8:30 P.M.: It happens every year toward the end of July, just as you're starting to settle into the heart of summer—that strange, leathery whiff in the air of sweaty padding. Forget the NFL: Football's already here. This semi-pro league is full of former major college players as well as CFL- and USFL-ers; the Mariners, going after their twenty-sixth league title, take on intercity rivals the Panthers at Kings Bay Field in Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, Ave. Y and Coyle St. Call 201-996-1965 for more information.

New York Road Runners Club Dash & Splash—7/29 at 8 A.M.: A five-mile run, followed by a dip in Central Park's Lasker Pool. Starts at the northern park roadway just north of the pool, between Lenox Ave. and Arthur Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd. Numbers and special race towels may be picked up from noon to 7 P.M. 7/27–7/28 or from 7 to 7:45 A.M. on race day. Nonmembers $17; limited race-day registration $22. Call the NYRRC at 212-860-4455 or visit www.nyrrc.org for more information.

Benefit The painter-socialite phenomenon meets the QVC aesthetic at the fifth annual Artists Against Abuse, a benefit auction of plates painted by designers and celebrities from Ross Bleckner to Dr. Ruth Westheimer. There's even a characteristically subtle contribution from Hizzoner (right). The sale, which benefits a domestic-violence shelter, takes place July 29 at Channing Daughters Winery, Bridgehampton. (See "Benefits" for details.)

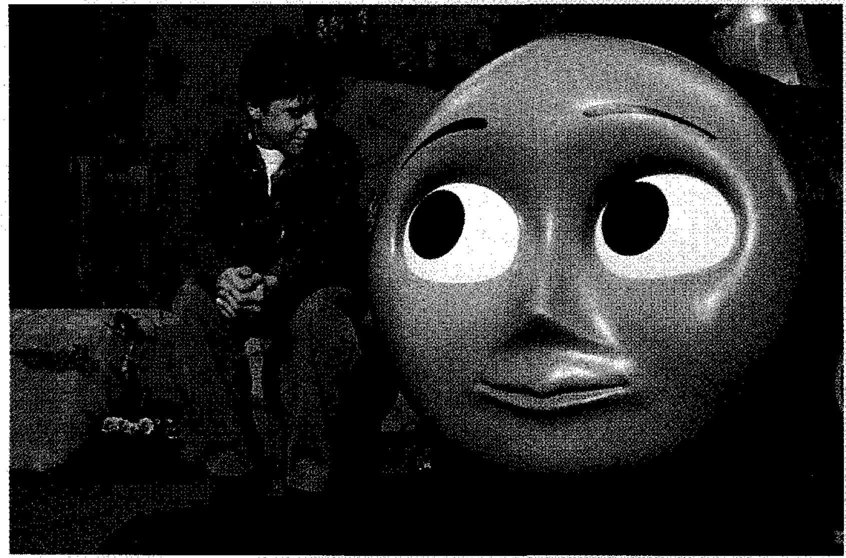
Rudy Giuliani

kids

Free Plays...Free Walks

Running Time Sidetracked

I don't get it. Actually, I don't get two things. First off, I did not understand *Thomas and the Magic Railroad,* the new flick from the creators of *Shining Time Station.* Second, my kid and every other youngster at the screening loved it. In my three-plus years as a parent, I have never had such a severe and diametrically opposed reaction to anything kid-ish. I even like *Barney.* But we all want second chances, right? So two weeks later, I went to see *Thomas* again, by myself, just to make sure I hadn't been having a bad day the first time around. The second time confirmed everything. This is one confusing movie. For adults. It opens sweetly, with the "really useful" Thomas (pictured, with Cody McMains) on the Island of Sodor, home to miniature talking trains whose eyes (but not lips) move along with the script. Alec Baldwin's paternal narration covers for those who haven't followed the PBS, now Nick Jr., series. But within a few minutes, I was lost. There's a stereotypical Indian, a sullen grandfather, a dog, a life-size train holed up in a house. Huh? "It was about a mean train trying to hurt the good trains," explains Natalie in the cab ride home. "And the conductor lost his power, so he called his cousin on the shell phone," at which she and her friend Jordan laugh hysterically. I need further clarification: "Why did the dog put the girl on the wrong train?," I ask. Natalie and her friend have no clue, but Jordan, who is destined for a career in law or politics, sums it up. "It doesn't matter. It was still good." (See "Children's Events.") **SUSAN AVERY**



Children's Events

homas Tanks, for Grown-ups—Bring the kids. Bring a headset. **THOMAS AND THE MAGIC RAILROAD** opens on 7/26. Written for the under-10 crowd, who will be wowed by the famous tank engine's appearance on the big screen. Thomas and his rail buddies, including Alec Baldwin as Mr. Conductor, chug along a bumpy track with the hopes of disabling a nasty diesel. It loses steam early on for adults, but full steam ahead for youngsters.

lassically Kids—The musical prodigies of the **PERLMAN MUSIC PROGRAM** perform for the public, free of charge, at their Shelter Island campus on Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30 P.M. through 8/11 (excluding 8/6). The chorus performs at 5 P.M. on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The kids are also set to show their stuff at the Mostly Mozart Festival, 8/6 at 5 P.M., at Lincoln Center. Tickets are available through Centercharge at 212-721-6500. For more information on the nightly Long Island performances, call 631-749-0740. The campus is located at 73 Shore Rd., Shelter Island.●

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Reading Rainbow—Based on the successful PBS television series, **THEATREWORKS/USA** presents a free new musical revue highlighting eight kids' books, including *Imogene's Antlers, Math Curse,* and *Appelemando's Dreams.* 7/24–7/28 at 11 A.M. and 1 P.M., 7/29 at 11 A.M. Tickets are first-come-first-served starting at 10 A.M. on the day of the show. At Hunter College's Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (212-642-6754).●●

Subway Series—Some subway stations have beautiful tilework. If kids could create their own stations, how would they look? On 7/30 at 1:30 P.M., they use colored paper to design their own subway-station mosaic. Admission is $3, $1.50 for kids, plus a $1 materials fee for the class. At the **NEW YORK TRANSIT MUSEUM**, Boerum Pl. and Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn Heights (718-243-8601).●

The King's Bull—***MINOTAUR***, a return engagement at the Henry Street Settlement, is a hip-hop concert-drama about a half-human, half-bull teenager imprisoned in a labyrinth. Based on the classical Greek myth, the show includes rap, break-dancing, and body rhythms by the Urban Youth Theater. Performances are Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7 P.M. through 7/29. Tickets are $5. At the Abrons Art Center, 466 Grand St. (212-598-0400).●

Green-Thumbers—Explore the lush six acres of Central Park's only formal garden, the Conservatory Garden, on a free walking tour by the **CENTRAL PARK CONSERVANCY.** Learn about its history and design while discovering a varied collection of flora in the center of the city. Every Saturday, now through October, from 11 A.M. to noon. Meet at the Vanderbilt Gate, 105th St. and Fifth Ave. For more information, call 212-310-6636.●

Fiesta en el Parque—This year's **LATINO CULTURAL FESTIVAL** at Flushing Meadows Corona Park includes a multimedia segment on 7/29 at 2 P.M. designed to enhance language development in children. The *Sesame Street* workshop includes a video and Elmo, who will be at the ready for photo ops. Free take-home activity kits will be available as well for the first 150 participants. On 7/30 at 2 P.M., a bilingual play, *Los Sueños del Coqui,* tells of a tiny frog who wants to be important. The Festival runs from 7/26 through 8/13 at the Queens Theatre in the Park. All children's programs are free. Tickets are required for adult musical, dance, and theater performances. Prices range from $10–25. Call 718-760-0064. Free parking in the park.●

B-ball Wizardry—The Harlem Wizards have entertained for decades with their dazzling basketball antics. Now, in support of the **SUMMER READING CLUBS**, Wizard team members will show their stuff at two Queens libraries. On 7/26 at 1 P.M., they'll be at the East Elmhurst branch, 95-06 Astoria Blvd. At 3 P.M., catch them at the Central Library in Jamaica, 89-11 Merrick Blvd. Admission is free. Call 718-990-0700 for more information.●●

Rave With the Bard—Set at a secret dance club in the city, **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S RAVE** finds eighteen teens gathered to escape the summer heat. Their voices, written and performed by adolescents, breathe new life into Shakespeare's old world. 7/27–28 at 10:30 A.M. Admission is free. For reservations, call 212-998-5867. At the Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal St.●●

cue

Susan Avery
Kids

Ethan Brown
Nightlife

Luisa Colon
Online

Derek de Koff
Movies

Logan Hill
Theater

John Kline
Sports

John Leonard
Television

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

Edith Newhall
Art

Tara Pepper
In Concert

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

iotograph by Karen Steyr/Destination Films.

Town and Country Properties

APARTMENTS FOR RENT
Manhattan

ACCESSNEWYORK.COM—Quality furn apts & B&Bs. Short/long-term. **212-414-1326**

AS YOU LIKE IT - Select Furn Apts. Style/Location/Value/Credit Cards. **800-277-0413 / 212-695-3404/4655 (fax)**

Beautifully Furnished Apts The hotel alternative on the East Side, complete with concierge. As seen in **New York Living.** **800-658-7366** or **www.churchillcorp.com**

LUXURY HOTEL SUITES at $100 a day
Central Park South location.
Executive & vacation suites.
80% discount - one-month minimum stay required*. Studios, 1 & 2-BR suites available. Park views. Maid service two times daily. Spa, concierge and all other hotel amenities.
*Please inquire about our short stay rates.
Contact Reservations: **212-541-5800 x230**
1-800-689-4584 x230 Fax: 212-541-4410

800-835-8880 ABODE—Lovely furn apts. 4-nite min. **abodenyc.com / 212-472-2000**

Great Chelsea/Midtown—Furn 1BR apt from $100 p/nite based on monthly stay. Shorter stay avail, maid, local phone. **www.chelseasuites.com 212-244-7827**

APARTMENT NEW JERSEY

BELLEVILLE—2-BR, LR, lg EIK, new w/w carpet, washer/dryer hookup. Sep entry in brick 2-fam, park-like setting. Great neighborhood. Quick walk to NYC train! $725/mo. Avail 8/1. **973-479-6080**

To advertise in ***New York Magazine's*** **Town and Country**, call Tim: **212-462-3320**

VACATION PROPERTIES
For Sale

Hunter Mtn Chalet—Modern 4BR/3bth w/loft on 1/3 acre. Wraparound deck with sunken jacuzzi. Breathtaking mtn views. Walk to ski/town. $259,000. **212-889-3950**

To advertise in *New York Magazine's* **Town and Country Properties,** call Tim Hyde at:
212-462-3320 or fax: **212-462-3595**

Inns and Lodges

CONNECTICUT

BLACKBERRY RIVER INN -- Norfolk 800-414-3636
Wake up in the mountains at our 237-yr-old, elegant Colonial Inn on 27 scenic acs w/pool. Lux rms, some w/fplc/jacuzzi. Antique/hike/relax. Country breakfast incl. **860-542-5100 / www.blackberryriverinn.com**

NEW YORK

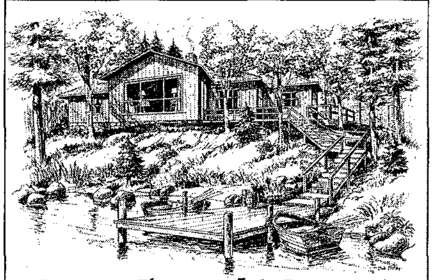
A Short Vacation That Feels Like Forever...
Is at Peri's Bed, Breakfast & Spa. Indulge yourself in an exquisite retreat in Montauk. You'll be spoiled with gourmet meals, massage, European skincare treatments, aromatherapy and the promise of a brand-new you!... **631-668-1394**
www.perisb-bmontauk.com

Amagansett, Hamptons . . . GANSETT GREEN MANOR
Exclusive hideaway cottages & suites set on 2 acres of beautifully landscaped gardens enhanced by ponds, patios, picturesque vus; all w/kits, priv bths, entrances. Wlk ocean/trans/shops. Pet-friendly - please inquire.
www.gansettgreenmanor.com 631-267-3133

VILLAGE LATCH INN HOTEL, SOUTHAMPTON
The #1 choice from Fodor's to Frommer's as "the best place to stay in the Hamptons." Think Relais & Chateaux, Portuguese Pousadas & the Manor Reborn. Lovingly restored. All rooms uniquely different, antiques to modern. Choose from duplexes, suites, balconies, decks. On a 5-acre estate setting, yet right in town. Pool, tennis, health club privileges. Or rent your own villa for celebrations, groups, shoots. Since 1901, it has been the Great Gatsby Hotel of the rich and famous... It still remains so. A member of "LUXE - Premiere Boutique Hotels".
800 54-LATCH www.villagelatch.com 101 Hill St.

MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAIN GETAWAY
Deluxe mountain lodge, gourmet rest., **Wine Dinner July 30th**, in/out pool, tennis. **Winner of the Wine Spectator Magazine 1999 Award of Excellence.** In 75,000-acre state forest preserve. 2 1/2 hrs NYC. **Scribner Hollow Lodge** Hunter, NY **800-395-4683**
www.scribnerhollow.com

To advertise in *New York Magazine's* **Inns and Lodges**, call Tim Hyde: 212-462-3320 or fax: 212-462-3320



Private, Tranquil & Romantic
Suites with jacuzzis for 2, fireplaces & Private decks
Lakehouse Inn On Golden Pond – Rhinebeck
90 minutes north of NYC (914)266-8093
www.lakehouseinn.com

INNS AND LODGES
FOR ADVERTISING INFORMATION,
call Tim: **212.462.3320** or fax: **212.462.3595**

Travel

SUMMER RENTALS

ARLINGTON SHORES—The Hamptons **Waterfront Resort** - beach, pool, tennis. Studio $1K p/wk; suite $1.5K p/week; 2-BR/2-bth $2K p/week. **631-725-6000**

East Hampton—Jeneen's Cottages. Rentals daily & weekly. Accommodates 1-4 with kitchen. Restaurant on premises. Cable TV. Adj. harbor. **631-324-9024**

East Quogue—Weekly rentals. Amazing 6,000-sf house. 8BR/8bth, large pool & deck, hot tub, full court b-ball, tennis, A/C & more. Steve: **212-506-5247**

FI - Ocean Beach Oceanfront
New 5-BR home w/2 oceanfront decks, BBQ & Hot Tub. $1,195-$1,995 per 5 days. M-F only. David: **212-929-7531**

HAMPTONS
3 houses available. 5-8 bedrooms, pool, tennis, hot tub. Available weekly/monthly. Call Owner, Michael: **212-861-4046**

Historic Ocean Grove, New Jersey
Arts & Crafts home. 1.5 blocks from beach. 5-BR/2-bth, cable, A/C. Aug 1 thru Labor Day. $9,000. Call: **973-233-1858**

Montauk—1-BR condo on water. Sunset view. Pool/spa/tennis/pvt beach & fishing pier. Avail daily/wkly, summer thru winter. **631-665-1293** or cell: **516-993-1487**

Sag Harbor—Beachfront Cottage. Enchanting, spectacular vus, on pvt beach. Why rent a room when you can have your own house? WBF, utils, CATV, etc., incld. Accommodates 2-4. Avail wk/mo/season. Marie Sansone Taylor, own'r: **212-906-0502**

SUMMER SHARES

Southampton/Shinnecock—2-BR waterfront cottage w/dock. Own BR. Seeking professional, 35-45. Available July 24-August 30. Call: **917-837-8886**

To advertise in ***New York Magazine's*** **Travel** section, call Tim: **212-462-3320**

AIRLINE

Business Class Fares—Up to 55% off. Call Barrington Ross: **888-305-7677**

LowAirfare.com—Live Internet Agent Helps You! Or Call: **800-569-2473**

GROUP TRAVEL

Come to Camp in the Berkshires
The Seven Stones
Camp, Cottages, Conferences.
All-inclusive rustic resort for groups and families. Perfect for corporate meetings, reunions, workshops, etc. 85 private acres on Lake Buel and the Appalachian Trail. Hiking, tennis, pool, sports, boating & more.
Plan for fall foliage season now!
1-877-STONE-07
www.thesevenstones.com

To advertise in ***New York Magazine's*** **Travel** section, call Tim: **212-462-3320**

SEASONAL RENTAL

BRIDGEHAMPTON—Brand-new 7-BR, 6-bth house on 5 acres w/pool & tennis. Great for groups. Avail weekly/weekends. **www.hamptonschateau.com 212-579-496**

BED & BREAKFAST
New York

AS YOU LIKE IT—Accessible, affordable attractive apts + B&B. **212-695-3404/4645 Fx**

Metro Dwellings—Hotel Alternative. **212-712-9167** www.metrodwellings.com

57th Street Locations—Labor Da Specials. B&B, 1 & 2-bdrms. **212-247-5855**

RESORT
Other

Hamptons--Drake Motor Inn—Nr Ocean. Pool, A/C, Free Docking. **516-728-1592**

To advertise in ***New York Magazine'*** **Travel** section, call Tim: **212-462-3320**

Health and Fitness

Sports Guide

PERSONAL TRAINER

WOMEN WHO WANT RESULTS
Need **The Bodysmith Co.** As Seen In Marie Claire Magazine. **212-249-1824**

1 Week Free Training No membership. www.ultimatetraining.com **212-207-8154** As seen on The Today Show.

ROLLERBLADES

Skate Skills In The City—Confidence/classes/tours/all ages. NY Skateout: **486-1919**

TO ADVERTISE IN
Sport's Guide,
call Mark at:
212-462-3316

COSMETIC SURGERY

Liposculpture....................212-262-0949—www.cosmeticlasercenter.qpg.com

LASER EYELID SURGERY
Free Consult With Eyelid Specialist. Fast Healing. **www.eyelifts.com 212-265-8877**

DENTAL

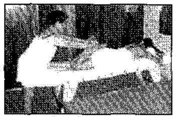
Laser Teeth Whitening 212-262-0950—Free Consult - Cosmetic And Holistic. **www.cosmeticlasercenter.qpg.com**

NY BREATH CARE
The most effective anti-halitosis Tx. Featured on 20/20, GQ, Today. **683-6505**

HEALTH & BEAUTY

Permanent Makeup—For lips, eyebrows and eyeliner at Goldy's. Free consult. **751-0001 / 718-265-2499 www.Goldysclinic.com**

YI PAK
Body Scrub • Deep-Tissue Massage
2-hour session for $100



Includes:
- Stress-Relieving Steam
- Refreshing Shower
- Exfoliating Scrub
- Full-Body Massage
- Shampoo & Rinse

10 West 32nd Street, 2nd Fl. (Betw 5th & Bway)
212-868-0851 / 212-594-1025
FOR WOMEN ONLY
Credit Cards Accepted

TORN EARLOBE?
FREE EAR PIERCING WITH THE REPAIR OF TORN EARLOBE
212.744.LOBE • 212.744.5623
Insurance Accepted
Where Applicable

LASER HAIR REMOVAL
& Crystal MicroDermabrasion, Guaranteed By Advanced Skin Care. **212-758-8867**

HOLISTIC HEALTH

Colon Therapy, Herbal Enemas—Relaxing massage. Natasha/Joe. **222-4868 751-2319**

Golden Touch—Aromatherapy, Reflexology, Full Relaxation. **646-286-6804**

Inner Cleansing & Relaxation
Private. **212-819-9011**

MASSAGE/THERAPEUTIC

Sensual/Tantric Massages—Stimulating Cleansings, Baths, With RNs. Intriguing, Private. 10am-11pm. **212-749-6442**

Gentle Massage—Noon-10pm. Call Danielle. By app't. **212-726-0138**

Extreme Pampering—Baths/Candles/Music/Discretion. Midtown. **212-448-0954**

THE PARK CLUB
Clean, Quiet, Relaxing Environment. 41 East 60th St., 3rd Fl. **212-751-7781**

Inner Cleansing—By Two Nurses. Ultra-Private. Innovative. **212-684-6756**

Best Bodywork—Extraordinarily relaxing. 350 5th Avenue. **212-290-9550**

KOBE 56
Shiatsu & Swedish, Sauna & Steam Room. M/F, Couples. Resid Avail. 23 West 56th St. **212-333-2588 / 586-0555**

Licensed Therapeutic Massage—Douglaston, Queens. **718-225-1123**

Astonishing Session—By 4 hands. Midtown, Private. 7 Days. **212-972-5003**

Prof'l Body Rx—Massage, cellulite reduction. Men/women. In/out. **212-684-6897**

NOEVIR
—Steam, Dry Sauna, Shiatsu, Swedish Massage. **212-594-1602**

Relax—Get Rid Of Stress And Tension. Skin And Body Care. E. 56th. **212-588-8895**

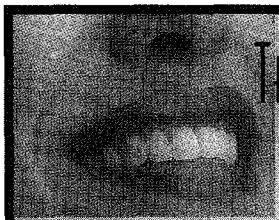
Give Yourself—A Precious, Divine Massage. Refined Clientele. **212-MT6-9618**

Body Rub/Stress Relaxation—Mature, Beautiful Women. Jacuzzi. **718-437-1474**

Massage, Facial, Reflexology—Lic'd. Outcalls. 7 Days. **201-264-1516**

East 50s—Strong, comfortable, affordable. All CC's. 7 days. In/out. M-F. **212-752-1231**

DENTAL



THE ART & SCIENCE OF DENTISTRY

PORCELAIN VENEERS
COSMETIC DENTISTRY

Pearlinbrite™ Laser Tooth Whitening
Dr. Linhart uses a revolutionary and unique combination of materials to quickly and effectively whiten teeth in just one visit.

Preview your new smile through technology of computer imagery!

Park Avenue Centre for Dental Arts
Jan Linhart, D.D.S., P.C. - Director
The Helmsley Building • 230 Park Avenue (46th Street), NYC
212-867-6272 www.parkavedental.com
Call today for a no-fee consultation without obligation.
All phases of general dentistry included. Member: American Dental Association, American Academy of General Dentistry
We're in the Bell Atlantic Yellow Pages.

MASSAGE/THERAPEUTIC

NU LOOK - JAPANESE SPA
Shiatsu - Swedish. Sauna & Steam Room. M/F & Couples. Residential Service Avail. 11 E. 36th St. **212-447-6666 / 800-834-7286**

GINZA 212-684-2121
Shiatsu & Swedish. Outcalls.

#1 Magic Hands—#1 Chinese Masseuse. Private. 7 Days. 9am-1am. **718-651-8882**

Gentle Approach To Deep Tissue—Facial, Waxing, Body Treatment. **869-2727**

Ki-Touch—E 45. Swedish, Refl, Facials, Steamroom, Colonics. Priv. **212-682-1166**

N & J Skin Care Salon—Swedish Body Massage, Scrub, Facial. **212-391-8953**

Magic Hands—Sports, Swedish. Prenatal Table Avail. E. 82nd. **212-650-1620**

East 57th—Stress Relief. Body Scrub/Shower. 7 Days. In/Out. CCs. **212-752-1060**

Grand Opening—Swedish Massage. By Appointment Only. **212-856-9105**

Gramacy Bay Club
NY's Finest Alternative Lifestyle Private Men's Club. Offering Massage & Steam In Our Unique And Secure Environment. Our Male Staff Will Pamper & Relax You. **212-679-8181**
Mon-Fri, 11am-1am Sat, 12pm-8pm
80 Madison Avenue, NYC 10016

MEDICAL

HIV/STD/GENITAL WARTS
Viagra For Sexual Dysfunction. HIV Results in 15 Mins. Confidential. **Central Park Medical Assoc. 246-0800**

WEIGHT CONTROL

10-15 Stubborn Lbs? Liquid Protein Shake &/or Medications, $40/Wk. Upper E. Side/Gramercy/Westchester. **570-5058**

We Have The New Medication Everyone Is Talking About! Losing weight has never been easier. MD-supervised. **737-4644**

LICENSED THERAPY

DR.'s SEX THERAPY
A Reputation For THE BEST
MD-Supv **SURROGATE PROGRAM**
PhD & Board-Cert Clinical Sexologists
Private • Results • All Dysfunctions
www.abel2.com 212-721-7650

Surrogate Therapy—Intelligence, compassion, discretion. 12 years exp. **212-316-4768**

SEXUAL SUCCESS
SEEN ON 20/20 & CNBC
NYC's Only Certified* Sex Therapist;
MD-Supervised SURROGATE PROGRAM
Cure Impotence/PE/Shyness
*American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists.
Proven Success. 212-971-6060
www.SEXUALSUCCESS.com

Impotence / Lack of Desire
Premature Reaction/ Sexual Shyness
Proven Sex Therapy Techniques
Medically Administered Surrogate Program
NY's "only" Surrogate Therapy Program
Administed & Staffed by
NY State Licensed Psychotherapists
The Center For Life Enhancement Svs, Inc.
Free Consultation* (212) 679-6717 *Privacy Assured
Insurance Where Accepted

Something
is coming that will radically and wonderfully alter the way you
Buy, Sell and Rent Manhattan Properties.
And it's coming soon.
see you next week for more information.

To advertise in *New York Magazine's*
HEALTH AND FITNESS,
call Mark Bristow at:
212-462-3316 or fax: 212-462-3595

Summer Entertaining

CARICATURES

Leading Caricaturist—Enliven your business or private party. 212-873-1695

Caricatures By Dale Gladstone—Laughs Guaranteed! Unparalleled. 718-782-2250

Dazzle Your Guests—Caricatures on paper and online. Jeff Sonheim: 212-243-8515

ENTERTAINMENT

ALWAYS ENTERTAINING
For Great Corp/Priv Parties!
Music, Dancers, Magic, Performers,
Casino, Picnics 255-9540 alwaysent.com

•UNIQUE ENTRTNMNT•
Variety Acts•Interactive•Event Planning
Hot DJs/Bands•FX•Performers•Favors
Themes/Decor•Acts•**1,500+ Lookalikes...**
The Whole Event! Est.1980 **800-GET-GALA**

● HARDBODIES, INC ●
CLASSY, EXOTIC M/F STRIPPERS
212-988-8484 • 516-795-2400 • 718-693-9441
WWW.HARDBODIESINC.COM

MURDER MYSTERY, INC.
KILL 'EM At Your Next Affair.
Corporate • Private Parties • Fund-Raisers
"So Much Fun - It's Almost Criminal."
800-MURDER INC (800.687.3374)

Singing Telegram Anytime—Gorillas To Cops - We Have 'Em All! Since '80. 234-7006

GORGEOUS STRIPPERS 914-287-2056 You Name It! We Got It! XXX-R rated! Duos & Some Shows Too Risque To Say!

•STRIPTEASE•
The **Only** Gift That **UNWRAPS** Itself!!!
212-391-2480 • 718-352-9423 • 516-485-6600

Palm Reader—Elegant And Evocative. Entertains All Ages. 212-741-3195

Tarot Cards—Wise & optimistic reader will enhance your parties. 212-477-0875

Palmistry, The Tarot, Numerology—By Registered Psychic. 212-410-1299

DRAG PERFORMERS—Outrageous Costumes! B'days, Corp/Theme Events. www.screamingqueens.com 212-714-8097

1,000+ Lookalikes—Mind Readers, Mentalists, Murders, Music 1-800-304-4911
WWW.NAOMISWORLD.COM

ENTERTAINMENT/MUSIC

Hot Samba/Cool Bossa Nova—Great Brazilian Music! Sabor Brasil. 212 865-4787

Pianist/Singer—Jazzy Gershwin, B'way, More... www.jonathansegal.com 212-222-3169

Need Great Entertainment!!?—One Man Band Plus/Cory Morgenstern 914-478-0073

Elegant DJ Services—Karaoke Rentals-Virtual Reality. expresswaymusic.com 953-9367

!!!Hot Brazilian Music/Dancers!!!—Carib Themes sambanovo.com / 718-965-1765

S.O.B.'s—Global Sounds, Bands, DJ's, Dancers, Theme Parties. 212-243-4940

Mix 'N Match Music Trios—Gershwin to Mozart for Your Event. 718-278-5331

Midnight Magic Orchestra—R&B•Disco•Jazz•Motown•Swing 516-365-5064

To advertise in *New York Magazine's* **Summer Entertaining**, call Alex: 212-462-3325

Events of Every Kind

- ◆ Corporate Special Events
- ◆ Video and Movie Shoots, Product Launches
- ◆ Bar Mitzvah & Sweet 16 Parties

DINNER, COCKTAILS, DANCING, LIGHTING, SOUND AND THE BEST VIDEO SYSTEM IN NEW YORK.

TWIRL

208 West 23rd St (7th Ave) NYC 212.929.8900

GIFT BASKETS

Baskets Galore At The Purple Door—A gift no one ever returns. 212-627-4076

GOURMET CATERING

A Chef's Table Ltd.... 212-427-1089—Unique Gourmet Food & Floral Design.

Catering By Hayden—Culinary perfection. Reasonable. Has lofts. 212-751-1459

PARTY HELP

On-Site—Food Prep, Serving, Cleanup. For Your Occasion, Inc. 917-441-0461

To advertise in *New York Magazine's* **Summer Entertaining**, call Alex: 212-462-3325

PARTY PLANNING

NO-FEE EVENT PLANNING Corp./
Priv. & Weddings. As Seen On The Food
Network! **Red Letter Events 212-772-1177**
www.redletterevents.com

ENTERTAINMENT AND PLACES
24 Years Experience. 3,500 Events.
Corp/Priv. Eric Silvey Ent.: **212-486-9517**

NYC Party Planner: Why Do It Alone? We Throw The Ultimate Parties & Events! **www.nylikestoparty.com 631-424-2716**

WORLDWIDE EVENTS—212-734-3638
Dinners! Parties! Weddings & Galas!
www.worldwideeventsltd.com

SUMMER ENTERTAINING

FOR ADVERTISING INFORMATION,

call Alex: **212.462.3325** or fax: **212.462.3595**

PARTY SERVICE

Coldwaters - Private Room Seats 15-75—988 Second Ave. nr 52nd St. **212-888-2122**

PARTY SPACE

EAST SIDE AMUSEMENTS
Newly Renovated 5,000 Sq Ft Facility
Virt. Reality/Video Games/Billiards/Bar
Private Or Corp. 10-250pp. **212-831-7665**

S.O.B.'s—NYC's Premier World Music Rest. Set Your Party On Fire! **212-243-4940**

AAA Party Space—West Vill. Full rest./bar. 15-250p. Promoters okay. **212-924-2010**

Private Parties At Puttanesca
Great Food! Great Service! Great Prices!
Any occasion/budget, 10-200p. **581-4177**

BOWLMOR LANES—Largest bowling center in Manhattan. 2 full bars & 42 lanes. Private floor & party room avail. **255-8188**

Fantasy Venue—For 20-200p. Budget To Extravaganza. Call Yvon: **212-949-6883**

200 FIFTH 675-2080
NYC's Most Exclusive Ballroom. Weddings,
Fund Raisers, Corp Events. 100-999p.
www.200fifth.com

Metropolitan Pavilion
Elegant, sophisticated, stylish.
www.metropolitanevents.com 212-463-0071

METRONOME
NY's premiere party space in Flatiron/Gramercy. 2 rooms, 10-700pp. B'way @ 21st St. **505-7400 www.metronomenyc.com**

WWW.PRINCESTREETCLUB.COM #1 location in Soho for 20-120 guests. Visit our website or call: **212-353-0707**

Antique,Unique!—W.Vlg.20 Fr drs, open-air lnge,mahog bar,tin ceils,20-200. **479-7306**

www.successfulaffairs.com
Uncovers the finest in party facilities. Our service is at no cost to you. **212-684-6402**

PRIVATE PARTIES MADE EASY Restaurant in Landmark Brownstone accommodating 20-200pp. Any occasion or budget. Call: **212-501-7014**

'91'
Chic downtown loft space w/top catering. 20-150pp. 91 Horatio Street. **212-691-4570**

EAT, DRINK & BE MERRY
Six unique locations. Any occasion.
All budgets. 20-400pp. **212-585-2371**

Very Cool New Space—25th/Park. Cater In/Out. ***Star Chef. **212-479-7379**

SoHo Loft—Unique/artsy, prof'l kitchen, up to 75p. **212-941-0147 www.margrett.com**

Rodeo Grill—Live music, 2 party rooms. 375 Third Ave. (27th St.) **212-683-6500**

WEDDINGS

Tribeca's Ultimate Event Space—***www.tribec.com***

BACHELORETTES

"Naked Boys Singing!"—Hit Musical Bachelorette Parties. **212-580-9272**

To advertise in *New York Magazine's* **Summer Entertaining**, call Alex: 212-462-3325

New York Kids

BOAT CHARTERS

B'day Party Cruise—Ideal for all ages! 2-hr charter. Kids' Buffet, Soda, B'day Cake, DJ. 40p min/$30pp. **212-289-0073**

CHILD CARE

FROM INFANTS TO ELDERCARE
Our domestic agency places the best - caring, kind & experienced. Serving the NY tri-state area. We owe our success to you. For live-in/out, call:
Leisure Service 212-628-6130

EDUCATION

Prof'l SAT/SAT II/Academic Tutors—With Ivy League educations. **212-579-7607**

ENTERTAINMENT

Starmite Puppets—Pokeman, Toy Story, Lion K, Aladdin, Sesame, Dinosaurs, Pooh, Face Paint, Balloons. **718-686-6801**

Madeleine: Award-Winning Magician—& TV Clown Like-No-Other! **212-475-7785**

CLOWNMAGICNYC.COM—Magicians, Clowns-Puppet-Pony-Pet Zoo. **212-544-8153**

GIFTS

SEND A PACKAGE TO CAMP
Unique Gifts For Campers Of All Ages.
Personally Selected And Sent.
Call: SCARSDALE CHILD'S PLAY
914-723-4396 or **800-258-5775**
www.scarsdalechildsplay.com

PARTY SPACE

EAST SIDE AMUSEMENTS
GRAND OPENING!
Virtual Reality, Video Games, Billiards, Fun! 10-250pp. Catering Avail. All Ages!
163 East 86th St. **212-831-7665**

KIDS CORNER
FOR ADVERTISING INFORMATION,
call Joanne: **212.462.3332**
or fax: **212.462.3595**

Boats and Yachts

PRESTIGE YACHT CHARTERS
Call 7 days: **212-717-0300** or **914-723-4510**
www.prestigeyachtcharters.com

YACHTS FOR ALL SEASONS
Parties planned with your needs in mind.
No event too large or too small.
Corporate & private. **212-534-6380**

Corp/Priv Parties! The Queen of Hearts & The Star of Palm Beach. NY's only 2 sailing nightclubs. 100-550p. **212-427-2818**

STAR OF AMERICA
Have your wedding, corp event or private party aboard our spectacular luxury yacht. World Financial Center, NYC **212-786-1225**

DOVE YACHT CHARTERS
M/Y Jabiru M/Y Jacana M/V Jewel
Personalized, Luxurious Yacht Charters.
Dinners A Deux...To Large Corp Events.
www.doveyacht.com
212-594-1561 • 973-482-1991 • 888-860-DOVE

Manhattan Yacht Charters
Over A Decade Of Value & Service.
Consider Us Above The Rest.
212-995-5470 - ask for Mary.
www.manhattanyachtcharters.com

SAIL ON A TALL SHIP! The Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, 2-49 guests, from NY or NJ. **973-966-1684** Our 17th Year.

MYSTIQUE
Classic Weddings & Private Parties.
MYC, Inc. E. 23rd St., NYC **212-856-9446**
WWW.METYACHT.COM

WATER'S EDGE
Introducing NY's Newest Luxury Yacht... The **MARIKA** will be avail for charters in July. Up to 150 for Dinner & Cocktails.
718-482-0033 ....**www.watersedgenyc.com**

Private Sail With Someone Special—54' yacht, 2 crew, champagne, shrimp, roses. $525 & up. **212-873-7558** Grps: $300 & up.

LEISURE YACHT CHARTERS
DIPLOMAT & CELEBRITY - Weddings, Parties, Corporate Events. See us at Pier 84 at W. 43rd St. (212) 594-9555

CHELSEA PIERS CHARTERS
For Prompt, Complete & Detailed Information on **ALL** of NY's Finest Yachts, Call **212-645-6626** or Visit **www.BoatsNYC.com**

CORPORATE AFFAIRS • WEDDINGS
Charters • Luxurious Dinners
The Skyline, Statue of Liberty, Great Food and Dancing... Who could ask for anything more! Sailing from NY, NJ, CT, Brooklyn, Queens, LI and Westchester.
VIP YACHT CRUISES INC
212-524-9454
www.vipyachtcruises.com

WORLD YACHT
Perfect parties for up to 500 guests.
NY and NJ departures available.
www.worldyacht.com **212-630-8800**

SCHOONER ADIRONDACK
Corp/Priv Charter Up To 49p. **800-701-7245**
www.scaranoboat.com/excursions.html

BOATS AND YACHTS
FOR ADVERTISING INFORMATION,
call Alex: **212.462.3325** or fax: **212.462.3595**

Marketplace

Something
is coming that will
radically and wonderfully
alter the way you
Buy, Sell and Rent
Manhattan Properties.
And it's coming soon.
see you next week for more information.

APPLIANCES

PRICEWATCHERS factory-auth TV, vcr, AC, major appl, built-ins, ref, washer, dryer. Ship tri-state. Call w/make/model #. Lowest prices: **800 336-6694 / 718 470-1620**

800-221-BUYS 212-513-1513
Major Appliances, TVs & Air Cond. At Low, Low Prices. **Home Sales Enterprises**

ALL MAJOR APPLIANCES
Guar lowest prices. Imm del. Auth dealer.
718-338-3500 / 774-0198 Expert advice.

ASTROLOGY

The Love Psychic—Readings That Change Your Life. Visa/MC. **212-874-7692**

Psychic Readings by Michael Lafferty—CC's. www.psychicread.com **215-482-6517**

---

www.mariathepsychic.com—Astrology For Friends And Lovers. **215-934-5908**

LIMOUSINE SERVICE

Stretch—$65/hr. Special: $195/4 hrs. Avail 24 hrs/7 days. All credit cards. **800-253-4546**

PETS

Cat Care—Cat-sitting in your home. Bonded. West: **947-6190**; East: **838-2996**

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

E-Bay Broker—(As seen in NY Times). I'll sell it for you. **212-593-1366**

MARKETPLACE
FOR ADVERTISING INFORMATION,
call Kris Cappadona: **212.462.3319**
or Mark Bristow: **212.462.3316**

Interiors and Exteriors

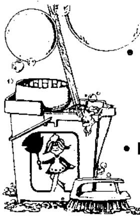
CABINETRY

Quality Cabinets & Furniture Mfg.—Kreative Kabinetry, Inc. (212) 398-9648

CLEANING SERVICES

McMaid Service

ESTABLISHED 1971



- Post-Construction
- Corporate Apartment
- Common Areas
- Move In/Move Out
- Just Plain Housecleaning
- Fully Insured/Bonded

Think McMaid

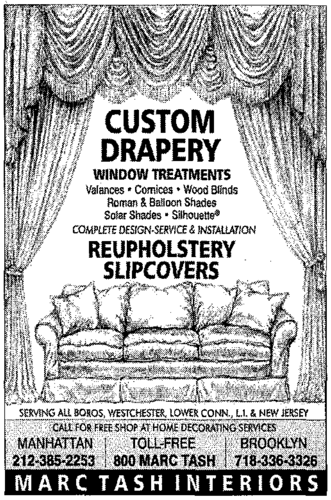
www.mcmaid.com

(212) 371 - 5555

CLOSETS

SPACEMASTER CLOSET—Closet And Storage Solutions, Plus Mirrored Doors. Free Estimates. Insured. Refs. 212-382-1533

DECORATOR



CUSTOM DRAPERY

WINDOW TREATMENTS

Valances • Cornices • Wood Blinds

Roman & Balloon Shades

Solar Shades • Silhouette®

COMPLETE DESIGN-SERVICE & INSTALLATION

REUPHOLSTERY

SLIPCOVERS

SERVING ALL BOROS, WESTCHESTER, LOWER CONN., L.I. & NEW JERSEY

CALL FOR FREE SHOP AT HOME DECORATING SERVICES

MANHATTAN	TOLL-FREE	BROOKLYN
212-385-2253	800 MARC TASH	718-336-3326

MARC TASH INTERIORS

DESIGN/BUILD

Design - Build—Tel: (212) 750-5446 Commercial & Residential.

DECORATIVE PAINTING

Tidy Faux Finishes—Marble, Murals, Sponging, Stone Glazing. 212-874-4678

GENERAL CONTRACTOR

WE SPECIALIZE IN APT. INTERIORS!

CARPENTRY · WOODWORK

CABINETS · CLOSETS · TILE

WOOD FLOORS · WALL DIVIDERS

PAINTING · KIT & BATH

Small/Big Jobs! Free Est./Ins.

212-749-7171 · 917-991-2090

FLOORS

J. Rappaport Wood Flooring—Installation, refinishing, repairs. Exp/ins. 800-867-8341

LANDSCAPE DESIGN

MARK ELIOT DESIGN
MARK E. SOSNOWITZ, ASLA
Complete Landscape Design, Renovation & Construction. Free Consult. 877-972-9131

Advertise In

The Fall Preview Issue

Home Resources

Special Display Advertising Section

Issue Date: 9/11/2000

On Sale: 9/4/2000

Deadline: 8/8/2000

call Kristen: 212.462.3319 or fax: 212.462.3595

INTERIOR DESIGNERS & ARCHITECTS

USE-WHAT-YOU-HAVE INTERIORS
More Than Just Rearrangement.
Flat Rate-**Only** $325/Rm • Free Brochure
212-288-8888 redecorate.com

NO BIG DEAL—Take the terror out of decorating. Talented pro can help you. Lowest rates. **No job too small.** Ref's. Special access to **all** wholesale showrooms. **As Seen on ABC • CBS • NBC • CNN** ***Tri-State Area*** **Call Steve Lyons: 212-338-0888**

Former Bloomingdale's Designer—Will beautifully transform your space. Creative. To Budget. **Sasha Designs: 212-243-1738**

An English Country Home—Int design, drapes, color advice, kids' rms. 914-735-5073

ID Intelligent Design—Spirited, inventive designer will transform your home to your taste, within budget. Free consult... 212-260-4310 **www.idintelligentdesign.com**

Rent-A-Decorator®—Budget-oriented pro designs "your" space at "your" pace. Fees from $100/hr. Featured in NY Times & Glamour. Call for reprints: 212-826-1069

C.S. INTERIORS—Exp'd, affordable decorators. Flat fees. Our discount is your discount. Home/office. Complete renovations. References available. 212-734-2689

$99/Hr Des'r/Decorator ASID NYS Lic. Plans♦Sketches♦Colors♦Sources♦Trades 212.755.3207 **www.DesignBaron.com**

Advertise In **.com directory**

New York Magazine, ranks #4 in study of all publications' readers who made a purchase via the internet in the past 30 days!

call Kristen Cappadona at: 212-462-3319 or fax: 212-462-3319

INTERIOR DESIGNERS & ARCHITECTS

Beautiful & Affordable - Consultation avail. Catherine Campbell Interior Design (212) 254-4909 (212) 924-0757

KITCHENS

WOOD-O-RAMA, INC.—From kitchen cabinetry to remodeling/restoring (700 types of moldings to choose from), we have it all! **238 W. 108th St. 212-749-6438**

LIGHTING

Lighting By Gregory ....212-226-1276 See what Lightolier's **"Designing With Light"** is all about. **Showroom: 158 Bowery**

Track By Jack 917-74TRACK (87225) Track-lighting specialists. Installation. Sales. Wholesale bulbs. Update old cans with small, efficient, low-voltage halogens.

PAINTING & WALLPAPERING

Painting/Paper—Faux Finish, Kit/Bath Renov., Flr Sanding. Ref's/Ins. 212-248-0300

Sagebrush Painting Co. 212-627-4212—Painting/Plastering, Faux Finishes... Ins.

Rigas Painting—Custom Painting, Plastering, Wallpapering. Residential And Commercial. Free Est. Ins. 212-980-4469

T&M Painting—Carpentry, wallpaper, tile, plaster, faux fin. Free est. Ins. 718-278-3372

Mark O'Sullivan & Co. 212-787-8725—Painting, Plaster, Faux Fin. Ins/Refs Avail.

All Faux Finishes—Euro craftsmen. Trim or just superb painting! 212-644-5933

PIANO

Expert Tuning—Repairs And Piano Regulating. Reasonable Rates. Call Michael Keller: 201-653-8393

WINDOW TREATMENT

LOWEST PRICES—Silhouette, Duette, Verticals, Mini-Blinds, Draperies And All Soft Treatments. **KINGSBORO: 212-243-0722**

Levolor/Duettes/Silhouettes/Wood
"Best Buy!" - Joan Hamburg
212-228-8600.................................718-748-8600

****NOBODY BEATS OUR PRICES!****
Silhouettes • Luminettes • Solar Shades
Duettes • Minis • Verticals • 888-595-7511

ELITE WINDOW TREATMENTS
Verticals, Minis, Silhouettes, Duette and Draperies. **Lowest Prices: 212-807-8674**

Role Play

CENTERFOLDESCORTS.NET TM
CLOSE TO: HoTeLs
212-888-9689

PASSIONATE PRIVATE NURSE
Personalized & Intimate. 212-354-4391

V.I.P. MODELS
OUTCALLS ONLY
24/7 All Major Credit Cards Accepted
visit real models
www.ny-escorts.com
212-725-8700

Mistresses Nikki And Natalie—www.msnikki.com Vi/MC/AX 212-338-9157

AMERICAN BEAUTIES
since 1990
New York City's Most Private Club.
By Appointment Only.
Credit Cards Welcome.
www.american-beauties.com

Vanessa - French-Brazilian Sinfully Seductive. Private. 212-946-2178 www.vanessanyc.com (Independent)

Pro Body Builder—Hard, muscular beauty. Wrestles/poses/role-play. 212-712-7154

SIZZLE
24hrs a day 7 days a week
All Major Credit Cards Accepted
OUTCALLS ONLY
WWW.SIZZLENYC.COM
212-481-1414

Candy - Sutton Place—Upscale, elegant, beautiful and private. 212-980-8118

www.ny-exotics.com
NY'S LARGEST
ADULT INTERNET DIRECTORY

East Side Elegance—Stunning Model/Actress. Midtown. Jenna. 212-758-8817

Matinee Lady, Mature—Also Rubenesque. In/Out. 718-520-0197 / 212-702-0873

CorpAffairs.com—Milan's Private Abode. All CC's Accepted. 212-613-9191

WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR
Beautiful Models
Outcalls Only 212-688-4747
www.forlover.com

Expensive Beauty 917-549-0288—www.artandservices.com/photos.html

Brittany—Posh, upscale role-play and fetishes. In/out. CC's. 24 hrs. 212-627-5144

Alexis—Ebony Shemale Beauty For Role-Play. B'klyn Location. 718-677-8050

Nicole—Bodywork By Swedish Beauty. New To America. 76th & Lex. 212-639-1451

PRETTY NICE
—www.prettyniceny.com 212-352-1515

Mara—Elegant, Mature, and Friends. For Upscale Executives. Call: 212-973-0102

A Trans-Sexual Affair—www.exoticmodels4u 212-973-1993

NEW YORK DOLLS
Sensual ladies for upscale gentlemen. Discretion assured. In/out calls.
212-750-6686
www.ny-dolls.com

Victoria—Upscale. Manhattan. Private. Call: 646-638-3214

SENSUOUS GOVERNESS
Care And Training For Men. 212-764-4872

nyshemales.com
212-251-0011

Fantasy Fulfillment
Great People
Beautiful Place
Perfect Midtown Location
212-688-2458
JANESNYC.COM

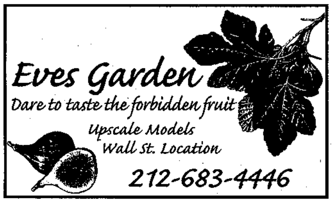
ULT "10."com
Hi-Level Models
212-888-1666

Uninhibited Private Nursing—Fabulous Equipment. Midtown East. 212-684-1185

Erotic Women/Men—For Phone Fantasy. Toll-Free. Vi/MC/AX. 877-292-6969

UPSCALE, PLAYFUL MODELS
By Appointment Only.
212-685-2354

Exquisite Fantasy, Exquisite Women—Role-play you will remember. 212-465-2570



SUBMIT YOURSELF
Role-Play, Cleansing. 212-819-9011

Gal Next-Door Type—You'd Never Know! East Side. Private. 212-251-0003

Global Women of the World
Enhance Your Mind
New York Based
Outcalls Only
917-371-0084
GlobalWomenoftheWorld.com

Mature Swedish Beauty—East 50s Location. Courtney. 212-243-7007

Private Adult Film Stars Club
Meet
Leanna Foxx
July 24 - July 31
www.Exotica-2000.com
212-686-8777

Have A Foot Fetish?—I Love It! Pretty Feet Guaranteed! 212-946-6419

Temptress/Teacher—Role-Play Games By Dorothy. 212-517-3740

The New Sterling Ladies
Sterlingladies.com
VIP Park Ave
212-228-2904

New York Starlets
Upscale Ladies For Upscale Gentlemen.
Discreet. Incall/Outcall.
212-502-5621

ELEGANT MODELS
CC Accepted ~ Discreet Billing
•Outcalls Only•
Find us at www.escorts.net
•212 997-2222•

Creole Nurse—& Sensual To Fetish Exam/Cleansing.. CCs. 917-673-7030

www.CrystalClaire.com
...and to the point

Park Avenue—Elegant Relaxation For The Mature Gentleman. 212-475-8280

We Attract New Clients
By Serving Present Clients
Exceptionally Well.
212-681-2823

Southern Super Beauty—New In Town. Call: 212-615-6660

www.BlueLace.com
Most essential for the elite.

Black She-Male Beauty—Active, Exciting And Fun. Call Kim: 212-585-4348

CORPORATEAFFAIRS.WS
The Nation's Most Trusted Service
All Major Credit
Cards Cordially Accepted
212-445-0548
"Party Calls" Are Always Welcome

Stephanie Sinclair—Beautiful European Playmate. Midtown. Private. 212-330-7563

Sheri—Beautiful California Role-Play. www.bodyheatescorts.com 212-684-8621

Premiere
Always The First & Finest!
Outcalls Only to NY, NJ & CT
212-967-9071
www.premierdolls.com

Mature, Exquisite Relaxation—Very private, for gentlemen. App't: 212-759-2024

Dream Connection—Relaxation At Its Best. By Appointment. 718-648-6161

ORIENTAL EXPRESS
Outcall Only
Open 24 Hours
7 Days
212.366.6747

Jenny And Friends—Role-Play. For Information, Call: 212-893-8201

NY's Largest Free Adult
Internet Directory
www.nypleasure.com
for ad info call:
(212) 813-1551

Adalis—An Uninhibited Ebony Playmate. By Appointment Only. 212-472-0868

Bridgette—Caribbean Fitness Model. New In Town. 212-737-5062

AMAZON GODDESSES
Behavior modification, role-play, x-dressing, fetishes, medical, wrestling, etc.
212-229-2149
www.punishmentsquare.com/denofiniquity
Ms. Porsche Lynn *
Party last saturday each month!

Sweet & Gentle—Role-Play & Bodywork. Private & Safe. 516-773-4284

Summer—Bodywork By Indian Princess. Former Model. 76th & Lex. 212-639-1451

GLAMOUR ROSES
www.G-Roses.com
for the privileged few.

Exquisite Mistress—Sensual, erudite, selective, pvt. Fetish/x-dress. 516-646-4560

ORIENTAL EVE
Japanese Angels
Outcalls Only
Mon-Sat 5pm-2am
(212) 696-4888

Wall Street Escape—Sensuous bodywork fantasy. Discreet, private. 212-766-9885

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

OUTCALLS ONLY 24/7
Eastern
VERY ATTRACTIVE
EXOTIC ORIENTAL LADIES
212-645-2700
www.asians-escorts.com

POLITE MISTRESSES
Play Out All Your Fetishes & Fantasies.
212-696-4965

Shemale—Swedish Model/Video Film Star For Desires. Barbi. 212-759-6765

European Centerfold—In NY Briefly For Nice Fun. In/Out. Kym: 212-972-3359

Southern Elegance—Pamper Yourself. By App't. Call Taylor: 212-288-2785

Tammy—Asian Delight. Incall And Outcall. West 50s. 212-445-0726

Perfection—Sexy Russian Ladies. Role-Play Available. 718-259-5559

Mistress Jessica—Teacher/Vampire, Boss, Nurse, Aunt. 212-358-3919

metroasian.com
Outcall Only
212-222-0300

516-457-8043
The Exotic Princess

undergroundvideo.com
You Won't Believe Your Eyes!

Exciting Fantasies—Fetishes. Discreet, Pvt. 7 Days, 12p-3am. In/Out. 212-239-9640

Black Pearl—Cultured, Polished And Rare. Gia. 212-685-2354

Velvet Touch Models
The Best New York Has To Offer
24/7. Outcalls Only.
For Upscale Gentlemen Only
All Major CC's Accepted
212-889-9200

Massage

Beauty & Bodywork—Elegant, Sensual And Discreet. Lisa: 212-396-1141

Central Park South - Austrian Lady—Private, Sensual And Caring. 212-246-4759

Heaven Can Wait—Devilishly Playful! Sinfully Satisfying! East 40s. 212-759-1717

5th Avenue & 52nd—The 8th Wonder Of The World. 212-946-1331

Exceptional Massage—By Marie/Claudine. Clean/Pvt. E 50s. 212-888-3497

Sylvia—Discreet, Quality Service, Exclusively For Refined Gentlemen. 212-888-0611

Extraordinary Touch—Unforgettable! East 20s... 212-685-5614

FUJI 212-207-8959
Shiatsu/Swedish. Res/Studio.

PURE BLISS
Private. Credit Cards.
212-213-2977

HEAVENLY BEAUTIES
Sensual Stars
Top Models
Outcalls Only.
212-691-1289

Pears—Eclectic excellence, featuring synchronization. 212-505-5151/212-779-9944

RUSSIAN MASSAGE & COLONIC Therapy Dispos. W. 94th: 212-222-4868
E. 51st: 751-2319 Friendly - Natasha/Joe

DELIGHTFUL TOUCH
Sensual And Satisfying. 212-754-1470

The Incredible Lightness Of Touch—W. Village/Wall St. access. 212-645-4995

Angel Touch Spa—Colonic Therapy. Sauna, Jacuzzi, Massage. 718-997-7772

SENSUAL & ELEGANT
"Very Exclusive"
Park Avenue & 60th
Hotel & Residential
Top International Models
212-753-3030

Beautiful Massage By European—Call: 914-316-4882

Courtney's Back!—Elegant Bodywork. Highest Quality. Discreet. 212-307-6645

East 60s—Skillful European Masseuse. Clean, Private. 7 Days. 212-838-8388

JAPANESE SHIATSU
Call: 212-799-7087. Uptown.

Excellent Bodyrub—East 58th St. & 2nd Avenue. 212-751-9548

EXCLUSIVE, EXQUISITE, EXTRAORDINARY
Heather, for the discriminating taste.
212-696-4992

Asian Bodywork—Relax Your Mind, Body. Pvt. In/Outcall. 212-689-6636

Asian Sweet—New, Elegant Body Rub. Hotel/Residential. 212-251-1002

Asian Models
OUTCALLS ONLY 24 / 7
"The Most Classical and Elegant Oriental Super Models"
www.asians-escort.com
212-463-9400

Excellent Bodyrub And Relaxation—7 Days. East 89th. Private. 212-987-5795

Magic Touch—East Side Midtown. Clean, Private. 7 Days. 212-758-1729

Canadian Sweetie—Fun And Friendly. Call: 212-330-6877

Sunshine Of The East—Vibrant, Alluring. Midtown. 917-804-5592

Exotic Swedish—Sensuous Bodyrub. Pvt. By App't. Sweet & Nice. 212 570-2285

Prof'l Massage - By Eastern Beauty—Private. Clean. Midtown. 212-686-3340

Massage & Spa—Shiatsu, Swedish & Steam Bath. 201-945-4077 Best in NJ.

Personal Touch—www.nyexotic.com Call: 212-983-2422

Private/Comfortable—Bodyrub/Pure Role-Play/Fetishes. Heather: 212-249-9921

An Elegant Escape—Pvt. Convenient to Wall St. High-quality service. 212-243-1118

Full Body Rub By Anton—For Men. Midtown West. Discreet. 212-258-3492

Wall Street/Tribeca—Stress Relief By Melanie. CC's. In/Outcall. 212-267-3980

KASA 212-813-9722
Professional Masseuses From Japan.

Penn Sta., Nice Locale, Swedish—Till 2am. Studio/hotel/res. Paula: 212-268-2830

PARK EAST 212-223-2650
Shiatsu/Swedish. Resid/Hotel. Outcall.

49TH & MADISON
Affordable/relaxing. All CC's. 212-223-3166

Body Pampering By Amanda—All CC's. www.bodyheatescorts.com 212-684-8621

Wall Street Area—Stress Reduction. 7 Days. 10am-8:30pm. 212-233-4063

Lee's Studio 54—Best Swedish And Shiatsu. 212-755-7178

New! Abaca Club—Clean. Private. B'klyn/NYC. 718-748-8560

HIDDEN TREASURE
Upper East Side. 212-327-0244

LUCKY SALON
L.I.E. 63 Rt. 112 Coram 631-696-3628

Astonishing Session—By 4 hands. Midtown, Private. 7 Days. 212-972-6964

Sensitive Man W/Healing Hands—Men only. Call Marc, 9am-9pm. 212-255-8854

Neiki—Extraordinary Relaxation. Fit For A King! 718-358-1771

Chinese Licensed Acupuncture—And Acupressure. 212-448-9289 / 718-762-1127

Tropical—Oriental Shiatsu, Swedish. Route 17, Near Ramsey. 201-327-0286

Emily & Linda—Excellent Bodywork. Midtown & Downtown. 212-571-3824

BODY MASSAGE
Long Island. 516-504-1267

Ruby's
Exquisite bodyrubs for discerning gentlemen. Convenient Midtown Location.
www.rubysnyc.com
212-688-2589

Charles—Sensual, warm hands for men. Jacuzzi/facial/shower. Cpls. 212-832-7872

Euro-Asian Model—Exotic, Sensual. Manhattan Outcalls Only. 917-553-7882

NJ's Finest—International Staff. Minutes From GWB. 201-227-0735

Mature Beauty—Pampering for upscale gentlemen. Pvt resid. Lyndsey: 212-490-9512

LILY SPA
203-748-9155 (Danbury)
203-759-1231 (Waterbury)

Sensuality With A French Twist—You'll Love It! Call Sophia: 212-588-0293

Stephanie From Ukraine—Pvt. 7 days a week from 11am. Midtown. 212-715-0494

ASIAN DOLLS 212-452-7809
Outcalls Only. Hotel & Resid.

"Best Japanese Massage"
Incall & Outcall
212-889-9202

MATTHEW FOR MEN
A Class Act. Call Matt: 212-586-6172 24 Hrs.

Francesca Bergonsi—East 50s. Mature Woman. In/Out. Clean/Pvt. 917-689-6941

Grand Opening—1st Time In NY. Relax Awhile. Penthouse. Milana: 212-308-4674

Crystal Spa - Herbal Steamroom
Body Scrubs, Sauna, Shiatsu & Swedish.
A Mini Vacation. 201-943-3111

Lilly Of Chelsea—One Of A Kind. Private. Discriminating. 212-807-1822

516-312-0475
Karen

Massage—Swedish/Shiatsu. Body Scrub, Facial. Steam/Shower. 212-661-0777

GRAND OPENING IN QUEENS
AMERICAN BEAUTY SPA
Shiatsu-Swedich. Sauna & Jacuzzi.
Face, Skin & Nail Care.
718-897-6605

Mature, Sensual, Classy Lady—Elegant, Private, 7 Days. 212-262-4537

ORIENTAL DELIGHT
Massage/relaxation. Resid. 212-686-2222

UNFORGETTABLE
(NJ) 201-969-1323 CC's. Best massage!
Just across Hudson River. New staff!

ASIAN HEAVEN FOR M/F
Best Bodyrub. Pvt. In/Outcall. 212-465-7588

Dear Salon—Stress Relief. For Info, Call: 631-586-6888

East 45th Stress Relief—7 Days. Private. By Appointment. 212-949-9183

Touch For Men By Thomas & Jason—Relax, refresh. Pvt/safe. CCs. 212-689-9030

Sensuous Touch—40th St. & 6th Ave. By App't: 212-221-8330

EAST 80TH STREET
Excellent Bodywork. Call: 212-861-3282

Hungarian Rhapsody—Centerfold For Your Pleasure. Pvt Residence. 212-889-3350

East 64th Street—Excellent, Professional Swedish Massage. 7 Days. 212-838-8380

MIGA 212-501-7750
—World-Class Massage. Upper W. Side.

COSTA DEL SOL
World Of Relaxation. 212-593-1605

MAKI 212-751-5550
Shiatsu. Studio/Residential.

Elegant Scandinavian—Sensual, exotic massage. 212-333-4963 / 917-913-1923

East 53rd—Shiatsu And Swedish. CC's. By Professional Staff. 212-755-6329

Top Asian Model—Sensual Bodyrub. Outcall Only. 7 Days/24 Hrs. 212-799-4838

Simple Things In Life—Are Most Memorable. Bodyrub. Julia: 212-249-9940

Pamela & Brooke - On Summer Break
Private & Luxury. All CC's.
www.bodyheatescorts.com 212-684-8616

Strictly Personals

For advertising information
call 212-463-0024

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-463-0024, fax 212-462-3595 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 249 W. 17th St., 4th Floor, New York, NY 10011. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

Forever Valentine Sought—By optimistic, romantic, handsome CEO, successful, loves fitness, culture, 5'10", trim, mid 40s. Seeks smart loving lady under 7. Phone/photo necessary. 4770 ✉ ☎

Want To Change Your Life Style?—Handsome, single, middle-aged white male seeks white female, 18-35, to ccompany him on world travel, private acht and penthouse living, etc. If you njoy the arts and the sun, please reply with photo and note to: 4750 ✉

Wanted:—Sexy, slim, articulate Jewish gal, 55-65, for happiness, romance and he best - by good-looking, athletic widower. Recent photo, please. 4719 ✉

Handsome International Businessman—Seeking very pretty, sexy, thin, fit, stylish young lady, 22-32, college-educated... Long walks on the beach, candlelight dinners, travel and great times. Photo/phone. 4726 ✉☎

User-Friendly Gay Woman—And I ome with some terrific options. I am an ttractive and fit Jewish woman, 52. My ife is fun! I feel good about myself and ave worked mighty hard to get to the place where I am today. I am emotionally nd financially secure, but even more mportant, I do the Sunday New York Times crossword puzzle in ink. My passions include the ocean, travel, great estaurants, fine wine and cooking abulous dinners. My ideal woman is ither Jewish or Italian, intelligent, more ndrogynous than not, fit, 5'4" or taller, elf-sufficient, with a great sense of umor. 4748 ✉

ormer New Yorker—Living on an land off the coast of southern California. m content but not happy, and need someone to be madly in love with with. I'm arly 60s, male, 6', vital, attractive, bright, uccessful, sexy. Love theater, music, ooks, sports, travel, fine dining. You hould be 30-49, "a babe with a brain", now who Sondheim, Yeats and Mahler re, and love to laugh - be slim, kind, opinionated and sensual. Race is irrelevant. Drop me a line, enclose recent photo, nd I promise to respond with same. m looking for a long-term relationship, o serious replies only, please. 4741 ✉

mart, Svelte, Slim—Passionate, eautiful, divorced Jewish woman, 39. ppealing, whimsical smile. Lovely, dark, onest eyes. Good legs. European heart nd soul, American to the core. Gentle, arm, sexy, independent. Successful rofessional. Favorite pastimes: sailing, kiing, speaking French, studying other ultures. Seeks kind, very smart man, 8" plus, 35-52. 4736 ✉☎

andsome "GQ-Type" Plastic Surgeon—3, Jewish, accomplished, athletic and t, in search of single/divorced, pretty, white female, MD, JD, MBA, DDS or orporate exec, 28-38. Serious replies nly. Photo/note a must. 4765 ✉

Exceptional, Great Guy—Seeks Miss Right. Very handsome, athletic, well-built, self-made millionaire, never married, 40-year-old, single white male; seeks fabulous and selective, single white female, 24-34, with class, intelligence, model looks and exceptionally well-built body, who desires an exclusive, generous relationship with travel, romance, mutual spoiling, marriage and family. Photo is a must. 4725 ✉

Healthy, Somewhat Wealthy—And sincere, single white male who is attractive (some even think good-looking), successful NYC business owner, 6'3", 205 lbs, early 50s, nonsmoker, athletic, divorced, emotionally open, playful, adventurous, mischievous and huggable, who appreciates the finer things in life. Seeking someone special to share real quality time in a giving/receiving long-term relationship. Please be at least 5'2", with a fabulous figure, slim/pretty, great legs, somewhat buxom, 32-42, size 8 or under, open, warm, caring, passionate, communicative, sensitive, unencumbered, and still believes in fairy tales (love). Photo and phone a must or no reply. 4763 ✉

Woman Seeking Woman—Attractive, petite brunette, 40, great sense of humor, loves traveling, tropical sunsets, Jersey shore, Sunday brunch, NYC, shopping. Seeking committed relationship. Phone/photo, please. 4757 ✉☎

Once In A Lifetime—Desirable, sensual, intelligent, Latin American, white, blond, 5'7", Jewish, 51 years young, dynamic, successful professional seeks male counterpart - tall, bright, secure, well-educated, with integrity. Letter/photo. 4756 ✉☎

New York's Premier Matchmaker

• NOW ALSO ON LONG ISLAND •

As featured in NY Times, Crain's NY Business, CNN, CBS, CNBC, ABC, FOX News, BBC, "London" Independent and Cosmopolitan

Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350 NY
310-276-0072 BEVERLY HILLS

Gay, Good-Looking, In-Shape—60, gentleman, accomplished, stylish, affluent, 5'11", 175 lbs - interested in arts, travel, gardens, country/city life style. Seeks sensitive, bright, creative younger counterpart for serious exclusive relationship. Photo essential. 4751 ✉

Handsome And Tenderhearted Guy—36, loving, gentle, trustworthy, seeks loving, gentle, family-oriented, mature, emotionally available, pretty best friend, 20s or 30s, looking for a deep and meaningful connection. Nonsmoker. Drug/disease-free. wsteve211@yahoo.com. Photo. 4747 ✉☎

Dating. One less thing to worry about.

Your days are filled with appointments and are unbelievably hectic. Who has time to find other professionals to date? We do! With thousands of members from coast-to-coast, chances are we have the type of people you'd like to meet.

So, give us a call! We'd love to meet you and see if we're right for you!

IT'S *just* LUNCH!
life, love & dessert.

Director: Ayelet Ann Weiss

Director: Desiree Checki

Director: Michelle Brown

Director: Anna Singer

Director: Robyn Meierowitz

Director: Nancy Kirsch

New York
212.750.8899
New Jersey
201.363.9594
Long Island
516.931.9339
Philadelphia
215.772.9999
Washington D.C.
202.466.6699
Chicago
312.644.9999
Los Angeles
310.277.9494
Dallas
972.991.4161
Miami
305.381.8888

Also offices in:
Atlanta Houston
Columbus Cincinnati
Austin Baltimore
Minneapolis Boca Raton
Wilmington Indianapolis
Newport Beach

Strictly Personals

M. CHATFIELD LTD.

You are smart, savvy, accomplished-we are too.
Let us help you find your kindred spirit.
Founder Maureen Chatfield has been featured on
Oprah Winfrey, ABC News, CNN News,
WOR, Joan Hamburg, NJ Monthly
Cosmopolitan Magazine
Est. 1992

212 570 2800 mchatfield.com

TERRIFIC!

Strictly Personals

Summer Offer

Use our fabulous **FREE** phone service and we will repeat your ad the next week absolutely **FREE**. That's two chances to meet that special person. Pretty good odds!

TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

This offer expires August 14 at 3pm!!!
Have some fun!

Phone: **212-463-0024**
Fax: **212-462-3595**

Successful, Handsome Surgeon—White, Christian, regular guy, 39, seeks sincere, never-married lady, under 35, for fun/future. Photo. 4723 ✉

Tall, Handsome Mensch—Art director, 49, seeks tall, curvaceous lady soul mate, 40ish, for life's celebration. 4734 ✉☎

Professional Woman—Late 40s, youthful, attractive, warm, affectionate, missed out on having own family - would like to be wife and a stepmother to kind and loving family. 4728 ✉

Gay, Quality Woman Of Substance—Seeks gay woman. 38, 5'5", slim, cute, *authentic - emotional openness, values and* integrity, warm, caring, romantic. Looking for mutual love and life partner. Manhattan a plus. Photo/note, please. 4731 ✉ ☎

Tall, Handsome, Fit Jewish Physician—38, is convinced that NY has at least one 1) very intelligent, 2) kind and sweet, 3) attractive, 4) thin, 5) great sense of humor, 6) totally together, 7) confident, 8) always happy, 9) successful woman, 10) who has a passion for life and work. Please also be outgoing and less than 34 years of age. Naturally I realize that the above-said woman is hard to find, but please call or write if you agree that the best place to start is when you have this much in common. 4730 ✉☎

Beautiful Blond PhD—Psychotherapist, ready to love and be loved by marriage-minded Jewish man. I am 5'5", sexy, trim, successful Jewish Manhattanite...warm, happy, friendly, vivacious - also stylish, elegant, worldly, multilingual, fun and easy to be with. You are a successful professional or business mensch, 56-63, presentable, warm, humorous. Note and current photo, please. 4744 ✉

Energetic Professional Female—39, seeks Jewish partner for life, love and adventure. Vivacious, tall blond, green eyes - loves athletic pursuits including skiing, biking, boating, dance, travel. 4760 ✉☎

Renaissance Woman—Musical, well-read, Ivy, attractive, athletic, editor/writer, late 30s, sense of humor, left-leaning, Jewish. Seeks man with similar interests: jazz, classical, Scelsa, WNYC, theater, *Film Forum.* 4716 ✉

Looking For A Japanese Lady!—Tall, romantic, successful and fit doctor and writer, 40s, looking for a compassionate, sophisticated lady for serious relationship. Let's enjoy the beach before the summer ends, then watch the leaves turn! 4752 ✉☎

Monmouth County, NJ—Successful businessman, attractive, 6', fun-loving, romantic and sincere. Seeks an attractive woman (50-60) who is happy with herself and wants the same in a partner. Note/photo. POB 25, Little Silver, NJ 07739

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

To Love And To Be Loved—55-year-old, divorced physician who enjoys skiing, tennis, cultural activities, seeks professional Jewish woman with beauty, feelings, intellect and common interests. She should be willing to live in Nassau County. Prefer doctor, teacher, social worker. Please send letter/recent photo. 4727 ✉

Classy, Attractive Lady—Desires successful male, 70-80. Loves life, traveling, theater, fine dining. Photo. 4742 ✉

Successful, Fun-Loving Jewish Female Love wine, travel, tennis, dancing, fashion, haute cuisine. Attractive, intelligent, passionate and sensuous describe me. Looking for Jewish man, 40-55, with successful career to share my interests and future. 4769 ✉ ☎

33, Feminine, Attractive—Gay white female, emotionally and financially stable, open, honest, trustworthy, sincere and able to communicate feelings, multiple interests and open to trying new things, seeking feminine, gay white female, late 20s-30s, with all the above. No smoking/alcohol. Photo appreciated. 4759 ✉☎

Guy Seeks Guy—Tall, silver, nearing 60; arts, jeans type, literate, traveled. Three long satisfying loves behind me, newly *single, full of life and optimism.* Seeks virile lifemate, bedmate, 35-55, non-bar nonsmoker, with an independent life, to be sensual co-conspirator, free and able to love 'til the midnight hour! Write at length *to: POB 153, Old Chatham, NY 12136*

Cultured, Catholic, Beautiful Blond—30s, seeks successful, kind, dynamic man who is looking for his final answer. 4768 ✉

Pretty And Slim—Ivy-educated professional, Jewish, 38, witty, charming, with many interests, seeks quick-witted, very smart, fit man, 36-43, for love and marriage. Note/photo, please. 4754 ✉

You're A Single Woman—Over 35, live on the East Side, who wants a confidante companion, male friend who is also 20 lb over, like you, to share life's pleasantries No golf, no tennis, no skiing. 4745 ✉☎

I Woke Up This Morning—And you weren't there. This woman seeks great heart and humor in a man of 55-65. 4738 ✉

New and Improved!

HEAR THE VOICE BEHIND THE AD
CALL 1-900-443-1500

$1.95 EACH MINUTE. TOUCH-TONE PHONE ONLY. THIS SERVICE IS FOR ADULTS 18 YEARS OR OLDER.

You can now call ☎ as well as write ✉ Strictly Personals advertisers. Look for ads with ☎ to hear a message personally recorded by the advertiser and leave a private message of your own. Advertisers' messages in this issue are accessible for 4 weeks beyond issue's cover date.
PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA ON CALL, 1211 6th Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 782-8050

HURRY UP & CALL!!

PLACE YOUR AD IN THE FALL FASHION ISSUE

CALL 212-463-0024

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

ingle White Male—32, 5'10", 230, red air, blue eyes, athletic build, attractive, hristian. Likes old movies, film noir, ostalgia TV; loves Dean Martin, Nat King ole, WVNJ, singing, old comedies, Disney, Jarreau, lounge and swing music. Old-ashioned values - not interested in lustful ursuits, but true, honest friendship hile recognizing that romance certainly an blossom naturally, not forced. Looking r single white female, 5'5" or taller, 30-6, attractive - with similar interests, loves nd values, while possessing that fun-ving "tomboy" spirit. I am a Westchester esident. Letter/photo, please. 4729 ✉

lim, Attractive, Affectionate Female—esigner, curator, photographer, teacher, eks lovable man, 54 plus, to share the ture. Note/photo, please. 4737 ✉

0-Year-Old, Controversial—High-rofile publisher and writer for such ublications as the New York Times, orbes, Penthouse and others, seeking a ew relationship with an attractive, well-ad and sophisticated woman, 25-48. I'm t looking for a one-night stand, but also n not interested in a long trial before timacy. I enjoy movies, theater, fine ining at such restaurants as Pastis, Nobu, he Homestead and Bice - but also enjoy atz's, Jackson Hole, 2nd Ave Deli, and en Papaya King. I have four homes cated in Amsterdam, NYC, Florida d Los Angeles, and am a world-traveler. pleasure is your game, you've met ur match! No photo, no reply!!! 4732✉

Life's Next Chapter—Pretty, educated, 5'7" lady seeks bright man, 60s, for mutual spoiling. 4717 ✉☎

Divorced Male—Attractive, successful attorney, 49, seeks warmth, romance and companionship with female, 35-45. Enjoys laughter, travel, and life's simple pleasures. Photo, please. 4721 ✉☎

Hi—I'm a nice, Irish-American, handsome gentleman, 40, with a great sense of humor, outgoing personality, kind and sensitive, who is seeking a family-oriented Asian or American woman for special relationship leading to marriage. I'm a patient, encouraging person who loves music, movies and the arts. I want to meet a special woman to share nature, good food and life - who's easygoing, nurturing, warmhearted and giving. 4764 ✉☎

Bi? - Hi!—Attractive, sensitive, upscale, gay Hispanic male, professional, 37, seeks masculine bisexual male, over 35, for friendship and more. 4718 ✉☎

Ready To Settle Down!—39-year-old, single, white professional male seeks Catholic female, 30-40, for fun, romance and long-term relationship. Eventually settle down with one or two kids. Send photo and note. 4761 ✉

Hazel Eyes, Sentimental Side—Great sense of humor, pretty Jewish professional; enjoys outdoors, photography and Yellowstone. Seeking witty, sensitive, kind man, 47-56, nonsmoker, for always. 4720✉☎

Upbeat, Unpretentious, Warm—Slim, pretty, (212) widow seeks man, 60 plus, to share life's pleasures. 4740 ✉☎

Jewish, Very Attractive—Slim, blue-eyed blond looking for that special gentleman, 60-65. Note/photo, please. 4715 ✉

Nature Boy In Search Of Nature Girl—If NYC is only a place to earn money, see a movie and grab a meal...but you really yearn for the rolling hills of the country to hike, bike, play tennis, ski and lay in a hammock to watch the clouds drift by, then contact me: tall, in-shape, successful, mid 40s. Antietem62@aol.com 4722 ✉☎

Smiles Are Romantic®

Michael Keller

Eight dentists, including six specialists, provide comprehensive, cosmetic dentistry quickly and comfortably.

www.drdorfman.com

An original 350 page color atlas of dentistry.

18 East 50th Street • NYC • (212) 758-1000

Attractive, Boston Single White Male—61, ex-upper west sider, vists NY often. Seeks female for sensual and talking connection leading to whatever. 4767 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Successful Businessman—41, 6'2", looking for that special someone for a committed relationship, possibly more. Photo/telephone number. 4762 ✉

I'm Not For Everybody—But then again, I don't try to be. I'm sexy, smart, 42, 5'11", divorced Christian male with a big heart and a great sense of humor. Seek a very special, beautiful woman, inside and out, who has a great soul, fun-loving attitude towards life. I'm the real deal and can be a very special friend, lover, soul mate to the right person. Note/photo. 4743✉☎

60s-70s Men—Where are you? Any available, tall, good-looking guys - write. Photo. I am lady special. 4739 ✉☎

Sweet, Smart And Sexy—This warm, caring pretty lady would like to meet a 66-76-year-old gentleman, attractive, kind, sensitive and financially secure, to enjoy a quality life together. 4749 ✉☎

NYMessage

New To NY—Female seeking other cute girls to go clubbing. Chaos, Centrofly, etc. NewToNewYork7810@aol.com

To advertise in **NYMessage,**
Call: 212-463-0024

Former Male Model—Now successful businessman, 38, nice chauvinist with traditional values - desires intelligent, warm, passionate woman, 25-37, for relaxed dinner, music and boating dates, possible marriage and children. Prefer long-haired, attractive-figured, Italian/Spanish type - but not that important. Single moms okay. Note/photo/phone. 4733 ✉

Gay Male, Mid 50s—Looking for one good man to share the ups and downs of life with. Sincerity and sense of humor. Phone number and note. 4735 ✉

Tell Us Your Story
and
Win A FREE Personal

Strictly Personals has touched thousands of lives. Tell us how it's touched yours, and if we publish your story, you'll win a free five-line personal ad for yourself or for a friend.

Reach us at our new e-mail address:
strictlypersonals@primediamags.com.

You can also place your Strictly Personal by using this e-mail address. Please be sure to include a telephone number where we can reach you during normal business hours (Monday-Friday, 9am-5pm).

We'll be very discreet when we call you.

Assortments

FIELDS! The Matchmaker 212-391-2233 317 Madison (entr on 42nd), NYC 10017, Rm 1600. Est 1920. Free consultation & booklet. 18-80. All religions. Nationwide. Visitors invited. Open 7 days. We arrange for your children without their knowledge.

Discerning Jewish Professionals—Fine Art of Matchmaking. Raizy **212-877-5167**

KATE McCABE'S CONNECTIONS

Introductions to Mature Mates of Means. Specializing in age 40 and up. We meet at the location of your choice. **1-888-968-KATE**

The Singles Network—Intros for prof'ls. Westchester & CT. Est 1983. **914-946-1801**

The Right Stuff

SUMMER SPECIAL! JOIN NOW & SAVE. For graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, MIT, Stanford, U of Chicago and a few others! Over 3,800 members. **800-988-5288** **www.rightstuffdating.com**

Int'l Match NY—Meet attractive Chinese, Japanese, Korean women. **212-787-6579**

Pretty Czech Women—Devoted to you. **212-691-5652 / www.eastern-europe-women.com**

Kiss.com—The Picture Personals. 1.5 Million Members. Post/Search/Browse: Free!

SINGLEFACES 732-462-2406 NJ's Largest Dances. Fri., 7/28, 9pm, at **Palisadium**, Ft. Lee, mins from GWB.

CULTURAL ENCOUNTERS, (INT'L)℠

The International Social/Friendship Club

Cultural Encounters (Int'l) is an exclusive private social club for accomplished, intellectually and culturally inquisitive men and women (age range - 20s to 60s), who enjoy meeting, socializing and communicating with others in similar or different fields of interest. Participants expand their social circles of friends while celebrating cultural diversities on the highest level.

••• From a Friendship – Interesting Things Can Develop •••

- Widen your social circles
- Romantic or Platonic liaisons
- International social exchanges
- Convivial Get-together Parties
- Social Events, Sports, Travel, Etc.

For Private Membership Information
Call: 212-541-4808 Fax: 212-765-8158
1841 Broadway New York, NY 10023-7603
e-mail: host@culturalencountersintl.com
Website: culturalencountersintl.com

Fall In Love

Call to hear 100s of voice personal ads for free!

Cust Service 987-7001

212-987-7000

FREE CALL

THE RELATIONSHIP LINE

JUDY THE DATING EXPERT
• Seen/Heard On TV & Radio •
Call: **212-924-4440**
"New York's Most Ethical Matchmaker."

Crossroads—The Gracious Way To Meet Quality Single People. Praised By The NY Times. Info: **cxrds@aol.com** or **212-972-3594**

Tavern On The Green!

Wed, 7/26, 6-12am, $20. 28-49. DJ, Dancing. 800+ Expected. **212-249-3636 www.nycsingles.com**

After Work - Upscale Crowd - 30s-40s

TAVERN ON THE GREEN

Central Park West & 67th St.
WEDS, August 9 at 6:30pm-midnight.
$20. DJ & Dancing. 600+ Expected.
718-279-8596 www.docsparties.com

Manmate—Personal Intros For Gay Men Since 1985. **www.manmate.com / 212-580-9595**

SEAPORT LECTURES

Journey into Jewish Mysticism under the open skies, overlooking the water, every Wed, 8-9:30pm, 7/5-8/30, Pier 17, behind "Limited Express". Free refresh and food for thought. **718-467-5519**

We Plan. You Play.

Social Circles is New York's first activity service. Want to get out and do new things with other busy, successful professionals? Visit us on the web to see the over 50 activities we've planned for you this month.

www.socialcircles.com

A+ Rating! Int'l Singles Russian, Jewish and European ladies in NY. **212-736-6870**

Sure we have rowing machines.

(They're called boats.)

Sports, fun and adventure weekends
1800-6 Getaway **Club Getaway**.com

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange™
For unattached music lovers. Nationwide.
1-888-408-CMLE **www.cmle.com**

Single Book Lovers—Gets unattached readers acquainted. Bx 117, Gradyville, PA 19039 **www.singlebooklovers.com 800-773-3437**

.com directory

.art

www.michaelperez-artist.com
Pop Art by Michael Perez. Apple Gallery, Southampton.

johnsonfineartgallery.com
Established and emerging American artists.

.accessories

www.BeeTrendy.com
Need a special gift for a teenager? Hottest teen trends!

.bachelor party

www.princestreetclub.com
#1 Bachelor/Bachelorette Party Space in NY!

.bridal

www.peggypeters.com
Elegant Bridal Gowns • Bridesmaids • Special Occasion

.cards

www.cardSupply.com
Corporate Greeting Cards & Invitations

.coffee

www.empirecoffeetea.com
Gourmet Coffee & Tea • Gift Baskets • Since 1908

.dating

www.goodgenes.com
An Institution of Higher Pairing!

Kiss.com
The Picture Personals

www.perfectromance.com
Meet Single Men And Women And See Photos

.dental

www.parkavedental.com
Cosmetic and restorative dentistry in state-of-the-art, *beautiful midtown office!*

www.CosmeticDentist.com
One of NY's most experienced cosmetic dentists.

www.drdorfman.com
Comprehensive 350 page dental website w/photos, including our online textbook for students.

Continued on next page.

For advertising information, call Kristen Cappadona at: 212-462-3319

.com directory

Continued from previous page.

.diabetes

www.mealsncarbs.com
Meal plans for people with diabetes (cd rom)

.finance

www.worldwidetraffic.com
Free Personal Finance Newsletter.
Directory Of 50,000 Planners.

.fitness

www.pexinc.com
NYC's Premier Personalized Training @ Pex Or Home!

.food

www.FoodEaters.com
Don't eat, drink or travel till you read the reviews!

www.americanbison.com
Wild Bison Steaks, Roasts and Burger for your BBQ

www.oz-dutyfree.com
Caviar Lovers! Attention: Beluga Caviar, $30 Per Oz.

.gifts

www.ortopedi.org
Increase Your Height, Permanently. Since 1970s.

www.limoges-online.com
Gifts For All Occasions & World-Class Collectibles!

www.nastybaskets.net
Nasty Baskets: the PERFECT gift for someone you hate!
Insulting, hilarious and very unique gift baskets.

www.cigarcigar.com
Best Prices On All Brands Every Day - Guaranteed!

www.prosperityfountain.com
Indoor Water Fountains, Accessories, Books & Classes

.hair loss

www.menhairloss.com
Honest information about effective treatments.

www.womanhairloss.com
Effective treatments to regrow your own healthy hair.

.hair removal

www.skinovations.com
Proven Method, Fast Results. Free Consultation.

.health & beauty

www.pharmore.com
Save Everyday! Health & Beauty Care Products, Plus More!

www.totalbodyandimage.com
When you want to pamper yourself or someone you love,
use promo code NYM700 & receive 20% off!

.help wanted

www.getafashionjob.com
Classified Ads & Resumes For The Fashion Industry

.home

www.redecorate.com
Use-What-You-Have Interiors • Only $325/Rm.

www.mcmaid.com
"Manhattan's Exclusive Apt-Cleaning Service."

www.cityflair.com
Building A World Of Beautiful Things

www.newarearugs.com
Area Rugs & Accessories For Any Decor & Budget

www.nobigdealdecorating.com
Steve Lyons - NY's Most Popular Budget Decorator!

www.LoveMyBath.com
Luxury Bath Fixtures & Faucets

.jewelry

www.jeweler.com
Your Online Outlet Jeweler

www.anyjewel.com
Register For Free Gift &
Design Your Own Jewelry Online

.kids

www.hollywoodpop.com
Entertainment • Holiday Characters • Decor & More!

www.bigfuntoys.com
Shop Yourself Silly! Neat Toys For Kids, Newborn To 90.

www.campadvisor.com
FREE Advisory Service for ALL Summer Programs!

.leisure

www.pleasantconcepts.com
Urbanite's guide to relaxation and leisure.

.medical

www.hypnobirthingnyc.com
Natural childbirth. Painless. Seen on 20/20.

.moving & storage

www.BidYourMove.com
Now You Can Bid Your Move Online!

.music

www.colonymusic.com
World's largest karaoke/sheet music dealer for 50 yrs.

.plastic surgery

www.drgrossman.com
The Best Plastic Surgery Under The Sun

www.SafeChange.com
Safe, affordable plastic surgery.
Apply & ask questions in the privacy of your home.

.real estate

www.ApartmentSource.com
No-Fee Apts • Rent Owner-Direct • Pictures/Floor Plans

www.transworldroommates.com
It's Not What We Do, But How We Do It!

www.corcoran.com
Global Real Estate. Thousands Of Luxury Properties (With Photos & Floorplans) In Major Cities Around The World.

.sailing

www.offshore-sailing.com
Learn to Sail with America's #1 Sailing School:
Chelsea Piers, NYC • Jersey City, NJ • Stamford, CT

.singles

www.singlegourmet.net
The Intelligent Alternative To Dining Alone

.tea

www.tealuxe.com
EVERYTHING FOR THE TEA DRINKER

.travel

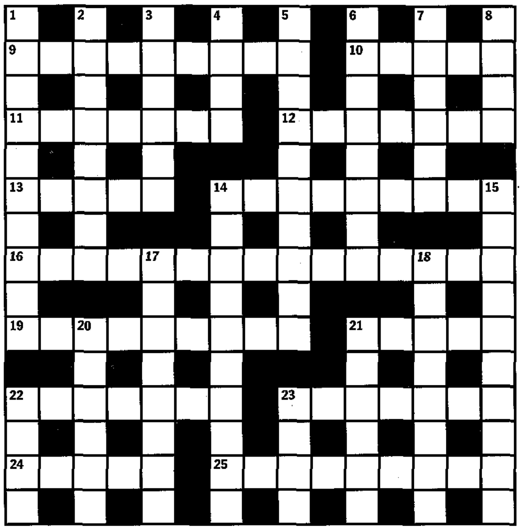
www.GetawayTheCatskills.com
The Catskills... 1000 Sq Mile Getaway
** Only 90 Mins Drive From NYC **

For advertising information, call Kristen Cappadona at: 212-462-3319

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

9 Imago and second childhood remain on the boards. (4,5)
10 Give up crop. (5)
11 Copper gets green when left inside the bedroom. (7)
12 4 in poem, the other way to cover cake in sugar? (7)
13 What do you do with 5 in fish? (5)
14 Hard left view limits short answer to reform. (9)
16 Centenarian MP returning title, almost Welsh where Pussy is. (7,8)
19 Prince with the previous two queens lays it on with a trowel. (9)
21 Battle for the chair. (5)
22 Share, perhaps uninvited, turning into inside information. (3,2,2)
23 Drink rum, a habit that reveals an overthrown leader. (7)
24 Poem belonging to me in Italy. (5)
25 Sunday clothes for wise guy with lumps in? (5,4)



DOWN

1 Spooner's radio signal to hut finds nonconformist. (5,5)
2 Poem: with thing to ring the answer's Yes. (8)
3 Subject of poem subjected to analysis. (6)
4 For flowers it's the start of sterilisation. (4)
5 Man of the world, possibly, provides a hop with two short regulations. (10)
6 Much advertised raising of half 1 in a poem. (8)
7 Sign of some treasure in island? (6)
8 Garden of England river? (4)
14 Sexy quality—maybe sins result. (10)
15 Subject of poem: dash to church, put in magic herb. (10)
17 Northern Irish giving full heart to their own article. (8)
18 Poem, last and last but one: one is for love in the Moon—it's her lover. (8)
20 Subject of poem, the Fall. (6)
21 Arrest revolutionary writer. (6)
22 Gassy head on beer is a blow. (4)
23 Close subject of poem with tin 22. (4

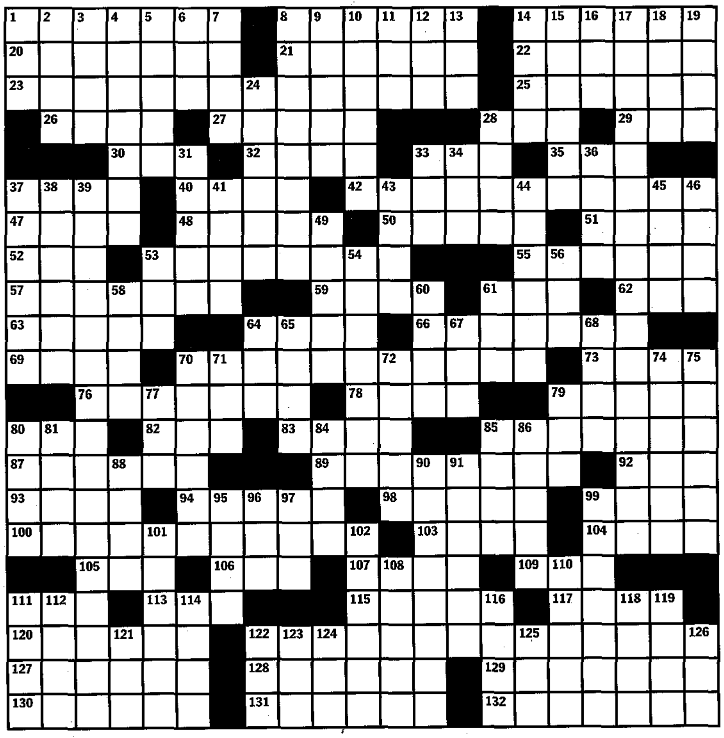
'Computer Vocabulary': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Of ordinary quality
8 Provincial dialect
14 Gender designation
20 Director Rossellini
21 With melodic intonation
22 Slurred over
23 OPERATING SYSTEM
25 Looked after
26 Hot under the collar
27 Flower part
28 Dry, as wine
29 Kind of humor
30 Street of a film "Nightmare"
32 Or —— (ultimatum)
33 Jack Sprat's no-no
35 Bisector's amount
37 Globes
40 Exxon, formerly
42 WEB
47 —— ex machina
48 Scottish baron
50 Wax eloquent
51 Blue-pencil
52 Apr.–Oct. clock setting
53 SURF
55 Livestock
57 Having the fidgets
59 In balance
61 Dawn droplets
62 Approvals, short style
63 Old Greek theater
64 Coin for Trevi
66 Obvious
69 Memorable emcee Parks
70 ICON
73 Throat-clearing sound
76 Quadruped's front limb
78 Object of adoration
79 La Scala presentation
80 Baseball's Ripken
82 Lummox
83 —— vera
85 Doomed to destruction
87 Non-clerics
89 ON LINE
92 Amin of Uganda
93 Whale of a film
94 Unrefined
98 Breaks in the action
99 On the house
100 SCROLL
103 "Who ——?" (doorbell reply)
104 Soviet politicos
105 Golf-bag item
106 Charged atom
107 "—— a man with seven wives"
109 Mineral spring
111 Disney dwarf
113 Cow's chew
115 Carved tribal emblem
117 Verdi heroine
120 Cowboy yells
122 MENU
127 Never-ending: poetic
128 Some kind of nut
129 Diplomatic cooling-off
130 Destroys, as documents
131 Dessert that sounds like an elk
132 Barracks recreation place

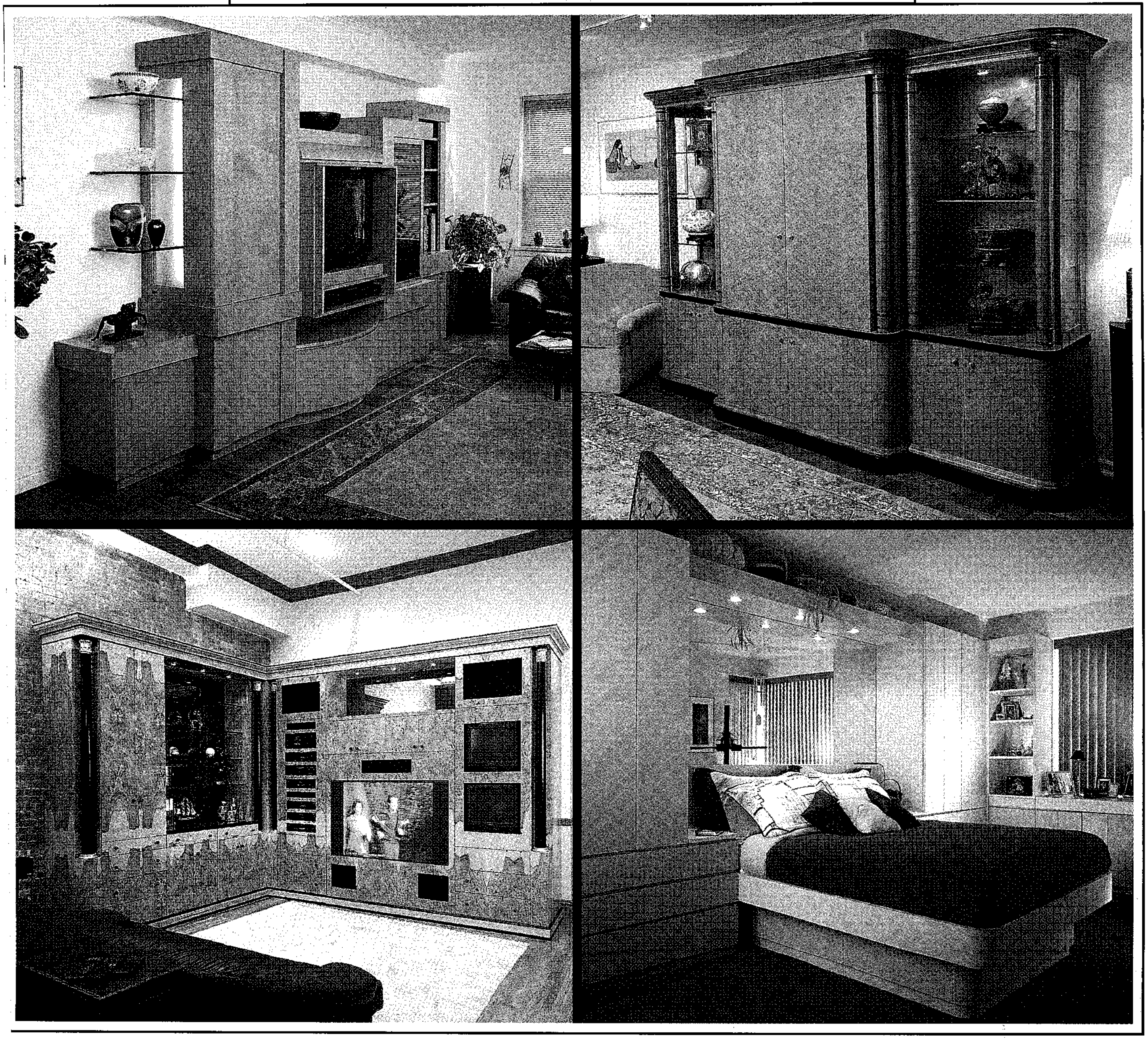
DOWN

1 Start of M-G-M's motto
2 "Parlez-—— français?"
3 River of Spain
4 Backslide
5 Staggering
6 Sports car in a 1964 song
7 Ages and ages
8 Famed bull-running city
9 Regions
10 Championships
11 Cry of wonder
12 Prefix for bar or metric
13 Topsoil for the lawn
14 Celebration
15 Votes successfully
16 Andy Gump's wife
17 LOG ON
18 Suggestive stare
19 Small whirlpool
24 Playground apparatus
28 No dele, to printers
31 Taxi's ticker
33 Oregon's state tree
34 Palindromic name
36 Hone
37 Sometime work
38 Dwell
39 NET
41 One-horse carriage
43 Face the photographe
44 Ebb
45 Dairy delivery
46 Summers, in Saumur
49 Turn inside out
53 D.C. legislator
54 Avoidance
56 More than impress
58 "Oz" dog
60 Verne's submariner
61 Archaeological site
64 Polygraph detection
65 Actress Swenson
67 Comics prince
68 Scruff
70 Medium's meeting
71 TV alien
72 Standard of perfection
74 Worn away
75 Curie and Osmond
77 Shad delicacy
79 Any number divided by itself
80 Lump of earth
81 Longest Swiss river
84 Property claim
85 Appetizing mart
86 Gives the heave-ho
88 Crafted
90 Tranquillity
91 Northern Ireland
95 Fridge foray
96 Vehicle for E.T.
97 Cacophony
99 Not as robust
101 Duelist's aide
102 Marks indicating repetition
108 Bewails
110 Hamburger unit
111 Henna, woad, etc.
112 Inauguration recitation
114 Takes advantage of
116 Gp. advocating motorists' sobriety
118 The Flintstones' pet
119 Re
121 It's of miner concern
122 Fordham's mascot
123 "Do Ya" rock band
124 Rival of T.C.U.
125 Teachers' org.
126 Pro —— (for the tim being)



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 6

If you can **imagine it,** we can **build it.**



Our designers and craftsmen transform your ideas into superior, custom-crafted solutions. Whether it's an entertainment unit, bedroom set, wall unit or a complete room environment, you will always get a perfect fit, because it's custom made for you.

Call for more information and a free color brochure:

1-800-MANHATTAN

MANHATTAN CABINETRY

Custom Design Furniture
Since 1976

227 East 59th St.
212-750-9800

455 Park Ave. So.
212-889-8808

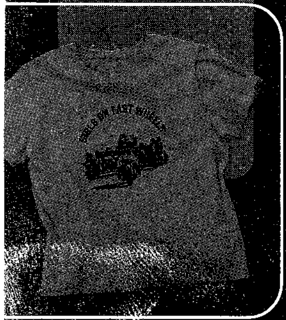
1630 Second Ave.
212-772-8870

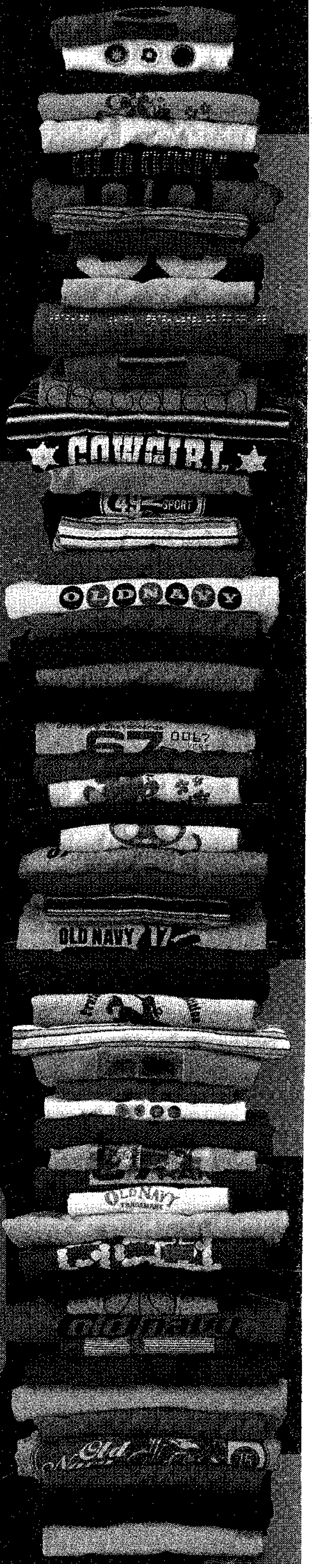
FACTORY: 9-03 44 Rd. L.I.C.
718-937-4780 Floor Samples Only

OLD NAVY

T-SHIRT CLUB

everything from A to T





COWGIRL
OLD NAVY
OLD NAVY 17

ADULTS $8.50– $16.50

KIDS $6.50– $16.50

FOR BABY $5.50– $10.50

JOIN THE OLD NAVY T-SHIRT CLUB

BUY ANY 6 T-SHIRTS GET THE 7TH ON US!

T-SHIRT CLUB
BUY ANY 6 T-SHIRTS AND THE 7TH IS ON US!

Ask a sales associate for your T-shirt Club card.

OLD NAVY

Broadway & Spring • 18th & 6th • 34th & Broadway • Harlem USA (125th & Frederick Douglass Blvd.